# THE HYMNAL

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# THE

# HYMNAL

*REVISED AND ENLARGED*

As Adopted by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America in the Year of Our Lord 1892

*Including the*

*MORNING AND EVENING CANTICLES*

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Edited by

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IT was voted by both houses of the General Convention held in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two that the final report of the Joint Commission on the Hymnal, as amended by concurrent vote of the two Houses, be set forth and authorized as the Hymnal of this Church, provided that the use of the present Hymnal be allowed until the next General Convention.

## CERTIFICATE.

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal, having been compared with and corrected by the Standard Book, as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, *Chairman.*
HENRY W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary.*

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### CANON 25 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

OF CHURCH MUSIC.

§ 1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the Words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

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# PREFACE.

In issuing a new musical setting of the Hymnal some account may be desirable of the motives which have influenced the editor in adding to the collections of tunes already in use.

The editor believes congregational singing to be the object best worth striving for in Church music. The present book is intended for the use of congregations, and not alone for choirs. It is hoped that it will prove not less useful to choirs than other similar books, but it is primarily for the people.

In more than twenty years' experience as choirmaster the editor has not observed that improvement in congregational singing which is so earnestly to be desired. A school of hymnody, which many call sentimental, has grown up and flourished during the past twenty years without improving, so far as we have observed, either the quantity or the quality of congregational singing. We may almost believe that our grandfathers had better church music for the people than we have. If we may accept the saying of competent observers, they certainly had more and better congregational singing, under the influence of the singing schools in what may be called the later Lowell Mason time, in the form of service common to the most of New England, than is usually to be heard at present. But signs are now discernible of a desire for healthier, sturdier, more manly feeling in hymns and tunes. These signs are unmistakable and widespread, and are most gratifying evidences of the improvement of public taste. Lovers of hymnody no longer seek sensuous pleasure in rhythm and harmony, desired naturally enough by the very young, but look rather for convincing earnestness and sobriety of feeling. Clearly we need not more tunes, but better ones, attaining a higher standard of musical worth and dignity.

A significant fact is the omission from recent collections of the subtly-coloured and expressively serious minor tunes, of which there was abundance in former years. In one widely-used collection of more than eight hundred tunes there are only twelve in minor keys. The editor does not wish to say that all minor tunes are good ones, or that all serious tunes must be in minor keys, but that one of the commonest means of sober musical expression, and one peculiarly suited to religious feeling, has been insufficiently appreciated of late. "The God of Abraham praise," "O come, O come, Emmanuel," "Forty days and forty nights," are indispensable and have been retained in common use, but many others have been lost. York, Windsor, Windham, and others, need only to be sung to be loved

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[illegible]


### 6 4.6.3. D.


[illegible]


### 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.


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[illegible]


### 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.


[illegible]


### 6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.


[illegible]


### 6.4.6.6.


St. Columba (Irons) [illegible]
Twilight .. .. [illegible]


### 6.5.6.5.


[illegible]


### 6 5 6 5 D


[illegible]


### 6 5 [illegible] twelve Lines


[illegible]


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# HYMNS SUITABLE FOR CHURCH SEASONS AND SPECIAL SERVICES.

## DAILY PRAYER.

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Awake, my soul, and with the sun 2
Christ, whose glory fills the skies . 312
Come, my soul, thou must be waking 3
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[illegible] in Thy Name, O Lord, I go 639
[illegible] 383
[illegible] 313
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[illegible] love . 1
O Jesu, crucified for man (*Friday*) 5
When [illegible] 445
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Abide [illegible]: fast falls the [illegible]
All [illegible] Thee, my God, this night [illegible]
At [illegible] was set .. [illegible]
[illegible] ending [illegible] the da[illegible]
[illegible] madest earth and [illegible]
[illegible], to Thee my evening song [illegible]
[illegible] prayer, O Heavenly Father [illegible]
[illegible] Father, cheer our way .. [illegible]
[illegible] and Hearer of prayer .. [illegible]
[illegible] altar of our hearts .. [illegible]
[illegible] over [illegible]
[illegible] of the Immortal Father's [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the sk[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Saviour dear [illegible]
[illegible] us ere we go . [illegible]
[illegible] O my Saviour [illegible]
[illegible] king to its close [illegible]
[illegible] gone [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]


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[illegible] 31
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## THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

### Advent.


Brief life is here our portion .. [illegible]
Come, Thou long expected Jesus .. [illegible]
Day of wrath! O day of mourning [illegible]
Great God, what do I see and hear .. [illegible]
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding .. 41
Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes [illegible]
Hark! the Voice eternal .. .. .. [illegible]
Hosanna to the living Lord .. [illegible]
Jesus came, the heavens adoring . [illegible]
Lo, He comes with clouds descending [illegible]
Lord of mercy and of might (*Litany*) [illegible]
O come, O come, Emmanuel .. [illegible]
O Jesu, Thou art standing .. . [illegible]
O quickly come, dread Judge of all [illegible]
O'er the distant mountains breaking [illegible]
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry [illegible]
Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be [illegible]
Rejoice, rejoice, believers .. . [illegible]
The world is very evil .. [illegible]
Thou art coming, O my Saviour .. [illegible]
Wake, awake, for night is flying .. [illegible]


### Christmas.


All my heart this night rejoices [illegible]
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord [illegible]
Angels from the realms of glory .. [illegible]
Calm on the listening ear of night . . [illegible]
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn [illegible]
Come hither, ye faithful .. . [illegible]
Hark! the herald angels sing .. [illegible]
Hark! what mean those holy voices [illegible]
It came upon the midnight clear .. [illegible]
Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day . [illegible]
O come, all ye faithful .. . [illegible]
O little town of Bethlehem . [illegible]
Of the Father's love begotten [illegible]
Once in royal David's city .. [illegible]
Shout the glad tidings . .. . [illegible]
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn .. .. [illegible]
Thou didst leave Thy throne . [illegible]
While shepherds watched their flocks by night .. . . . [illegible]


### Epiphany.


As with gladness men of old [illegible]
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning .. [illegible]
Earth has many a noble city [illegible]
Fierce was the storm of wind [illegible]
From the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Joy to the world, the Lord is come [illegible]
Light of those whose dreary dwelling .. [illegible]
Not by Thy mighty hand . . .. [illegible]
O One with God the Father .. .. [illegible]
Saw you never in the twilight .. .. [illegible]
Songs of thankfulness and praise . .. [illegible]
Watchman tell us of the night .. .. [illegible]
Within the Father's house . .. [illegible]
When from the East the wise men came . [illegible]

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Jesus Christ is passing by .. .. 592
Lord of the hearts of men .. .. .. 75
Thou Who on that wondrous journey .. 77


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Art thou weary, art thou languid .. .. 342
Ashamed of Thee, O dearest Lord .. .. 598
Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee .. .. 80
By the gracious saving call (*Litany*) .. 529
Christian, dost thou see them .. .. 81
Come unto Me, ye weary .. .. .. 437
Father, hear Thy children's call (*Litany*) 529
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Glory be to Jesus .. .. .. .. 362
God my Father, hear me pray .. .. 384
God the Father, God the Son (*Litany*) .. 528
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord .. .. 599
Have mercy, Lord, on me .. .. .. 351
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I heard the voice of Jesus say .. .. 673
I hunger and I thirst .. .. .. .. 343
I lay my sins on Jesus .. .. .. 605
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I need Thee, precious Jesus .. .. 601
In mercy, not in wrath .. .. .. 352
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Jesus Christ is passing by .. .. .. 592
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Jesu, Lord of life and glory .. .. .. 350
Jesu, Lover of my soul .. .. .. 335
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all .. .. 600
Jesus, merciful and mild .. .. .. 611
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me .. .. 341
Just as I am, without one plea .. .. 606
Labouring and heavy laden .. .. .. 436
Lamb of God, for sinners slain .. .. 543
Lo! the voice of Jesus .. .. .. 608
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee .. 346
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day .. .. 88
Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion .. .. .. 635
Lord Jesus, think on me .. .. .. 614
Lord of mercy and of might (*Litany*) .. 527
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne .. 354
Lord, Who throughout these forty days .. 78
Love of Jesus, all divine .. .. .. 607
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My faith looks up to Thee .. .. .. 345
My God, I love Thee, not because .. .. 653
My God, my Father, while I stray .. 667
My God, permit me not to be .. .. 353
Nearer, my God, to Thee .. .. .. 344
O gracious God, in Whom I live .. .. 338
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen .. .. 610
O Jesu, Lord most merciful .. .. .. 360
O Jesu, Saviour of the lost .. .. .. 85
O Jesu, Thou art standing .. .. .. 357
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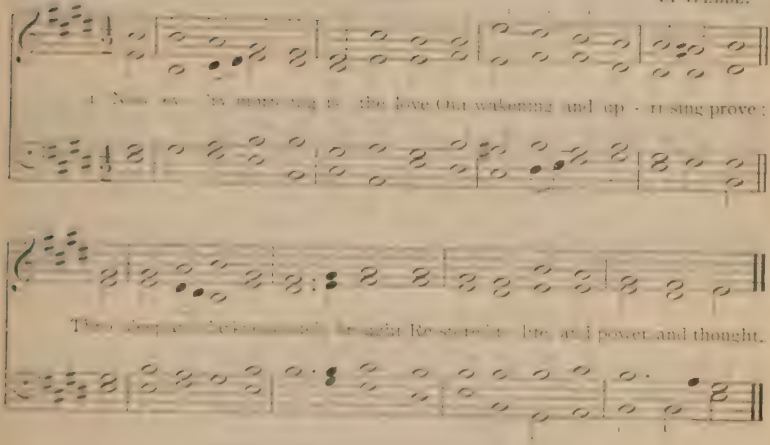
# THE HYMNAL.

## I.—DAILY PRAYER.

### 1 Morning.

MALCOMB. L.M. S. WEBBE.




2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

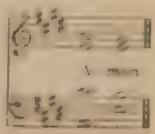
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

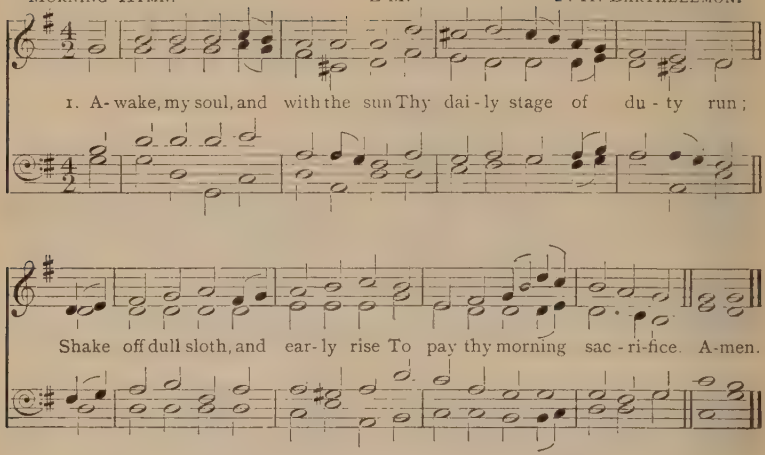
6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBLE.



# Morning.

MORNING HYMN. L. M. F. H. BARTHELEMON.


1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice. A-men.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II.

4 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

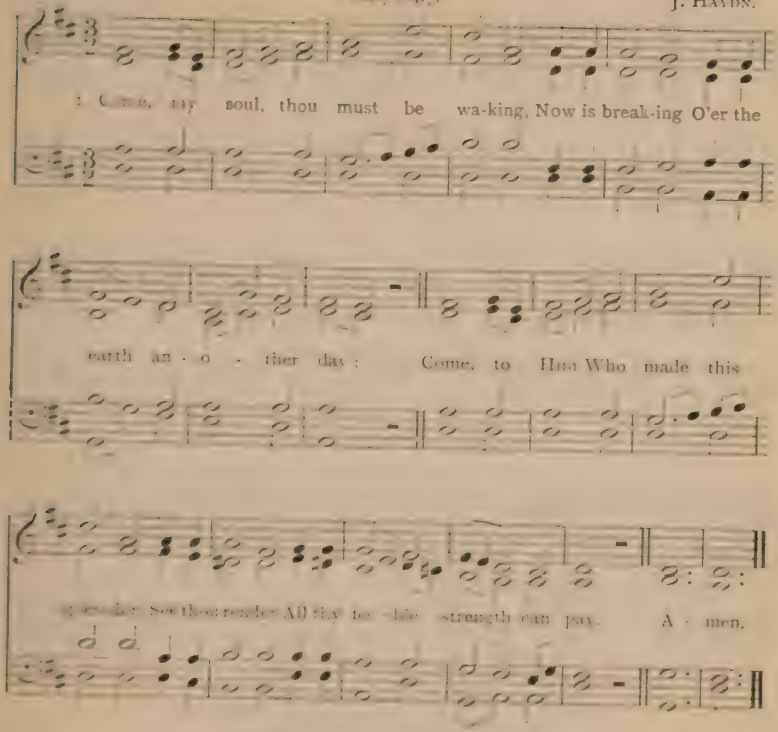
7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. KEN.

The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I.

# Morning.

HAYDN. S.4.7.8.4.7. J. HAYDN.


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wa-king, Now is break-ing O'er the
earth an - o - ther day: Come, to Him Who made this
wonder See thou render All thy lo - ble strength can pay. A - men.

2.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within:
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And [illegible] death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

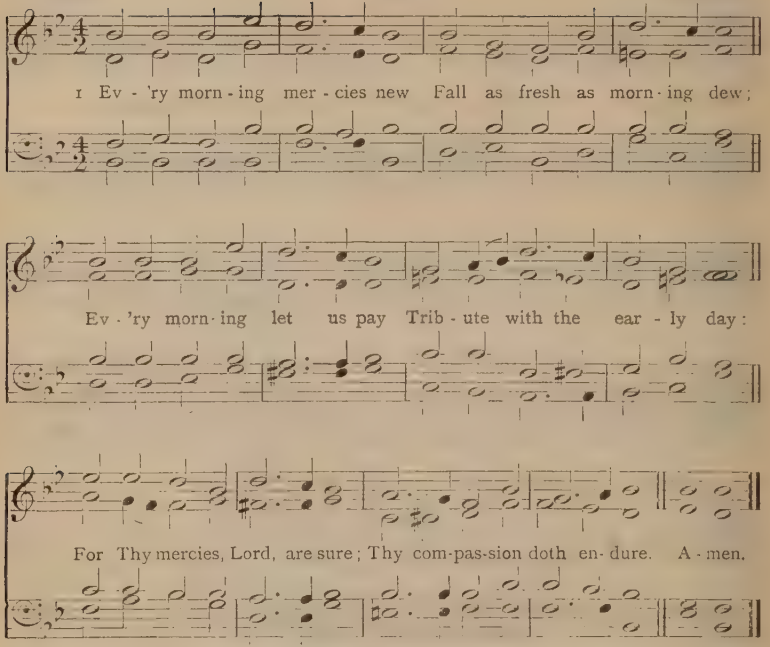
5.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not.
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day. Amen.

P. R. L. CANITZ. *Tr.* M. J. BUCKOLL.

# 4 Morning.

PRAISE. Six 7's. E. J. HOPKINS.


1 Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure. A - men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast,
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

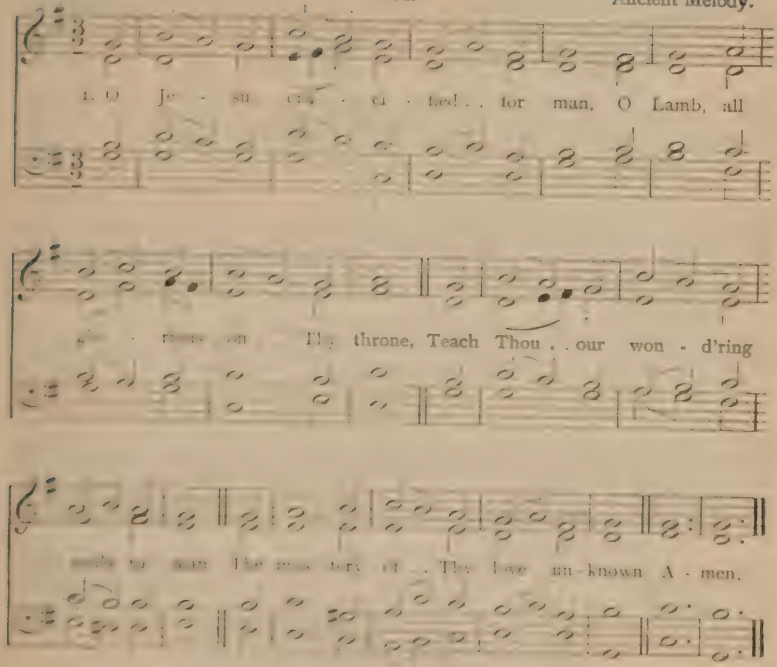
4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise. Amen.

G. PHILLIMORE.

# Morning.

(FRIDAY.)

INTERCESSION. L.M. Ancient Melody.




2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh! may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

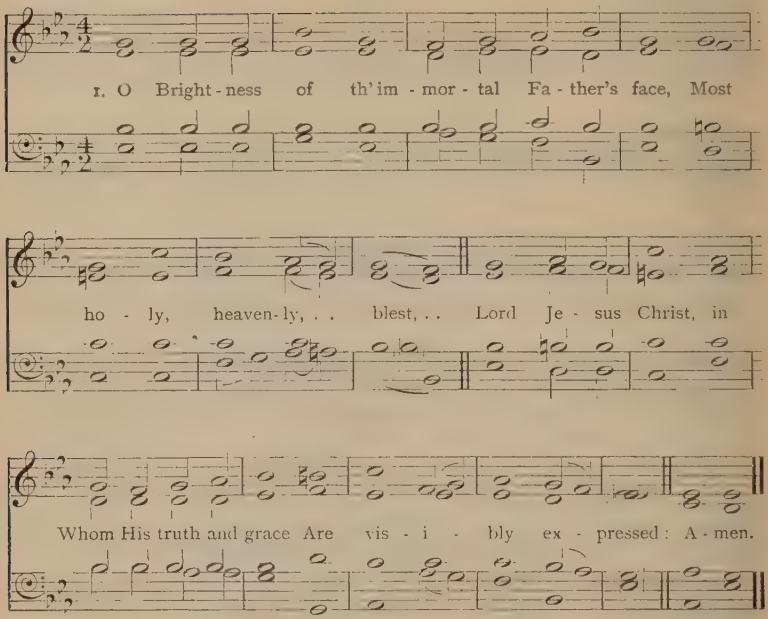
4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And [illegible] crown. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

## 6 Evening.

ST. NICHOLAS. 10.6.10.6. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.


1. O Bright-ness of th' im-mor-tal Fa-ther's face, Most
ho-ly, heaven-ly, . . blest, . . Lord Je-sus Christ, in
Whom His truth and grace Are vis-i-bly ex-pressed: A-men.

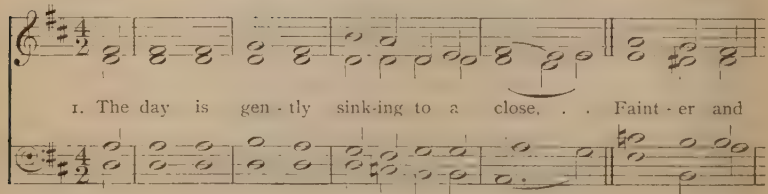
2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored. Amen.

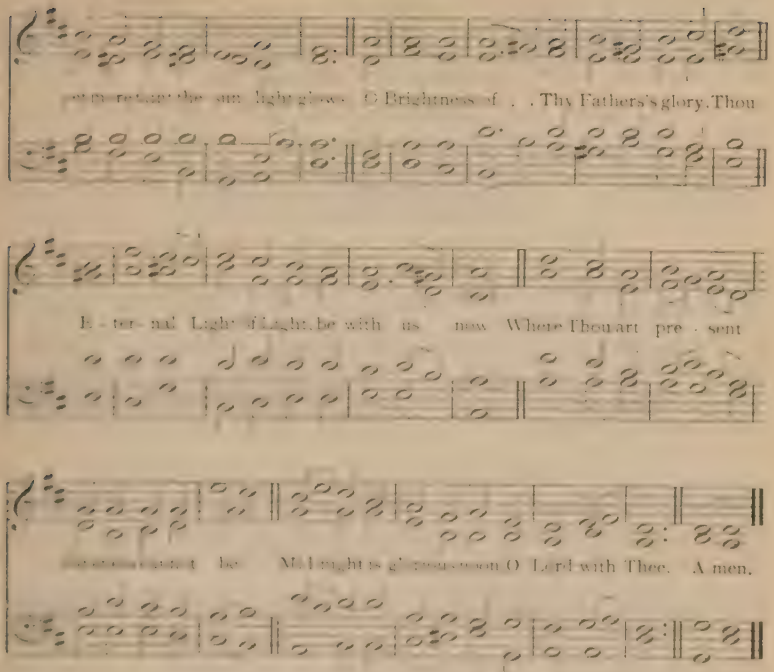
*Tr.* E. W. EDDIS.

## 7

NACHTLIED. Six 10's. H. SMART.



# Evening.




2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

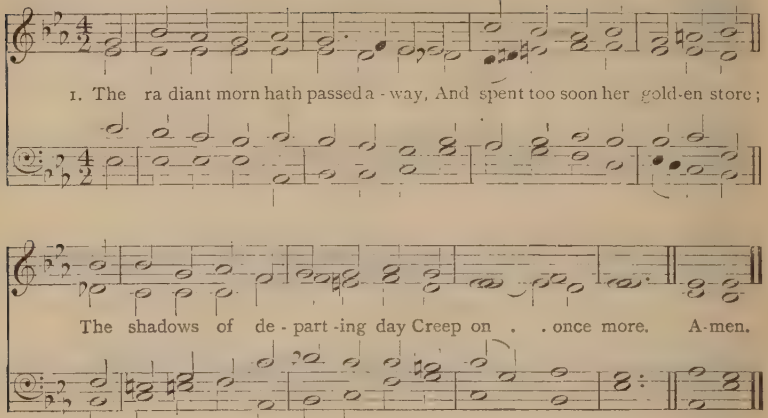
3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
[illegible] day, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest [illegible] eventide [illegible].

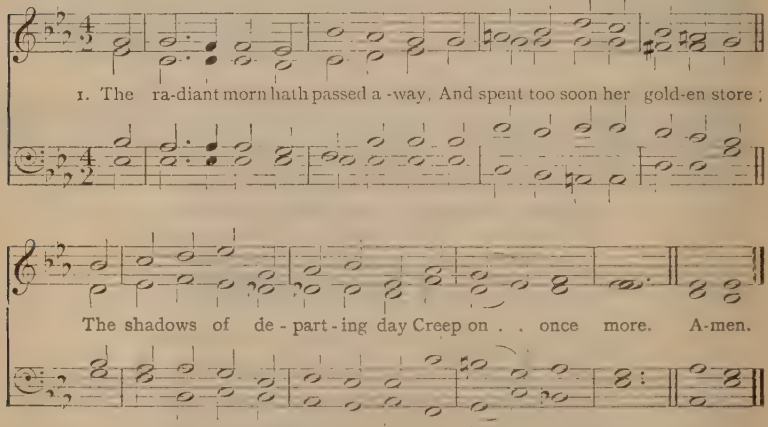
C. WORDSWORTH.

# Evening.

ST. GABRIEL (*First Tune*). 8.8.8.4. F. A. G. OUSELEY.


1. The ra diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
The shadows of de - part - ing day Creep on . . once more. A-men.

SUNSET (*Second Tune*). 8.8.8.4. J. BARNBY.


1. The ra-diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
The shadows of de - part - ing day Creep on . . once more. A-men.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

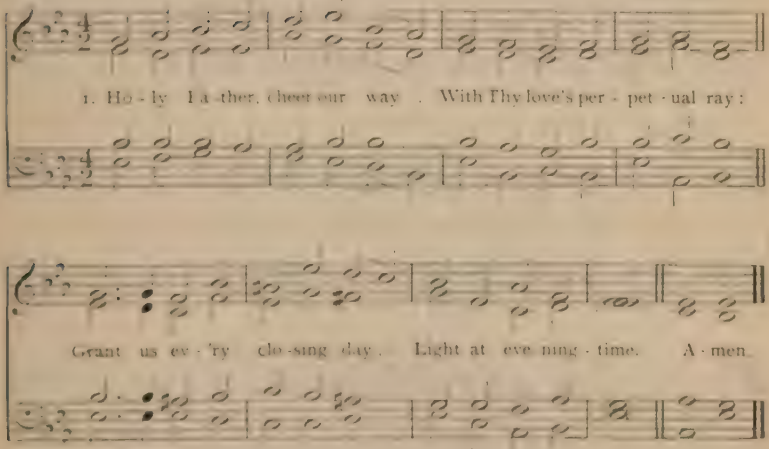
4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

G. THRING.

9

VESPER. 7·7·7·5. J. STAINER.




2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears,
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

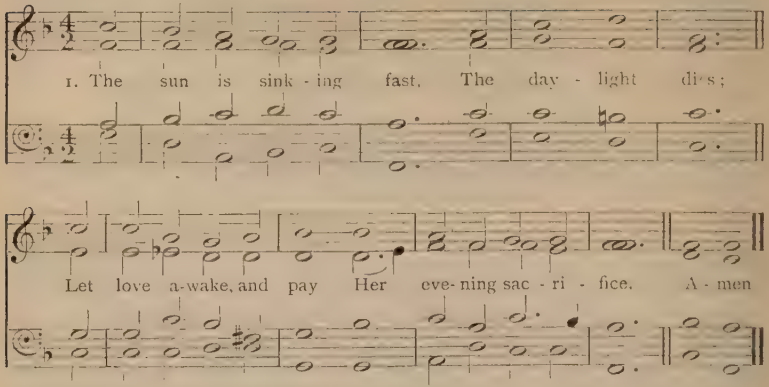
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. Amen.

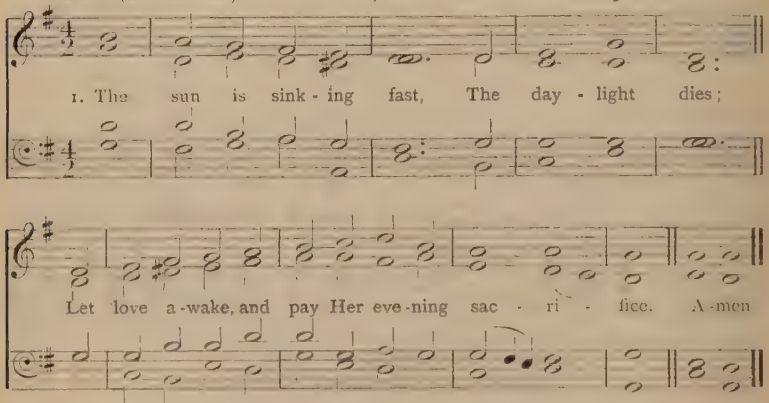
R. H. ROBINSON.

# Evening.

ST. COLUMBA (*First Tune*). 6.4.6.6. H. S. IRONS.




TWILIGHT (*Second Tune*). 6.4.6.6. J. H. HOPKINS.




2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

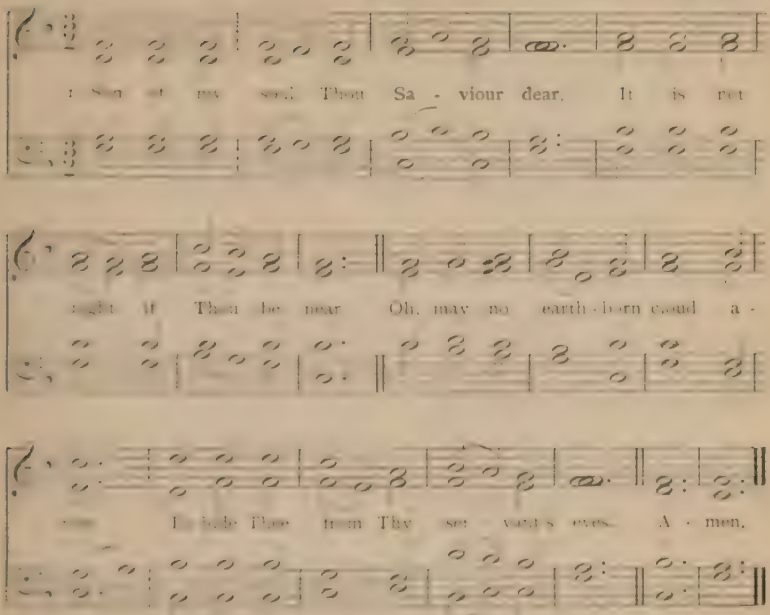
6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

# Evening.

L.M. Ascribed to P. RITTER.


Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not
night if Thou be near Oh, may no earth-born cloud a -
come To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

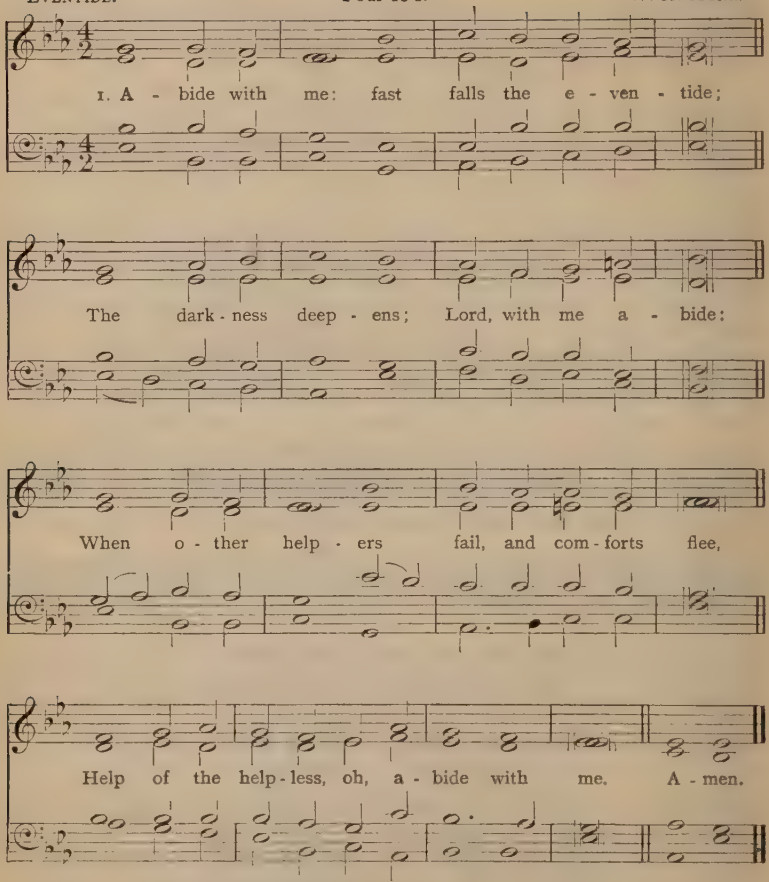
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

# Evening.

12

EVENTIDE. Four 10's. W. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

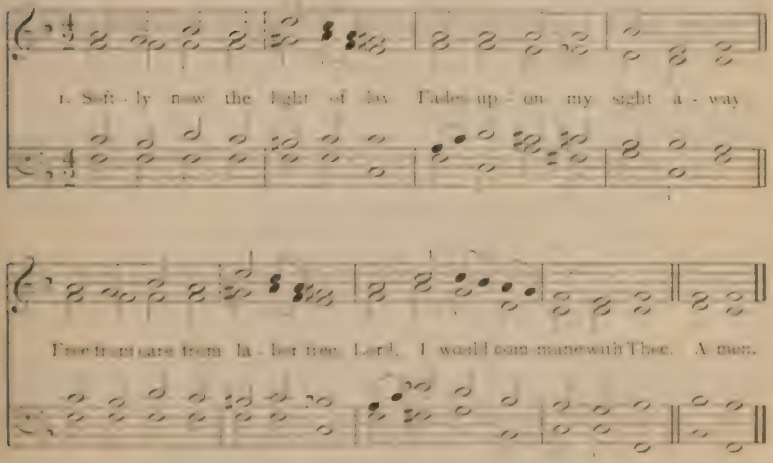
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

## 13

SEYMOUR. Tune 7 s. C. M. F. E. von WEBER.




2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

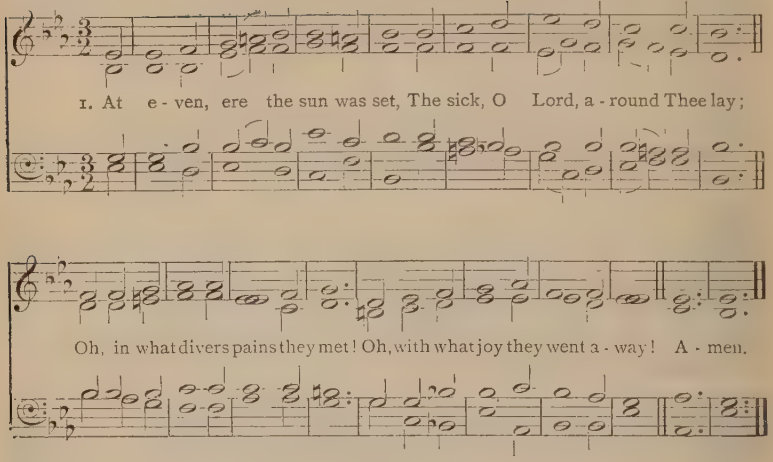
4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. Amen.

G. W. DOANE.

# Evening.

14

ANGELUS. L.M. SCHEFFLER'S "Geistliche Hirtenlieder."


1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way! A - men.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

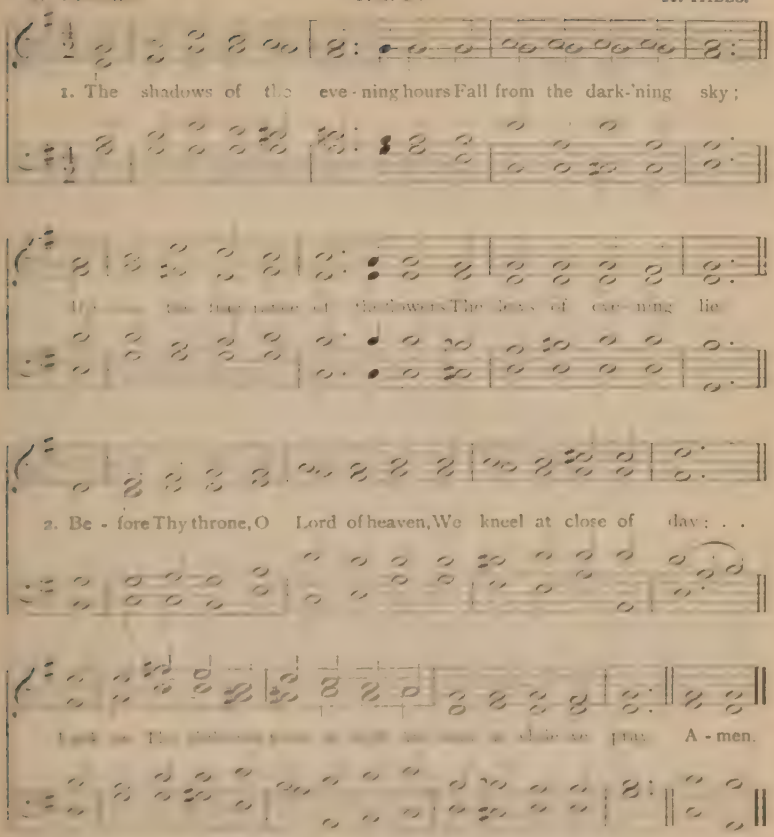
6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

H. TWELLS.

# Evening.

St. Leonard's. C.M.D. H. Hiles.


1. The shadows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
2. Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day; . .
A - men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.

3 The darkness rolls;
The shadows on our souls.

4 the rays of daylight fade:
within our heart

6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

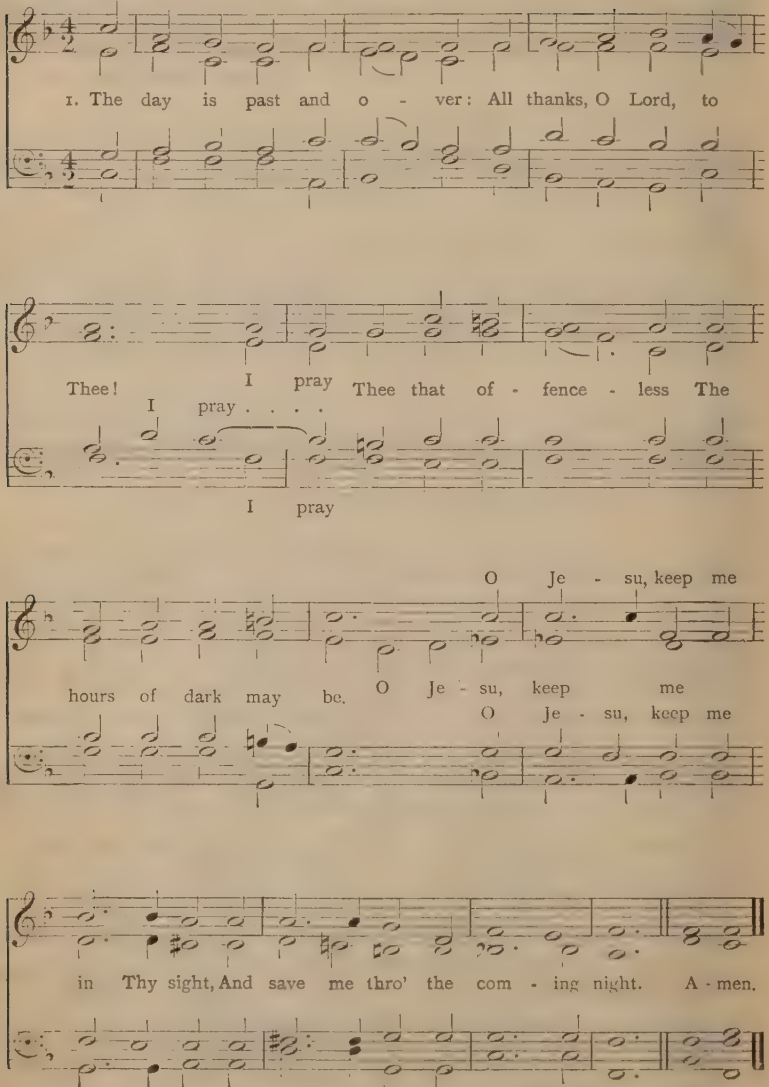
7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
upon our souls descend;
Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;

Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

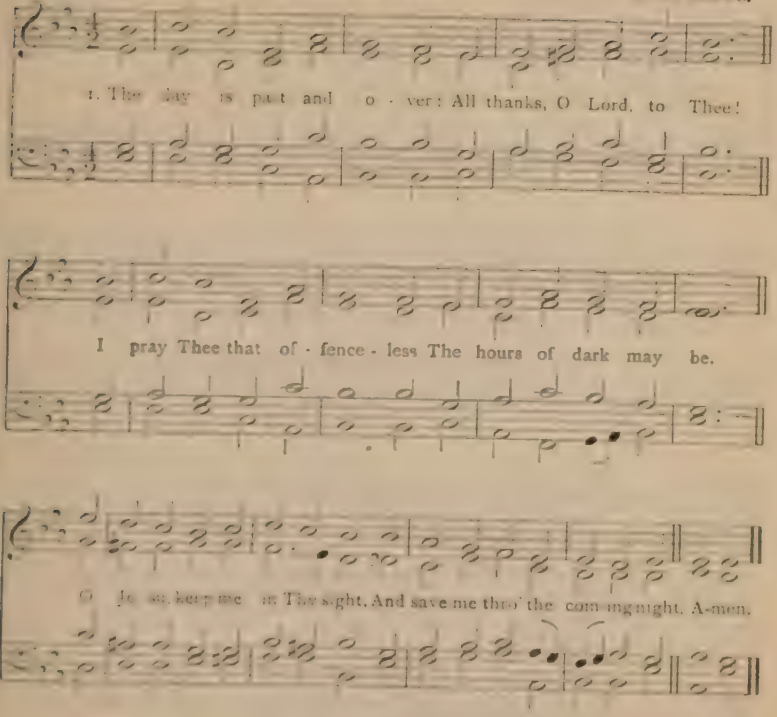
# Evening.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 1 (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6.8.8. J. BARNBY.


1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to
Thee! I pray Thee that of - fence - less The
I pray . . . .
I pray
O Je - su, keep me
hours of dark may be. O Je - su, keep me
O Je - su, keep me
in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A - men.

# Evening.

St Anatolius, No. 2 (Second Tune). 7.6.7 6.8.8. A. H. Brown.


1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
O Je - sus keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A-men.

2.

The sun is gone down:
I turn my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that unclean
Spirits, which love darkness [illegible]
And keep me through the coming night!

3.

The night is drawing near:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that it may seem
The hours of God may be
O Jesus keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And the ensnaring tempter
Triumphantly shall cry
He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5.

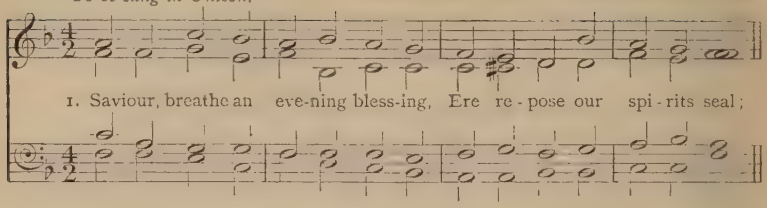
Be Thou my soul's protector,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Leave me not alone an hour each day,
And guard and save me from them all!
Amen.

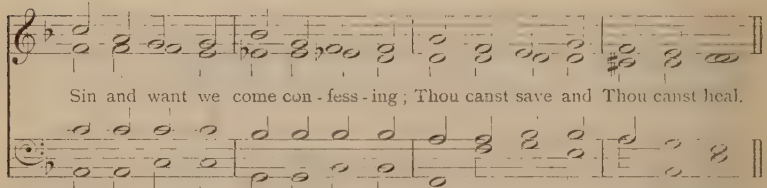
Tr. J. M. Neale.

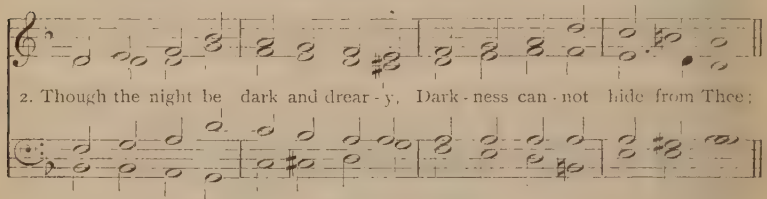
# Evening.

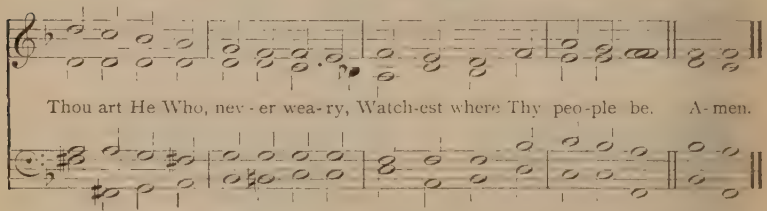
SALVATOR (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. GOSS.

*To be sung in Unison.*

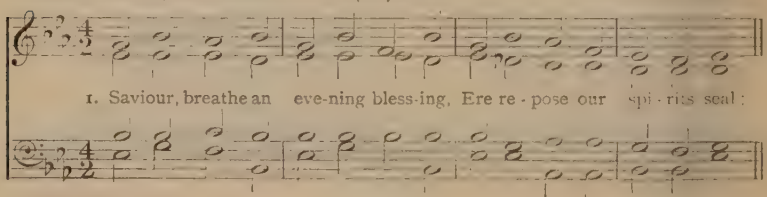


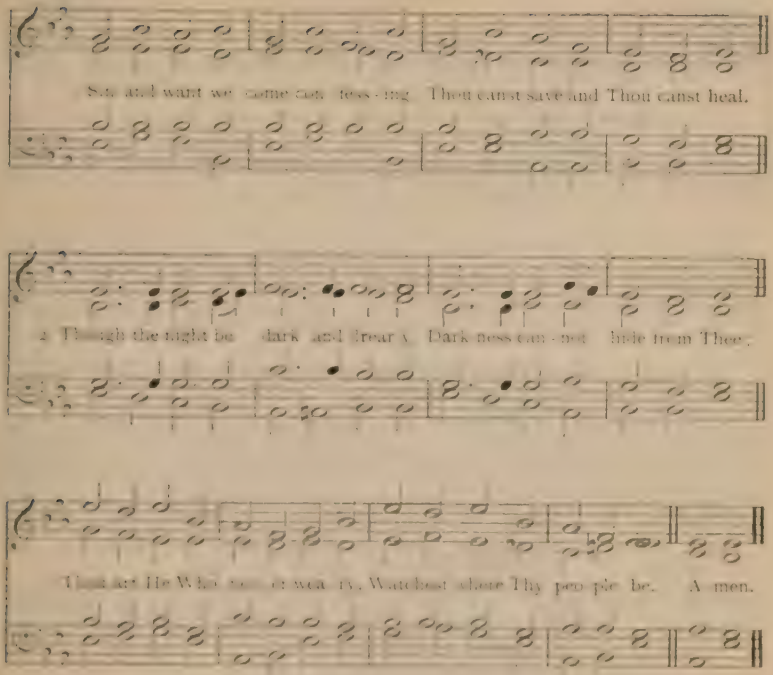




VESPER HYMN (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D D. BORTNIANSKY.



# Evening.


Sin and want we come confessing Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
4 Though the night be dark and dreary Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who never weary, Watchest where Thy people be. Amen.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesu then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

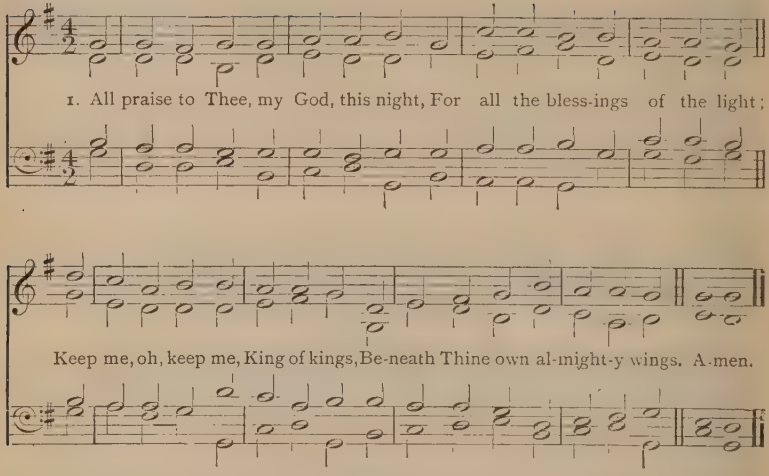
5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

# Evening.

TALLIS' CANON. L.M. T. TALLIS.


1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings. A-men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

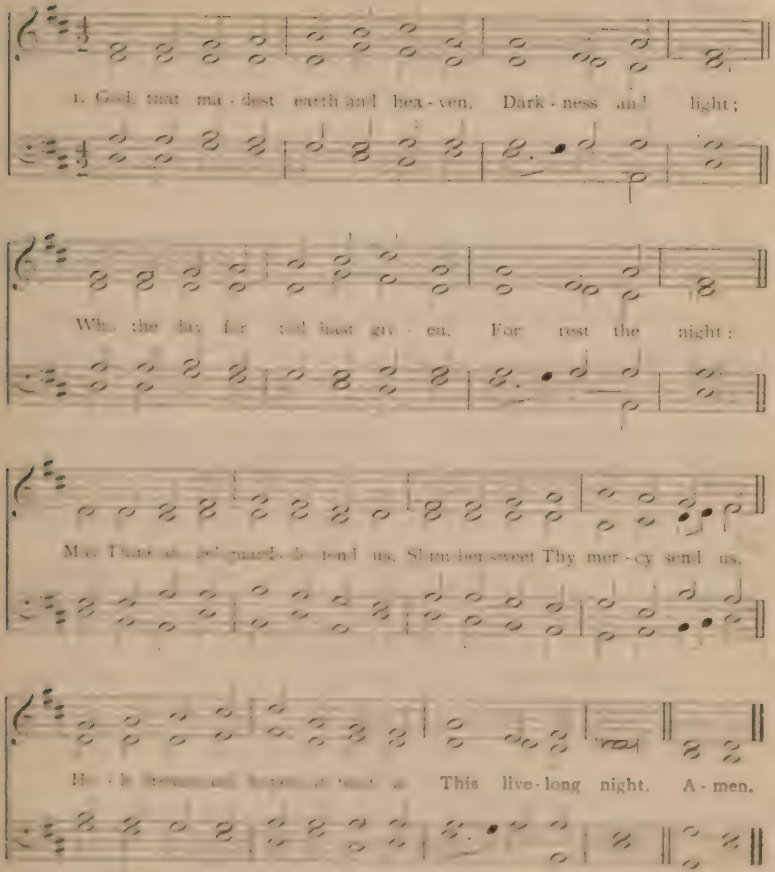
6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. KEN.

# Evening.

NUFFIELD. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. W. H. MONK.

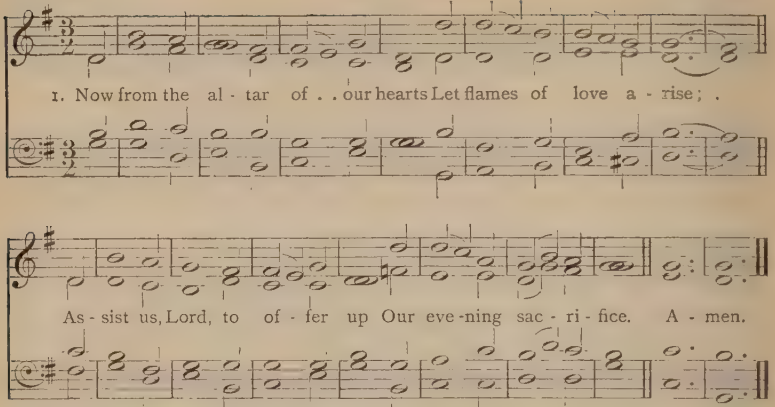

1. God, that ma - dest earth and hea - ven, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast gi - ven, For rest the night:
May Thine an - gel - guard de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
This live - long night. A - men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

R. HEBER. R. WHATELEY.

## 20

BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE.



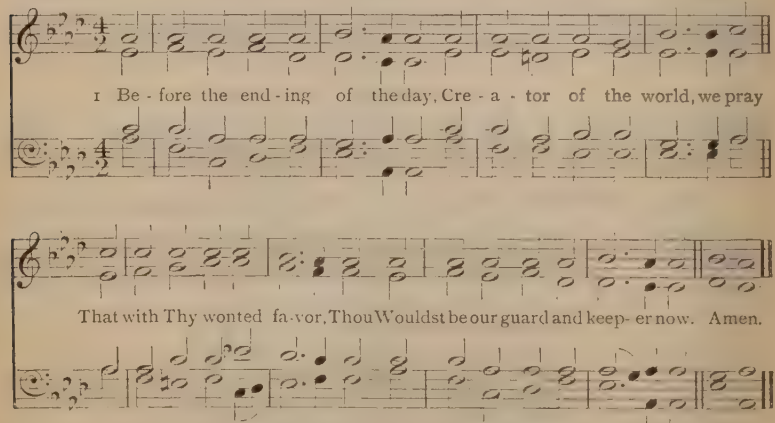

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire. Amen.

J. MASON.

## 21

REDHEAD, No. 12. L.M. R. REDHEAD.

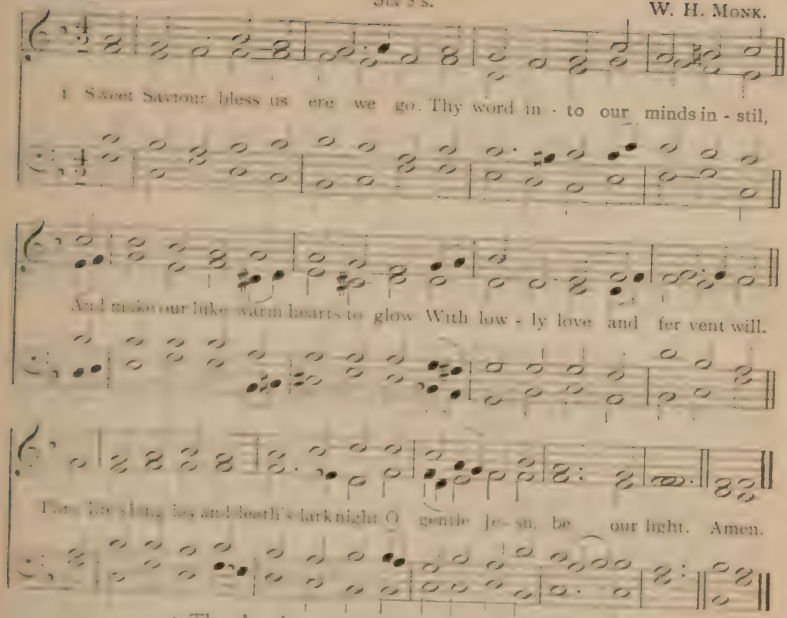

1 Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray
That with Thy wonted fa - vor, Thou Wouldst be our guard and keep - er now. Amen.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE AND COMPILERS "HYMNS A. & M."

ST. MATTHIAS. Six 8's. W. H. MONK.


1 Sweet Saviour bless us ere we go. Thy word in - to our minds in - stil,
And make our luke warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer vent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night O gentle Je - sus, be our light. Amen.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

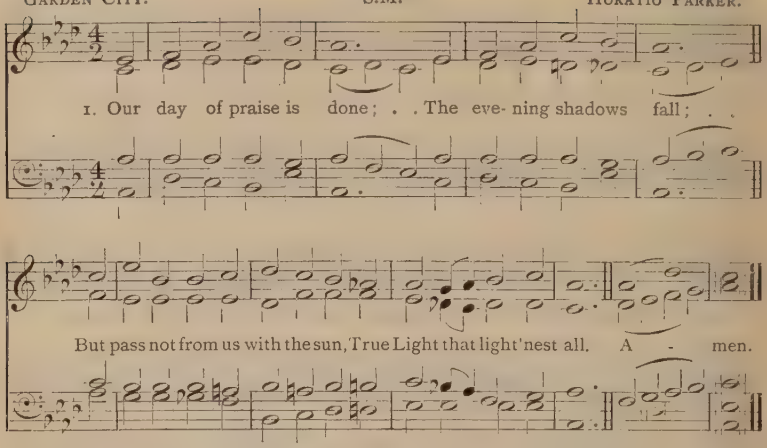
4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Through night and danger hold us low.
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

## 23

GARDEN CITY. S.M. HORATIO PARKER.




2.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4.

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

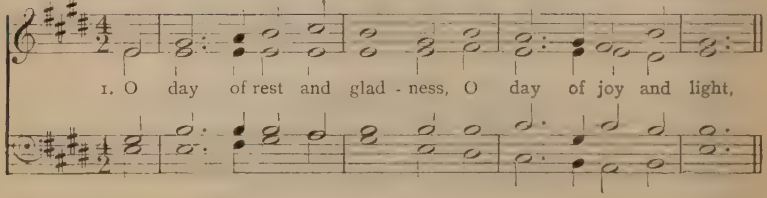
6.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

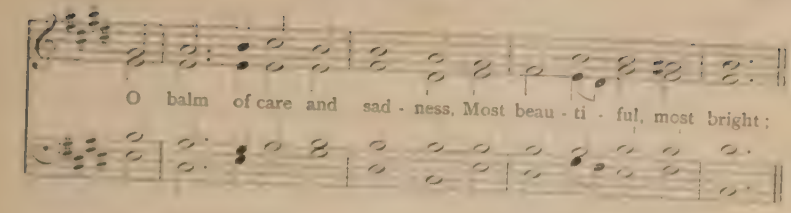
J. ELLERTON.

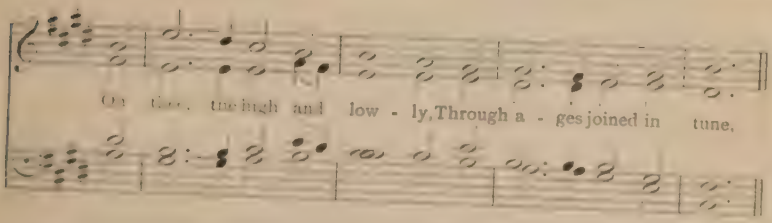
## 24

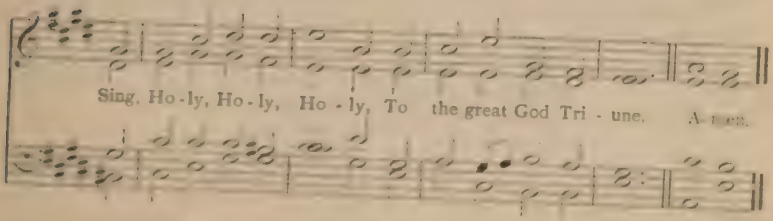
HODGES. 7.6.7.6. D. J. S. B. HODGES.



# The Lord's Day.


O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;


On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,


Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. Amen.

2.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a [illegible]
In life's dry [illegible]
From thee, [illegible]
We [illegible]

4.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

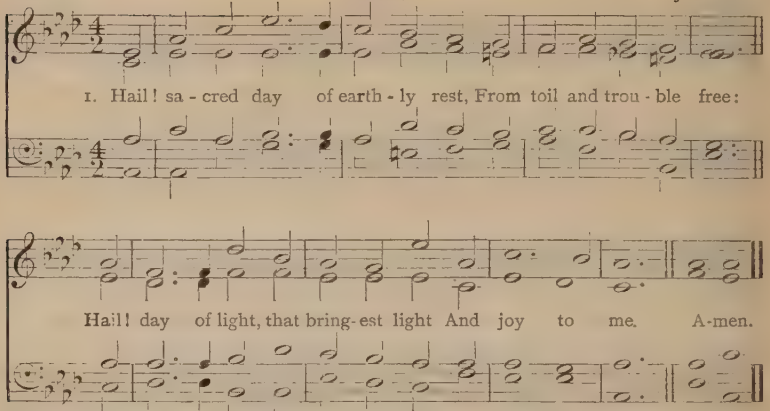
5.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

## 25

DONA. 8.6.8.4. J. GOSS.




2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

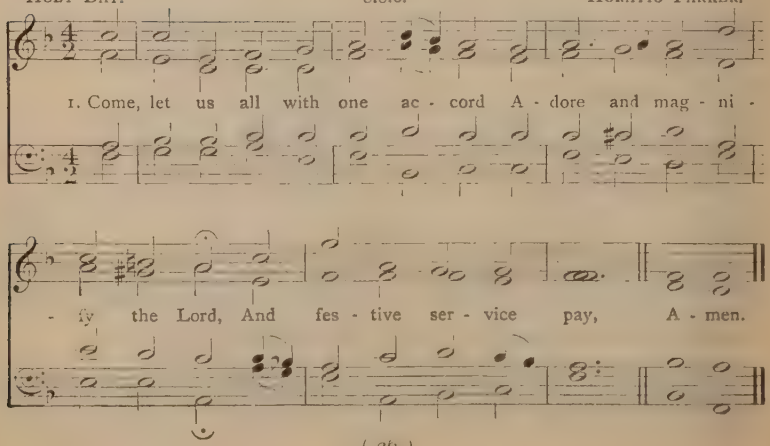
3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou, this day, hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

G. THRING.

## 26

HOLY DAY. 8.8.6. HORATIO PARKER.



2 On this the day that God hath blest,
Type of the peace and heavenly rest,
The Lord's own holy day.

3 That saw primeval darkness break,
And that more glorious life awake
That lasteth evermore;

4 That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,
And Christ, triumphant over all,
His own to heaven restore.

5 This day the peace that flows from heaven
Was unto the Apostles given,
When doors were closed at night:

6 This day the Holy Spirit's flame
Upon the Church's teachers came,
And filled their souls with light.

7 Still on this day with trumpet sound
The Gospel notes are ringing round,
To call the world to pray:

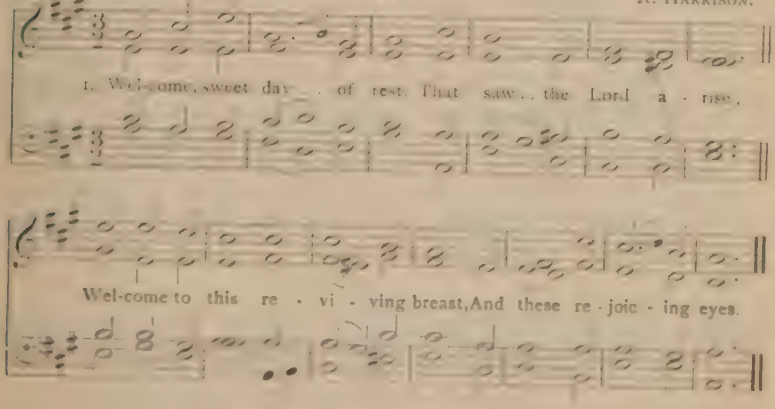
8 Then on this day let us adore
Our God, and supplication pour,
That, when worlds pass away,

9 Through Christ's dear grace our souls may rest
In peace and joy, forever blest,
Till the great Judgement day. Amen.

MRS. H. M. CHESTER.

## 27

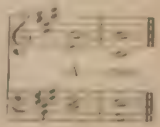
S.M. R. HARRISON.




2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we seek, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

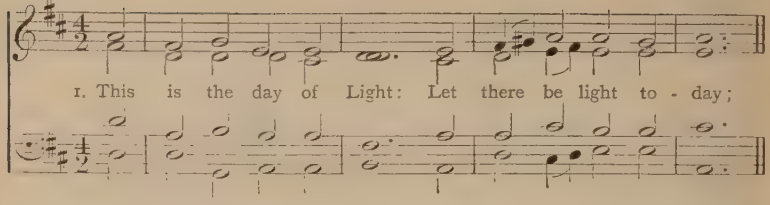
4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

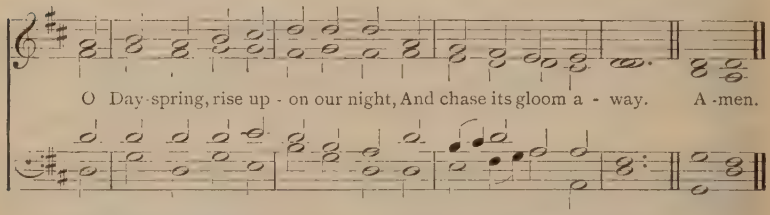


I. WATTS.

## 28

SWABIA. S.M. German.




2 This is the day of Rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

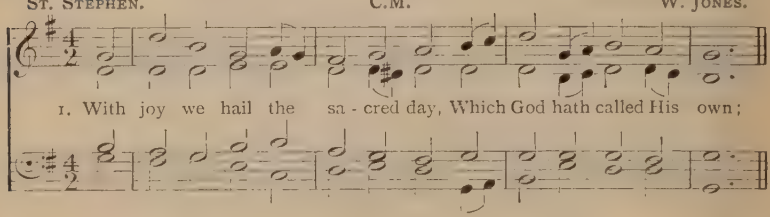
4 This is the day of Prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

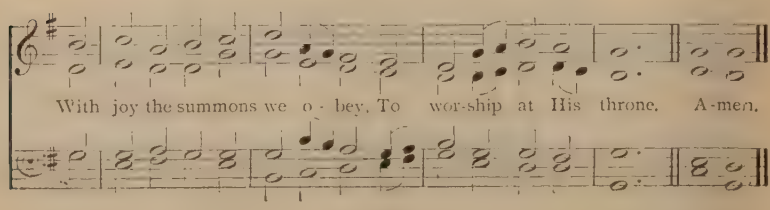
5 This is the First of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 29

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. W. JONES.



2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

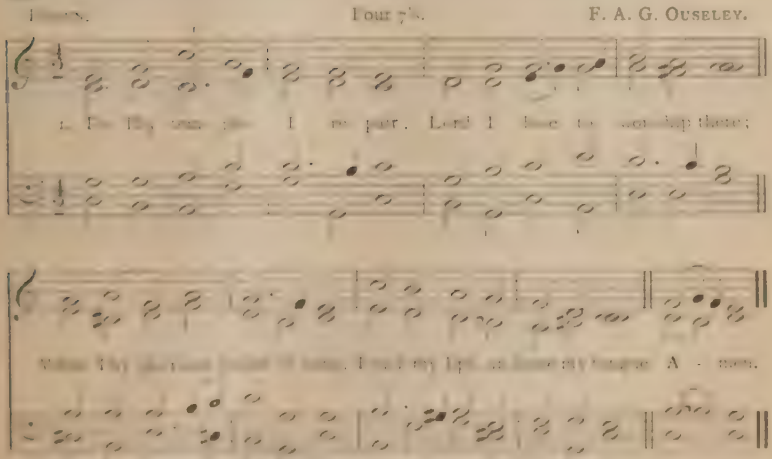
4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne. Amen.

H. AUBER.

## 30

[illegible] Four 7's. F. A. G. OUSELEY.



3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
[illegible]

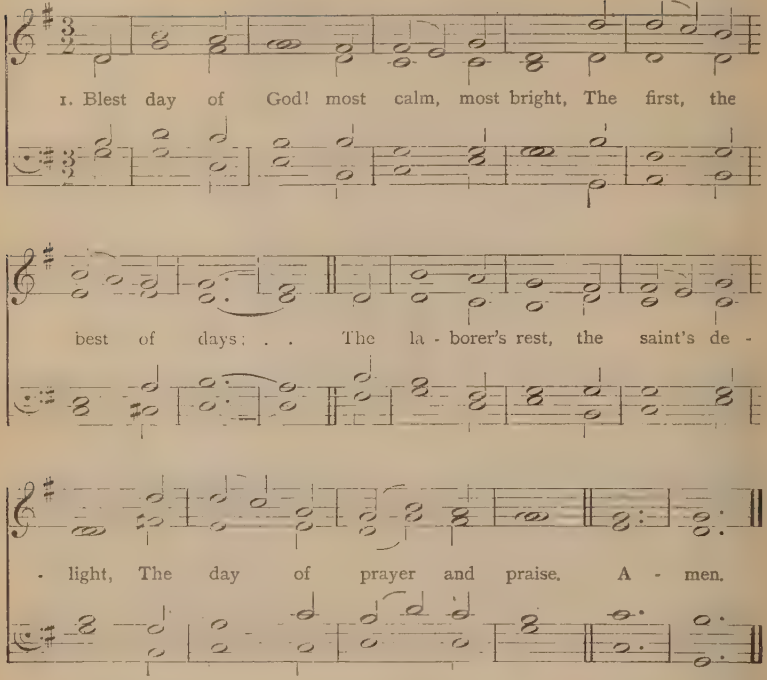
4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
[illegible]

[illegible]

J. MONTGOMERY.

# 31 The Lord's Day.

BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE.


1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the
best of days: . . The la - borer's rest, the saint's de -
- light, The day of prayer and praise. A - men.

2.

My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3.

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

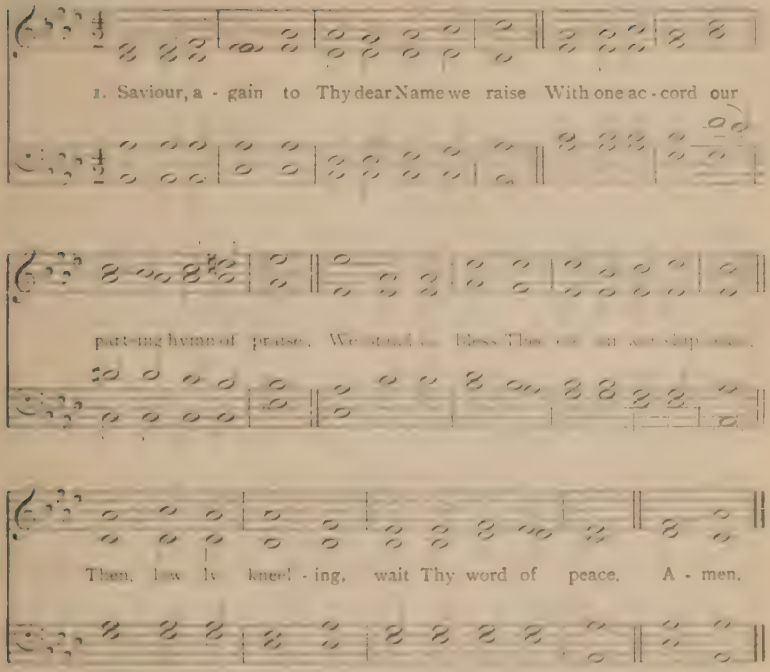
4.

This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. Amen.

J. MASON.

# The Lord's Day.

BENEDICTION. Four 10's. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Saviour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise. We stand to bless Thee ere we
Then, low in kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2.

Grant us Thy peace through this [illegible]
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

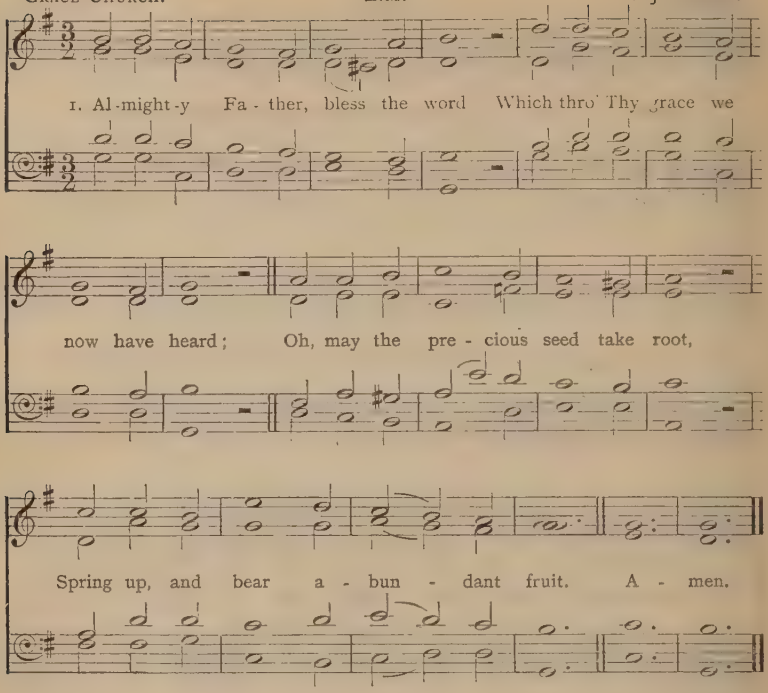
4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 33

GRACE CHURCH. L.M. I. J. PLEYEL.


1. Al-might-y Fa-ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we
now have heard; Oh, may the pre-cious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear a-bun-dant fruit. A-men.

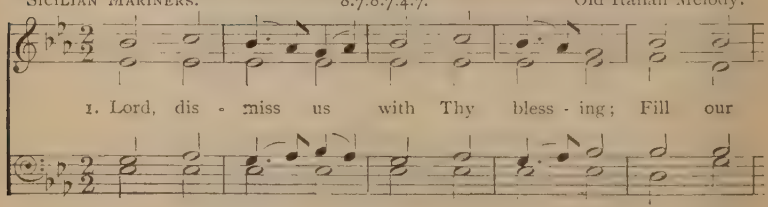
2.

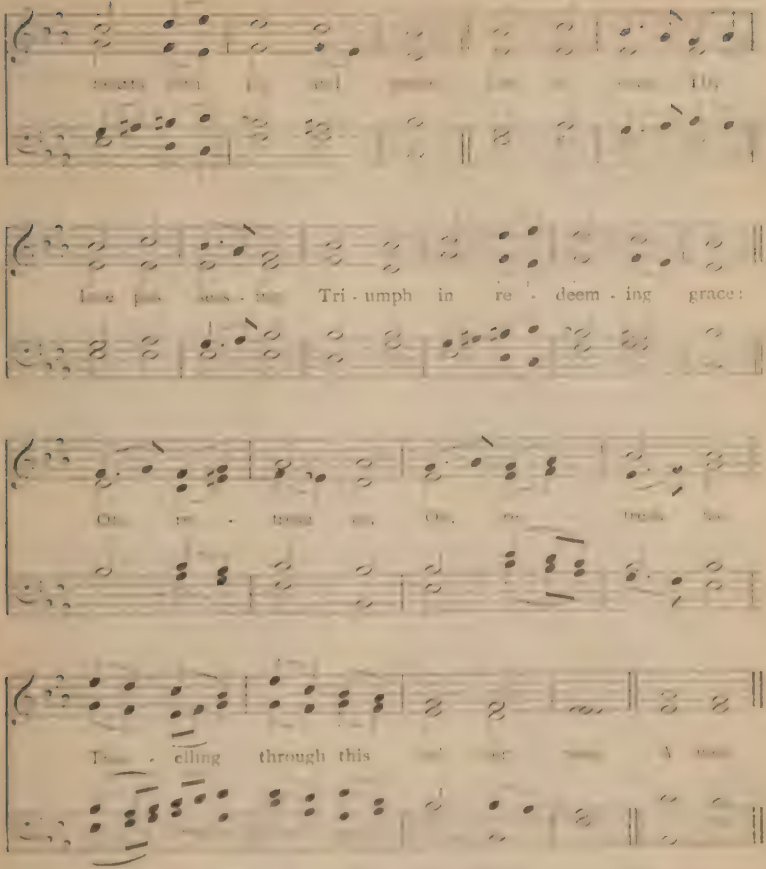
We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY. (?)

## 34

SICILIAN MARINERS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Old Italian Melody.





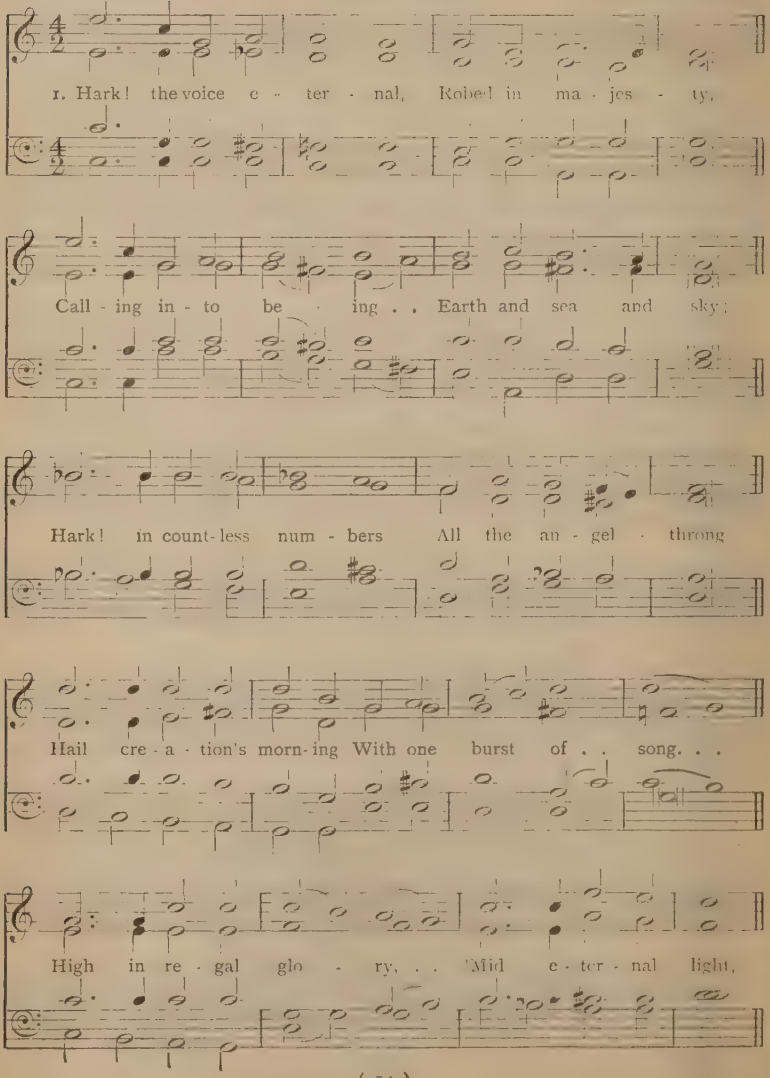

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
[illegible]
Glad Thy summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day. Amen.

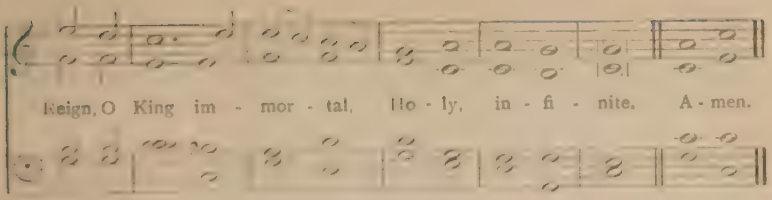
J. PAWCETT. (?)

## 35 Advent.

VOX ÆTERNA. 6.5., twelve lines. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in ma - jes - ty,
Call - ing in - to be - ing . . Earth and sea and sky;
Hark! in count-less num - bers All the an - gel - throng
Hail cre - a - tion's morn-ing With one burst of . . song. . .
High in re - gal glo - ry, . . 'Mid e - ter - nal light,

# Advent.




1 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea.
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

2 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning,
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendor
Of that opening day.
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

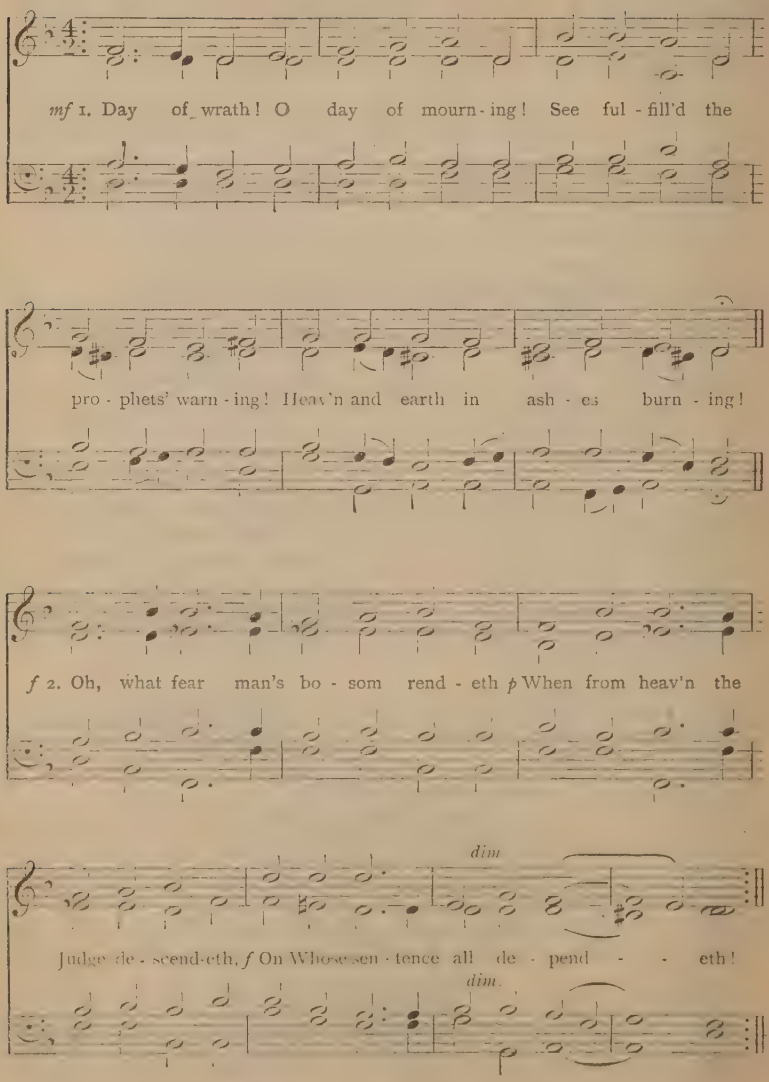
5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King immortal
Holy, infinite.

6 Jesu! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet, triumphant,
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honor,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite. Amen.

J. JULIAN.

# Advent.

DIES IRÆ. 8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.


mf 1. Day of wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful-fill'd the
pro-phets' warn-ing! Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing!
f 2. Oh, what fear man's bo-som rend-eth p When from heav'n the
dim
Judge de-scend-eth, f On Whose sen-tence all de-pend - - eth!
dim.

3.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
[illegible]
All before the throne it bringeth.

4.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8.

King of majes'ty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9.

Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

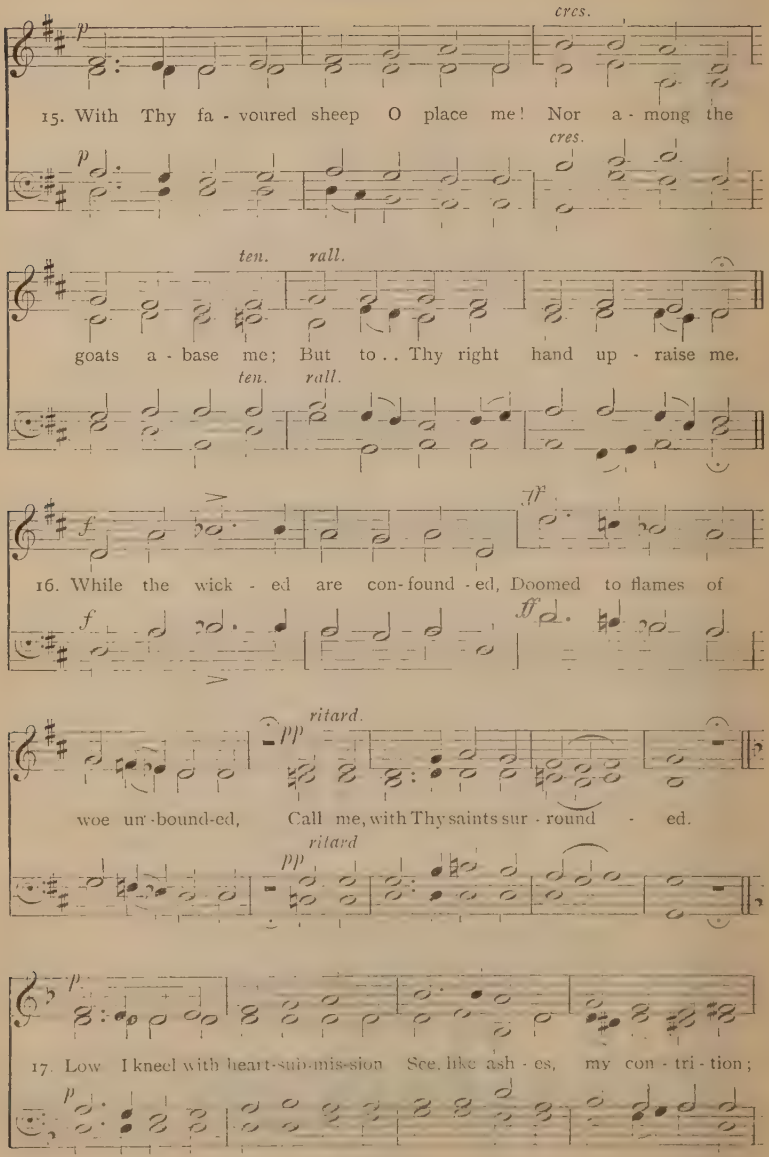
10.

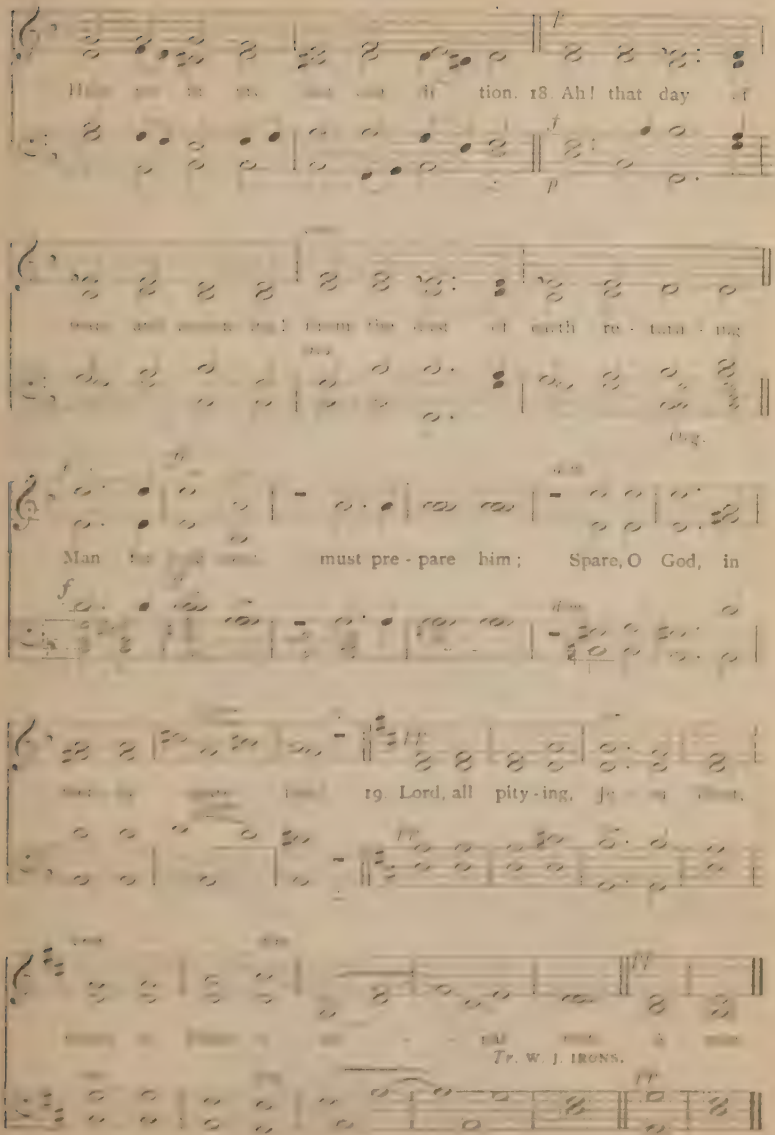
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11.

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
[illegible]
Ere that day of retribution.

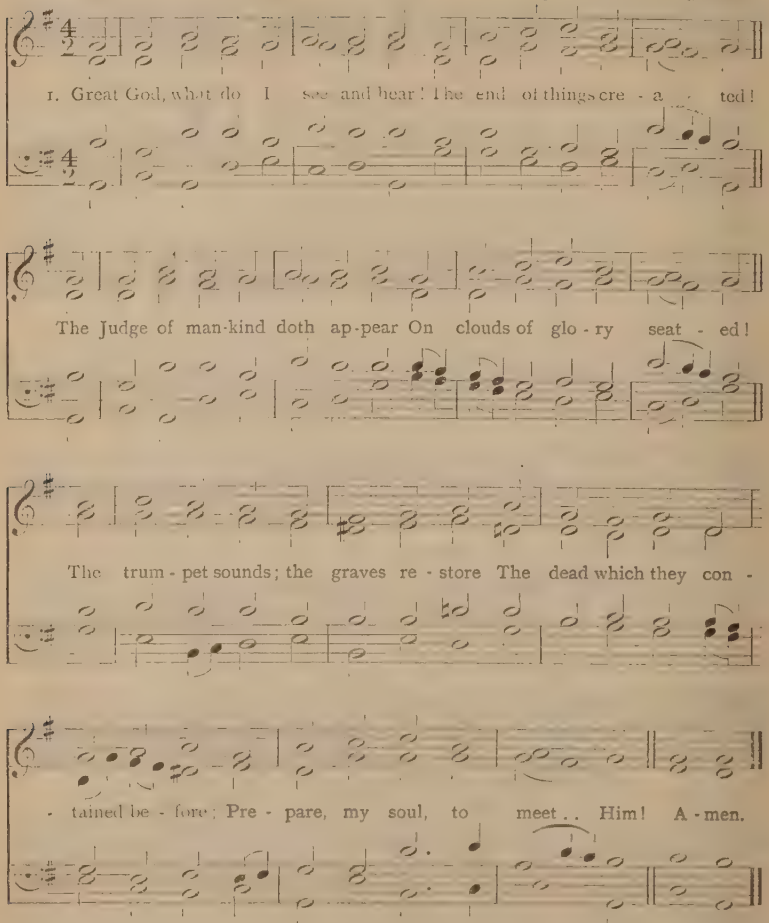
[illegible]


cres.
15. With Thy fa - voured sheep O place me! Nor a - mong the
ten. rall.
goats a - base me; But to . . Thy right hand up - raise me.
16. While the wick - ed are con-found - ed, Doomed to flames of
ritard.
woe un - bound-ed, Call me, with Thy saints sur - round - ed.
17. Low I kneel with heart-sub-mis-sion See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion;


tion. 18 Ah! that day of
must pre - pare him; Spare, O God, in
19 Lord, all pity - ing,
Tr. W. J. IRONS.

# 37 Advent.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. J. KLUG'S *Gesangbuch.*


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
The Judge of man-kind doth ap-pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!
The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -
- tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet .. Him! A - men.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

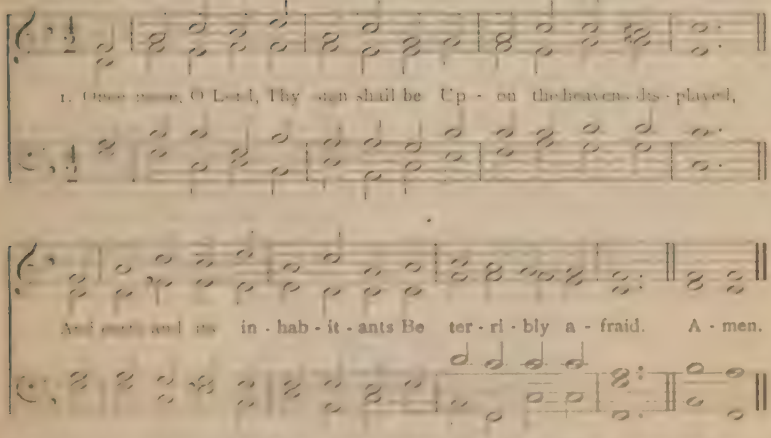
3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

W. B. COLLYER.

## 38

York Tune. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*


1. Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be Up - on the heavens dis - played,
And earth and its in - hab - it - ants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid. A - men.

2 [illegible]

3 [illegible]

4 [illegible]

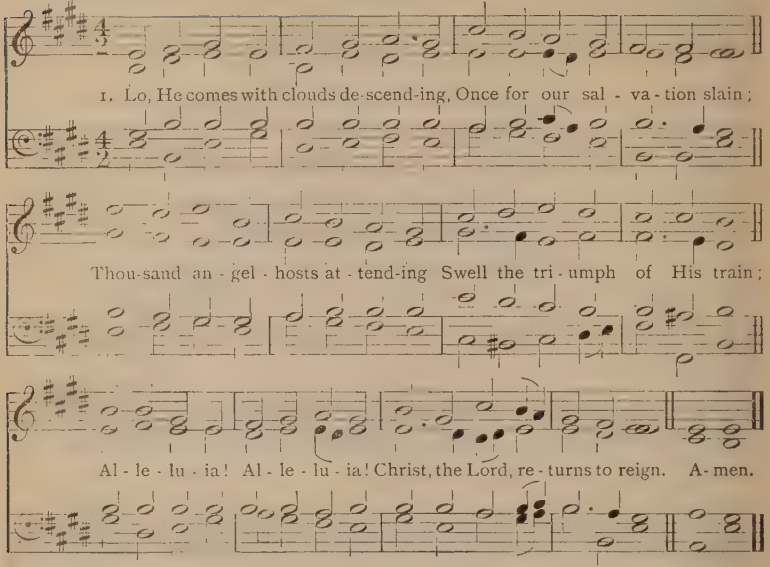
5 [illegible]

6 Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may [illegible],
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies. Amen.

G. W. DOANE.

## 39

ST. THOMAS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. S. WEBBE.


1. Lo, He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal - va-tion slain;
Thou-sand an - gel - hosts at - tend-ing Swell the tri - umph of His train;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign. A-men.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

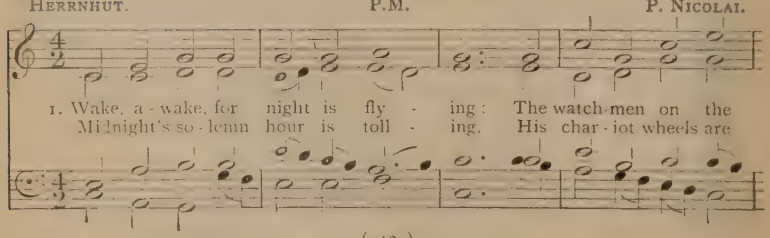
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

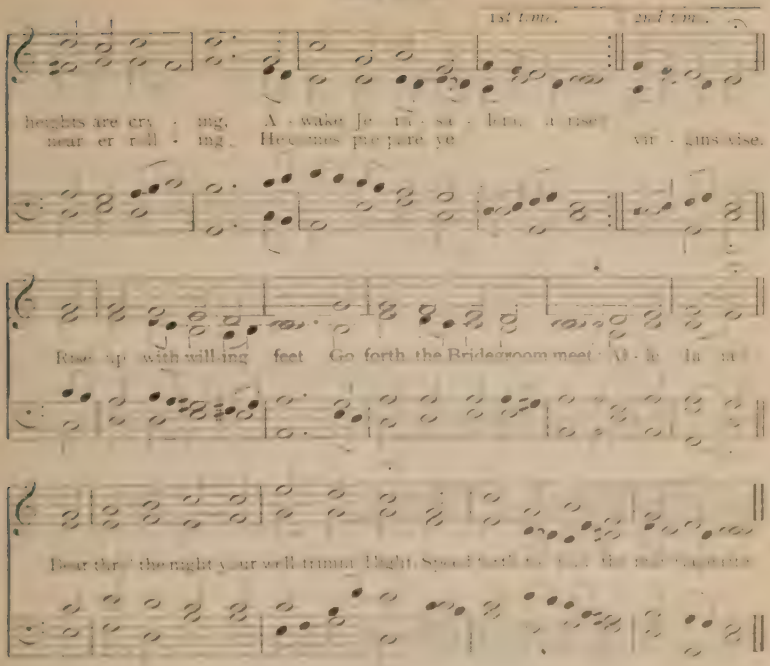
4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone. Amen.

J. CENNICK, C. WESLEY, M. MADAN.

## 40

HERRNHUT. P.M. P. NICOLAI.



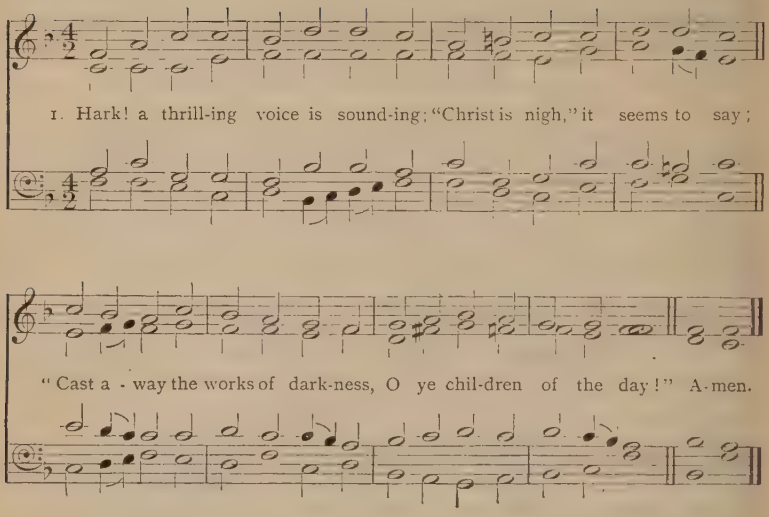

1st time.
2nd time.
heights are cry - ing. A - wake Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!
near er roll - ing. Hea - vens peal; are ye vir - gins wise.
Rise up with will-ing feet Go forth the Bridegroom meet! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown and our reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We [illegible]
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

# Advent.

MERTON. 8.7.8.7. W. H. MONK.


1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" A-men.

2.

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

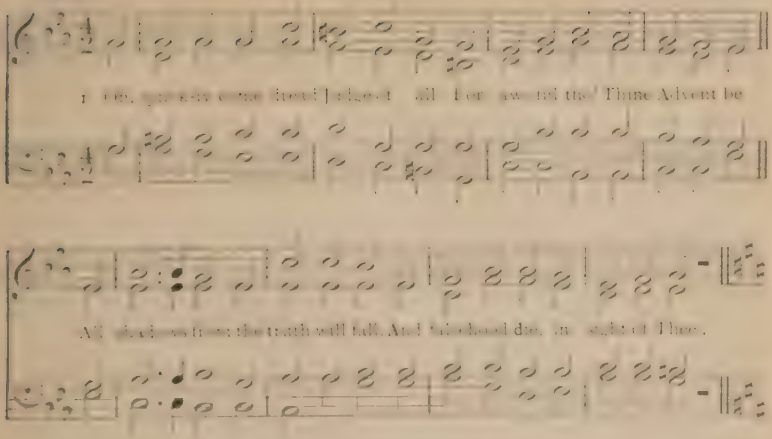
4.

So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

# Advent.

Chorus. Sixths. J. Stainer.



2 Oh, quickly come, [illegible] King of all,
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let [illegible]
Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

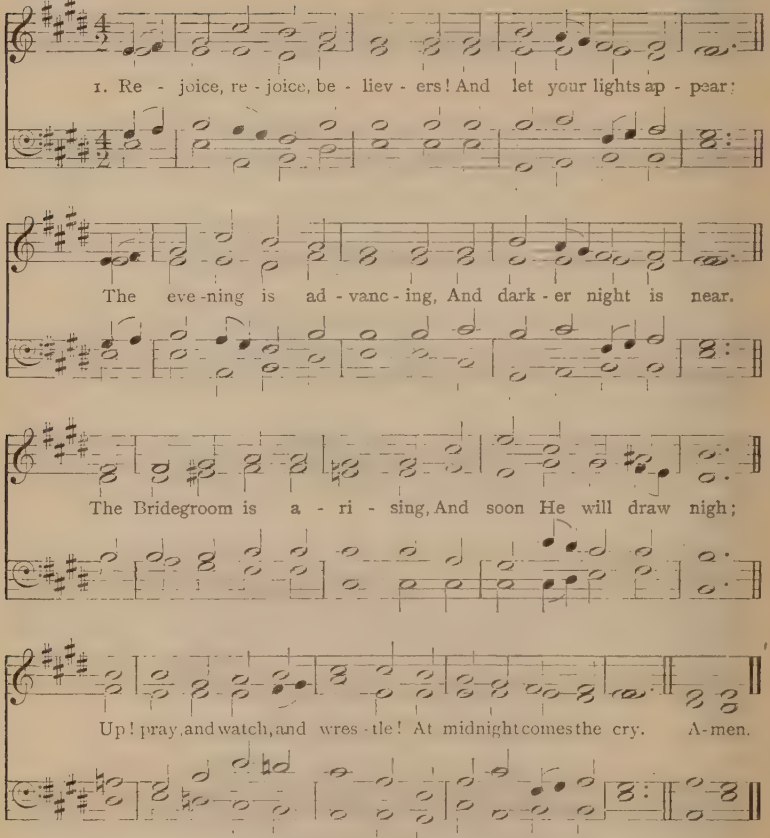
3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
[illegible]
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,
[illegible]
And fainting souls begin to fall
With [illegible]
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

L. Tuttiett.

# Advent.

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D. German.


1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bridegroom is a - ri - sing, And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry. A - men.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With Alleluias clear.

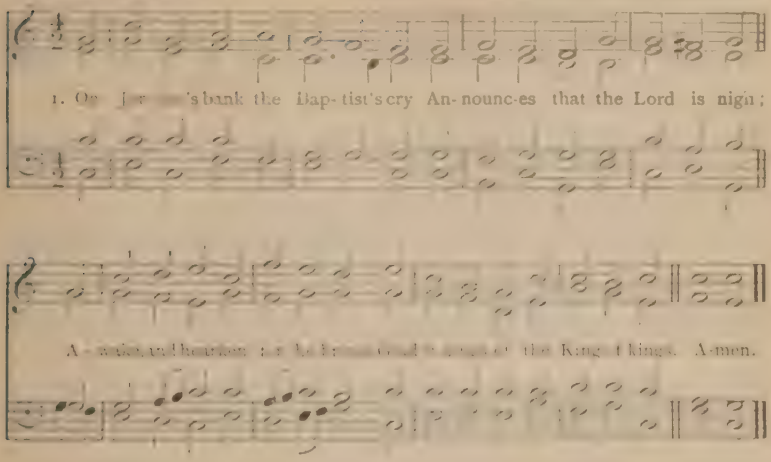
3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesu, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee! Amen.

*Tr.* S. FINDLATER.

44

Victory to New L. M. *Hamburger Musicalisches Handbuch.*


1. On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-nounc-es that the Lord is nigh;
A-wake, and hearken, for He brings Glad tidings of the King of kings. Amen.

2.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

5.

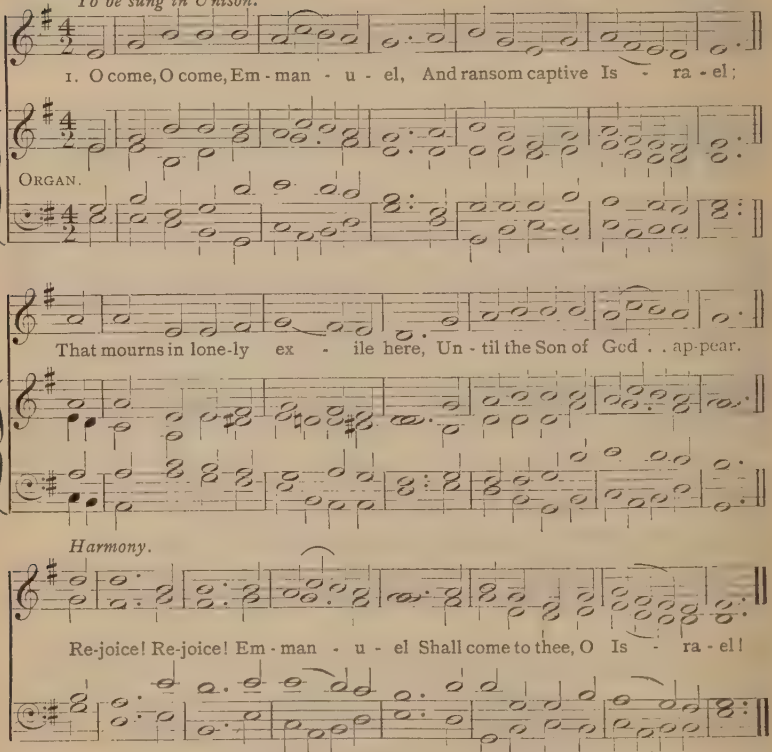
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent set Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

*Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

# Advent.

VENI EMMANUEL. Six 8's. Ancient Plain-Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ransom captive Is - ra - el;
ORGAN.
That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God . . ap-pear.
Harmony.
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

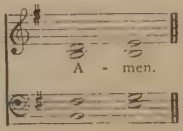
2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! &c.

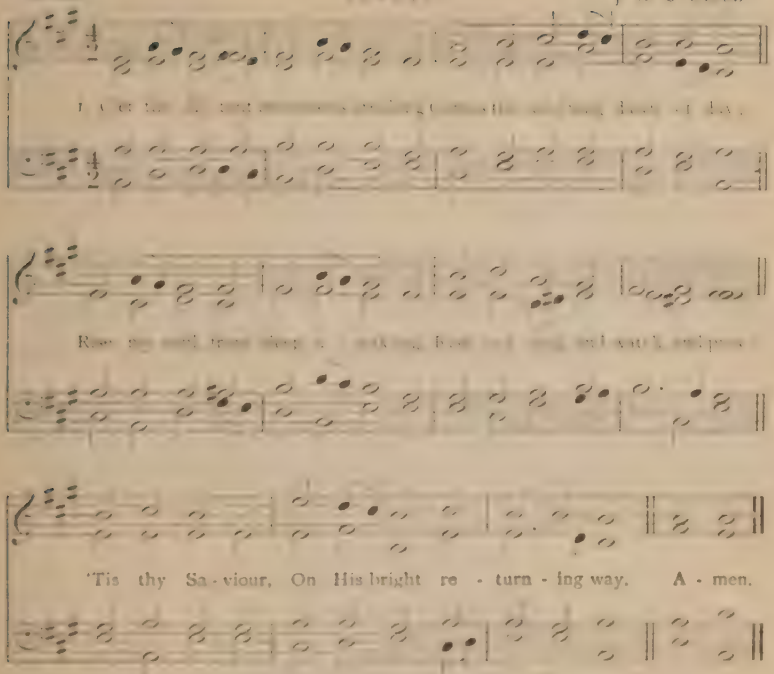
3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night;
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! &c.

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! &c.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.






2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

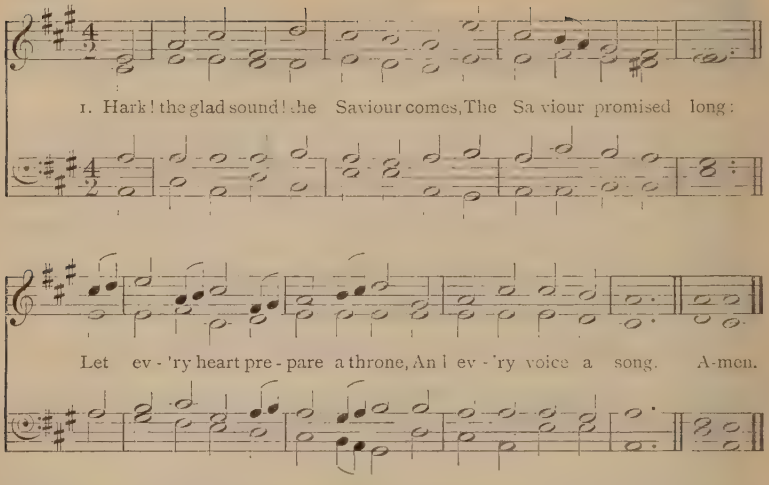
3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

# Advent.

BRISTOL. C.M. E. HODGES.


1. Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long:
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-men.

2.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4.

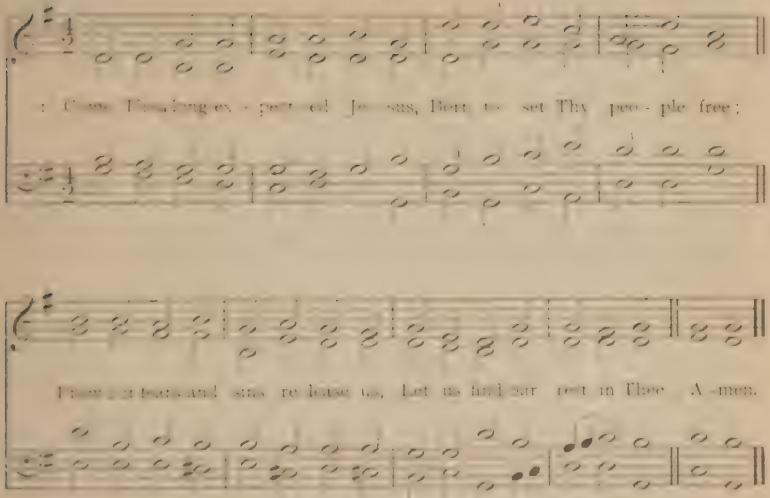
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

STUTTGART. 8 7.8.7. German.


Come, Thou long-ex - pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A - men.

2.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

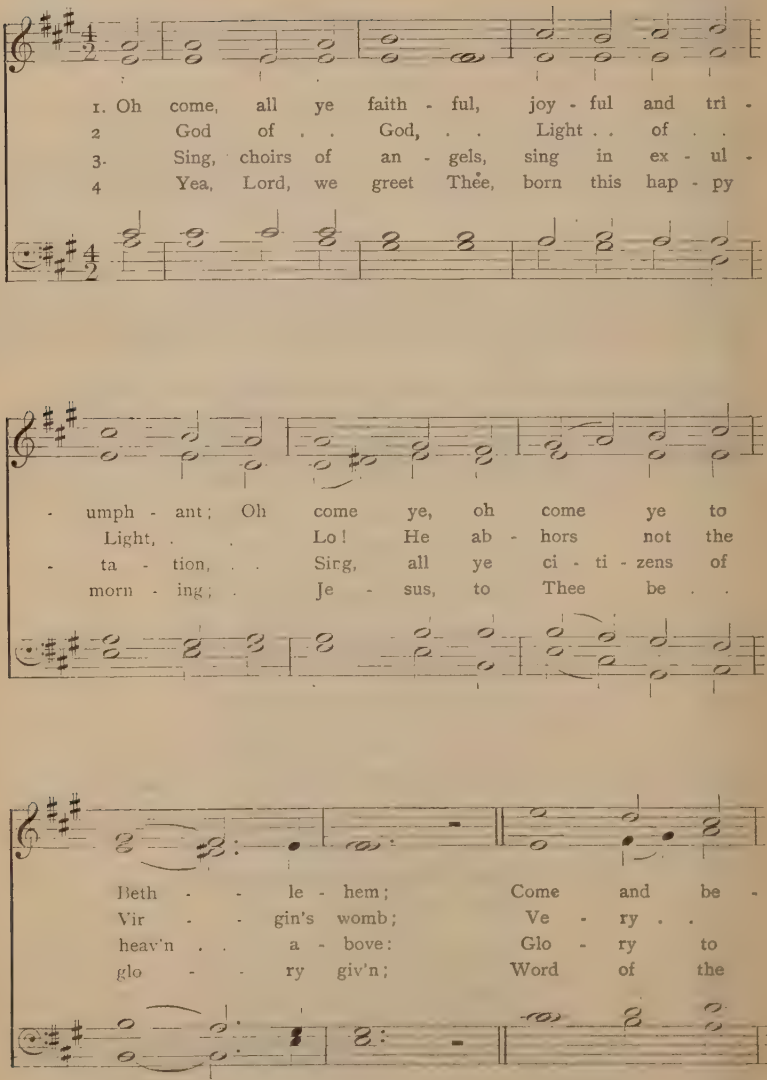
4.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

# Christmas.

ADESTE FIDELES P.M. J. READING.

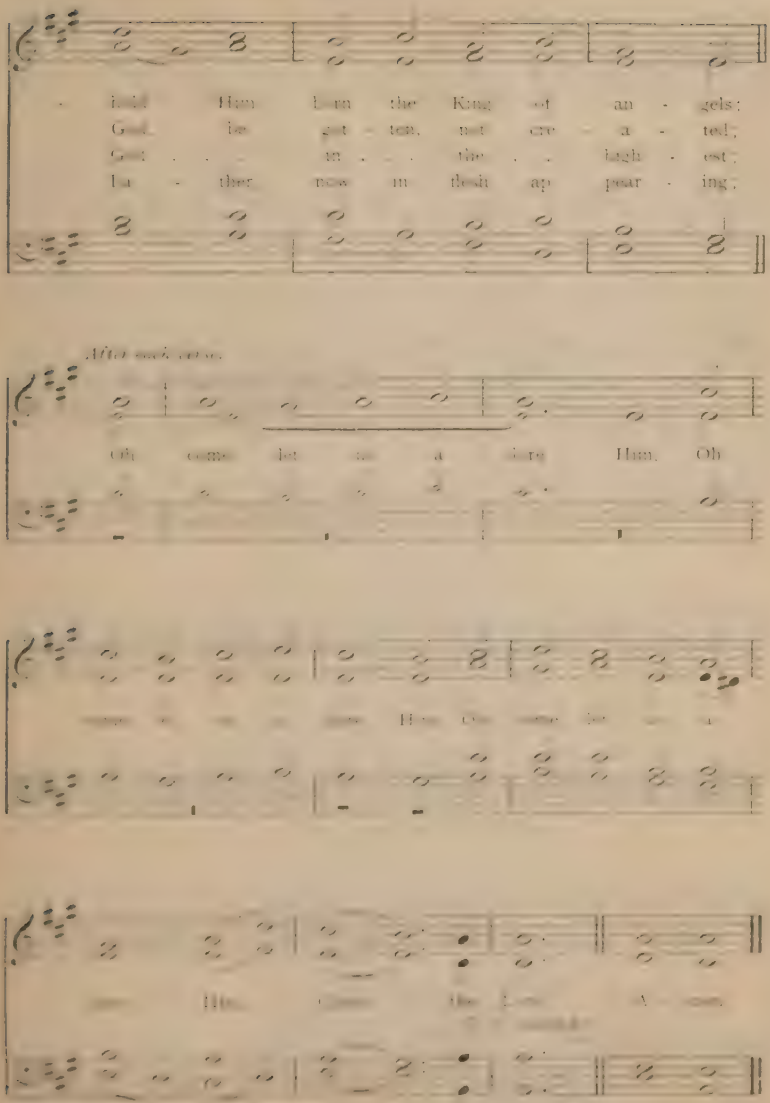

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri -
2 God of . . God, . . Light . . of . .
3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul -
4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py
- umph - ant; Oh come ye, oh come ye to
Light, . . Lo! He ab - hors not the
- ta - tion, . . Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of
morn - ing; . Je - sus, to Thee be . .
Beth - - le - hem; Come and be -
Vir - - gin's womb; Ve - ry . .
heav'n . . a - bove: Glo - ry to
glo - - ry giv'n; Word of the

# Christmas.

- hold Him born the King of an - gels;
God be got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
God . . . in . . . the . . high - est;
Fa - ther now in flesh ap pear - ing;

*After each verse.*

Oh come let us a dore Him, Oh



[illegible]

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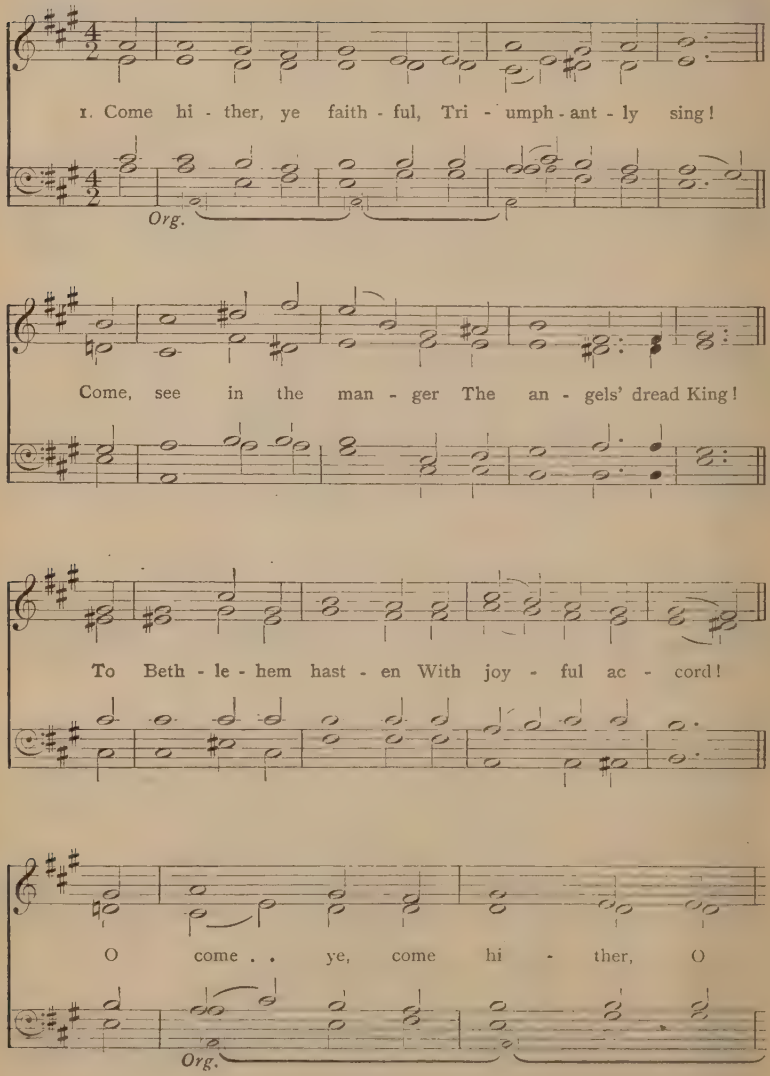
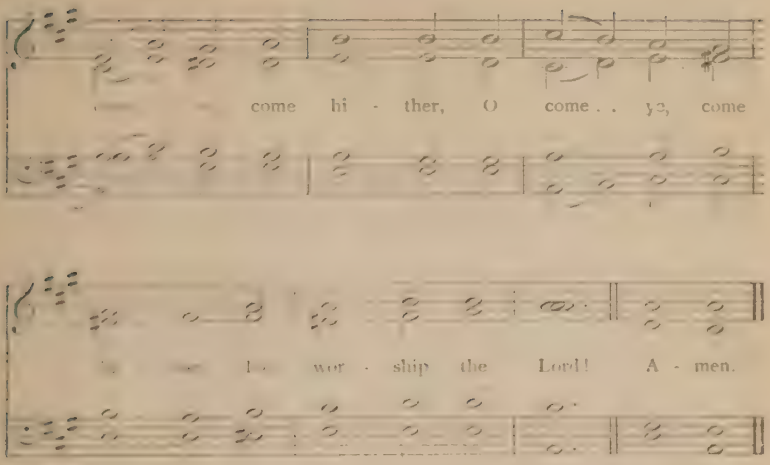
# Christmas.

BARNBY 6.5.6.5. D J. BARNBY.


1. Come hi - ther, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph - ant - ly sing!
Org.
Come, see in the man - ger The an - gels' dread King!
To Beth - le - hem hast - en With joy - ful ac - cord!
O come . . ye, come hi - ther, O
Org.




2

True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

3.

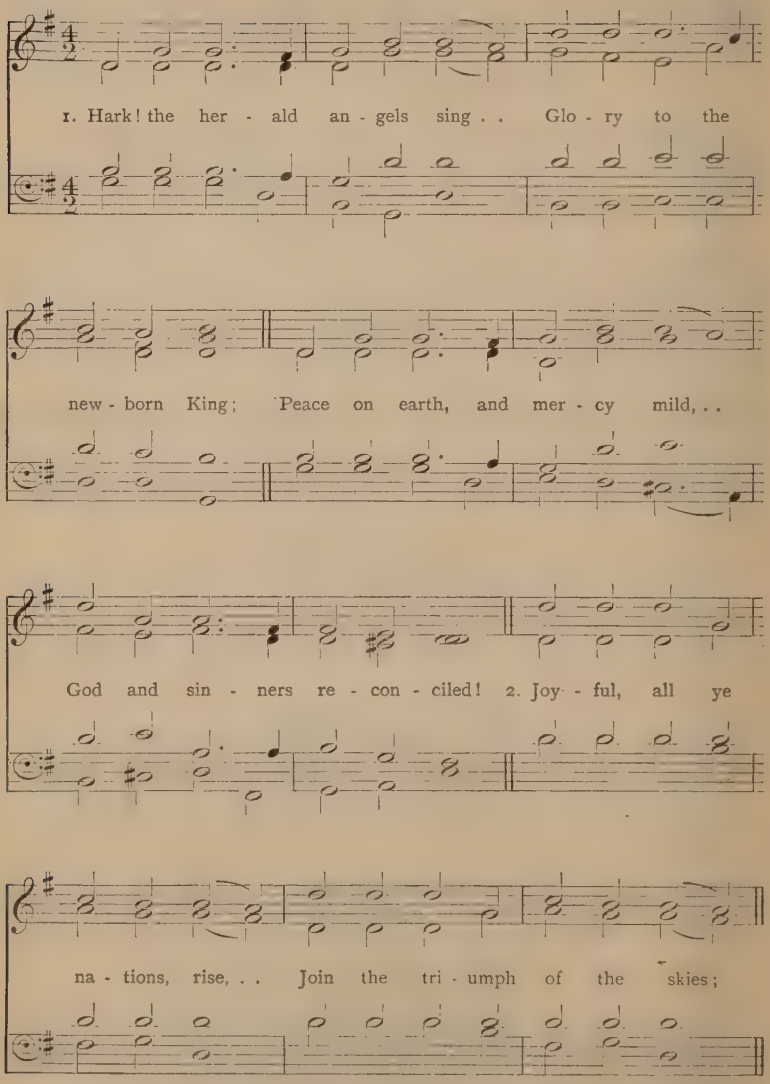
Hark! hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

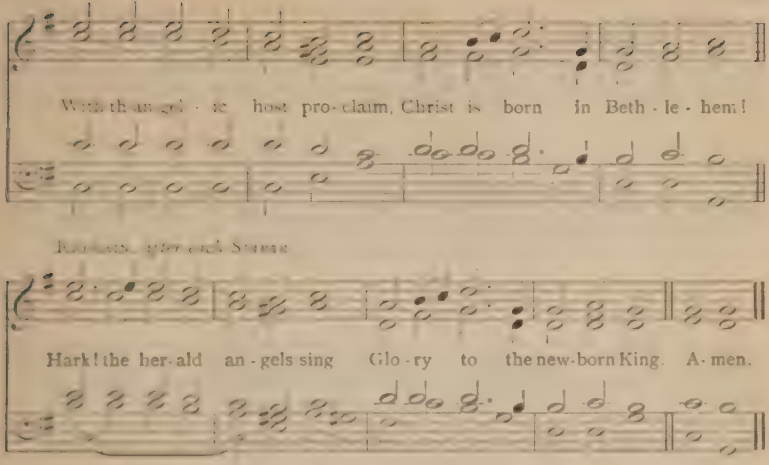
4.

To Thee, then, O Jesu,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!

51

MENDELSSOHN. Eight 7's., with Refrain. MENDELSSOHN.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing . . Glo - ry to the
new - born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, . .
God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! 2. Joy - ful, all ye
na - tions, rise, . . Join the tri - umph of the skies;




3.

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

4.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6.

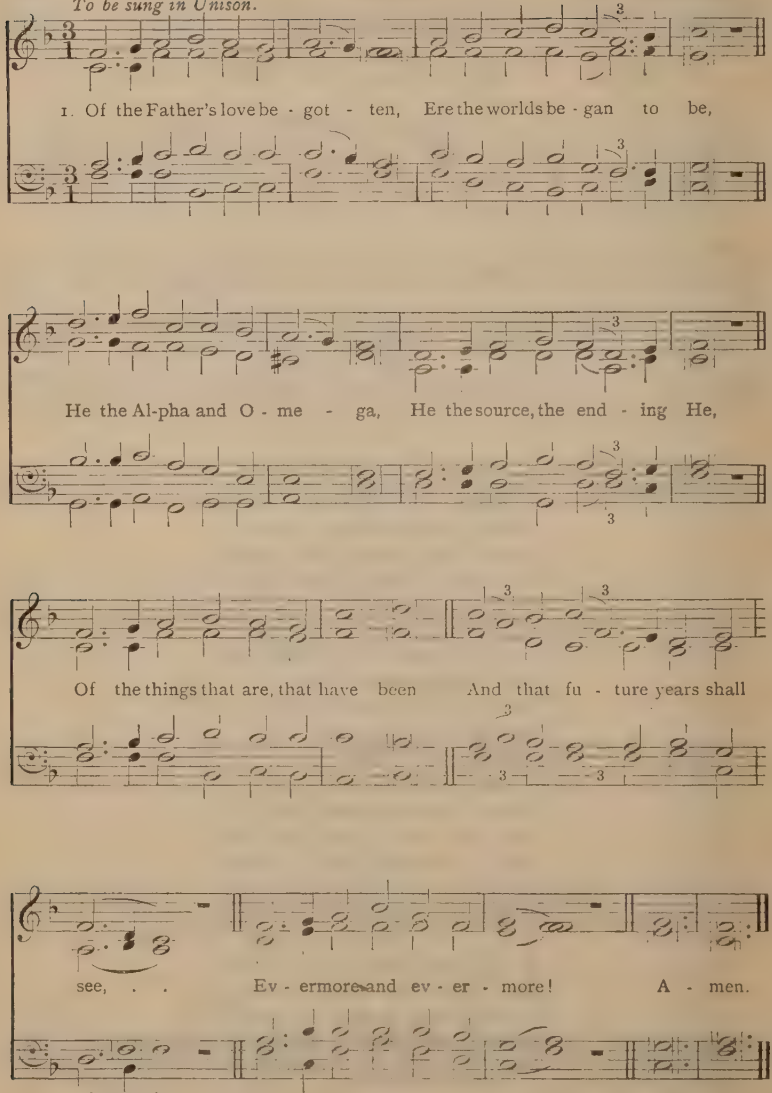
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

# Christmas.

CORDE NATUS. 8.7.8.7.8.7-7. Ancient Melody.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. Of the Father's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be,
He the Al-pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the end - ing He,
Of the things that are, that have been And that fu - ture years shall
see, . . Ev - ermore and ev - er - more! A - men.

2.

Oh, that ever-blessed birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3.

Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

4.

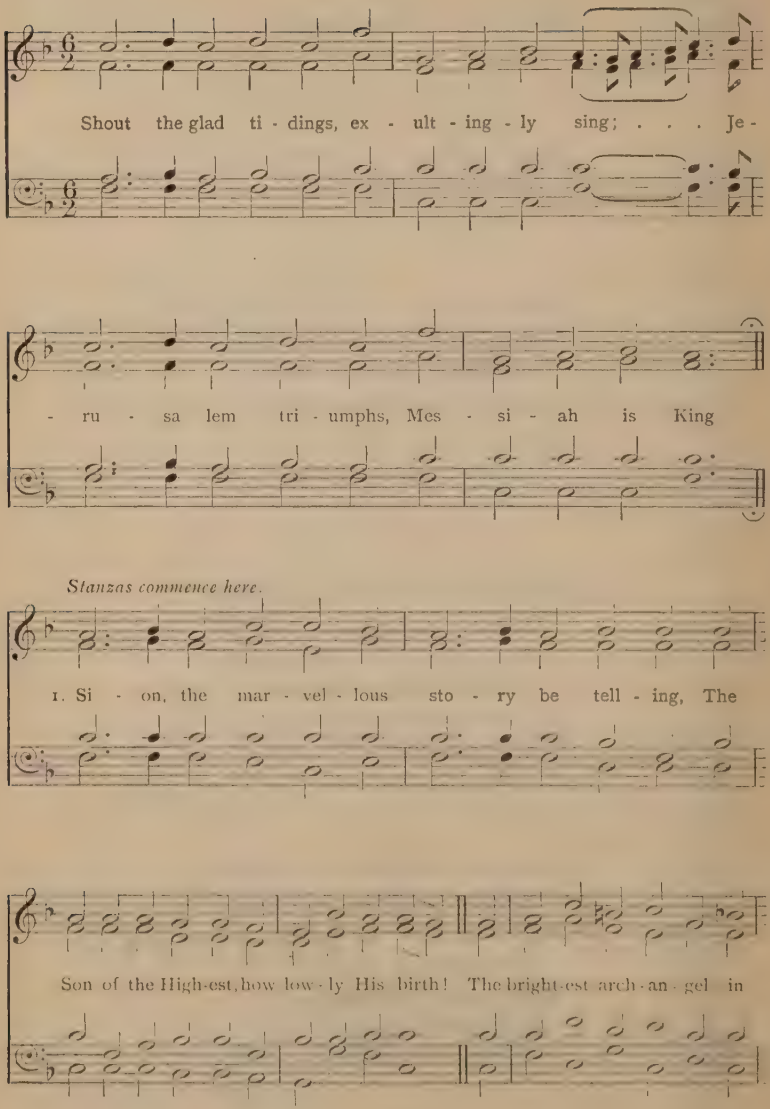
Thee let age, and Thee let manhood
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

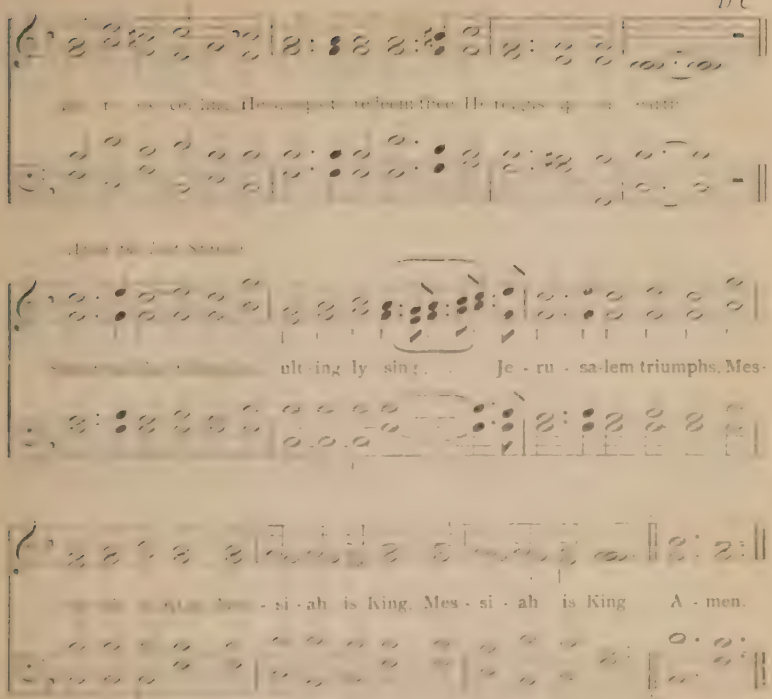
[illegible]

Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

# Christmas.

AVISON. P.M. C. AVISON.


Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; . . . Je -
- ru - sa lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King
Stanzas commence here.
1. Si - on, the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The
Son of the High-est, how low - ly His birth! The bright-est arch - an - gel in




2.

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned:
Shout the glad tidings, &c.

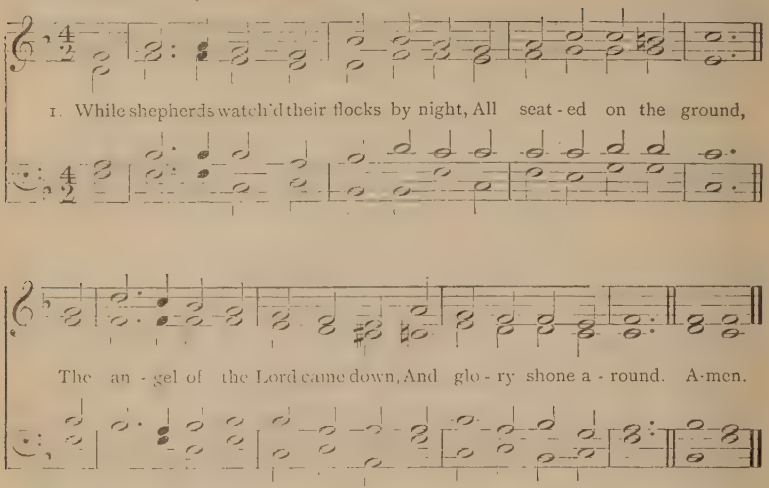
3.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing:
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
Shout the glad tidings, &c. Amen.

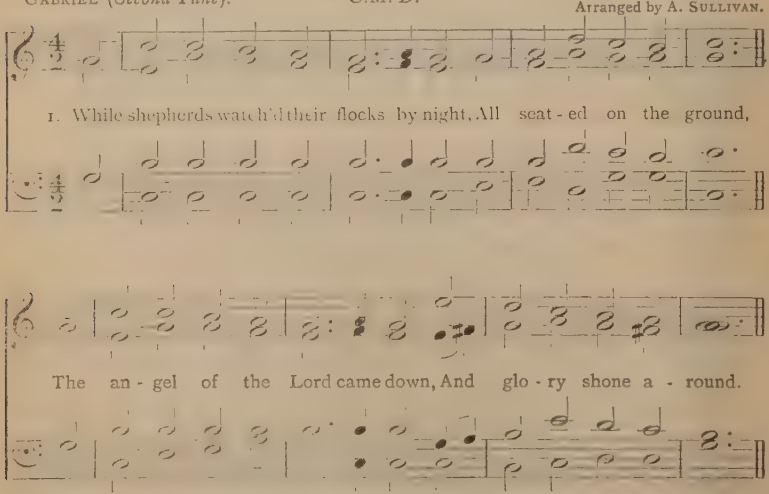
W. A. MUHLENBERG.

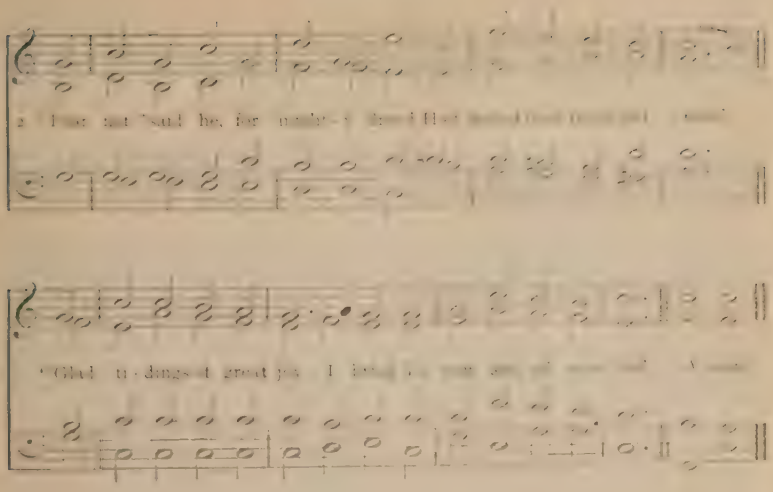
# Christmas.

WINCHESTER OLD (*First Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter*.


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. A-men.

GABRIEL (*Second Tune*). C.M. D. Traditional. Arranged by A. SULLIVAN.


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.



2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

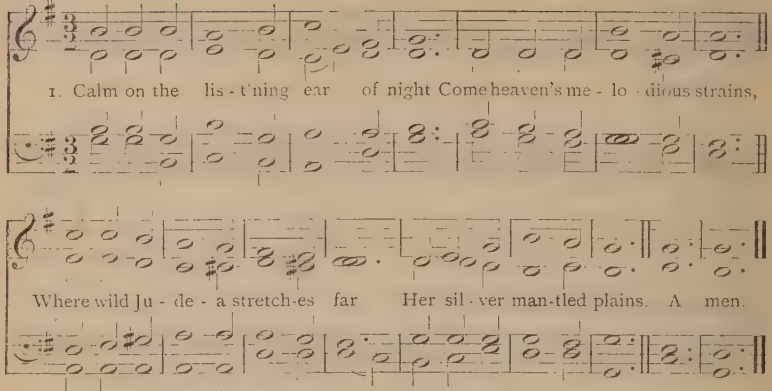
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease." Amen.

N. TATE

## 55

ST. AGNES. C.M J. B. DYKES.


1. Calm on the lis - t'ning ear of night Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver man-tled plains. A men.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

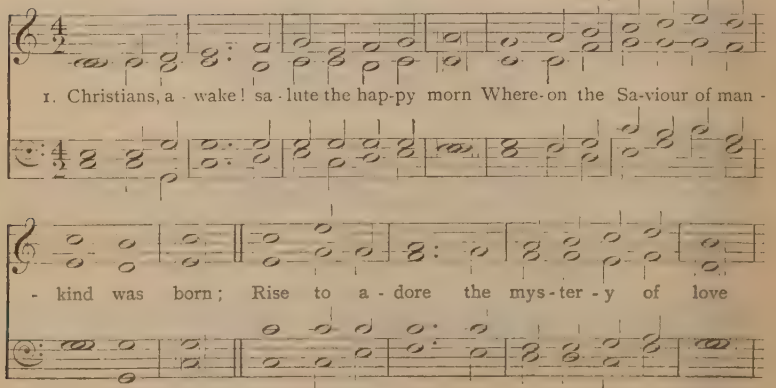
5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

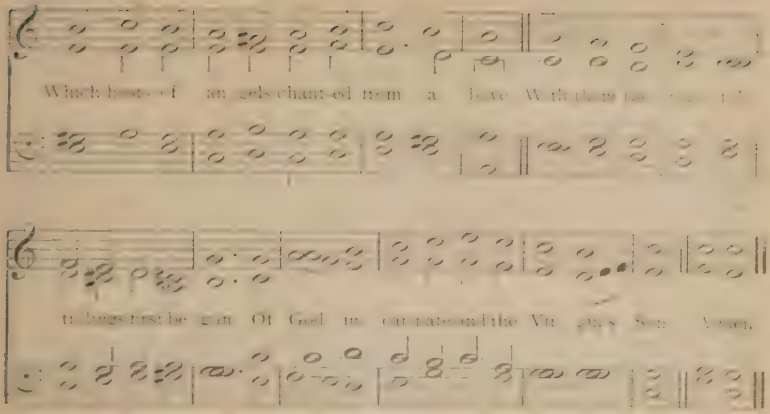
6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plain
Breaks the first Christmas morn. Amen.

E. H. SEARS.

## 56

YORKSHIRE. Six 10's. J. WAINWRIGHT.





2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with allelujas rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's Name.

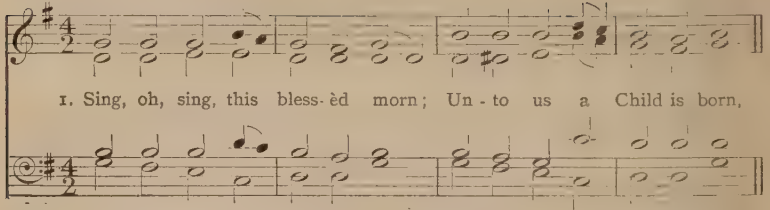
5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

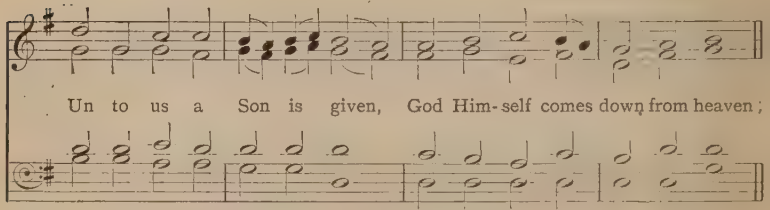
6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of redemption the praise, Amen.

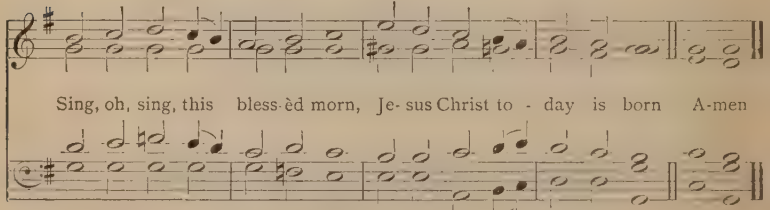
J. BYROM.

## 57

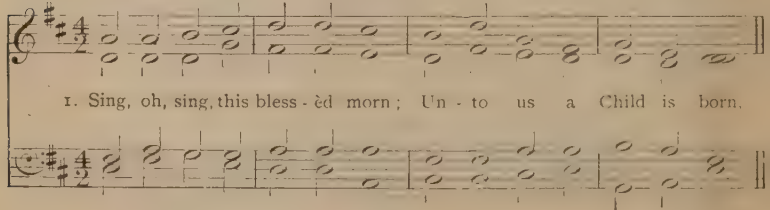
LUX PRIMA (*First Tune*). Six 7's. C. F. GOUNOD.

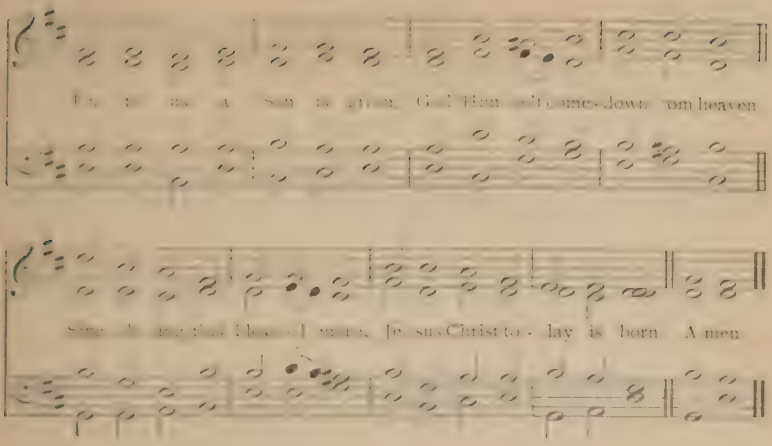



RATISBON (*Second Tune*). Six 7's. German.






2.
God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

3.
God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

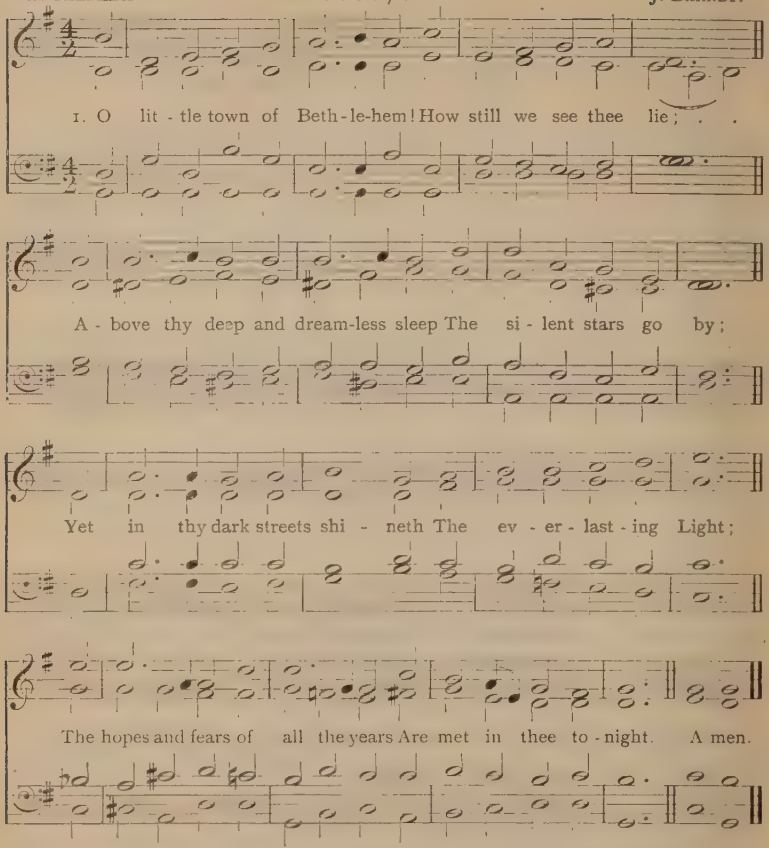
4.
God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

5.
Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

# Christmas.

BETHLEHEM 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. J. BARNBY.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

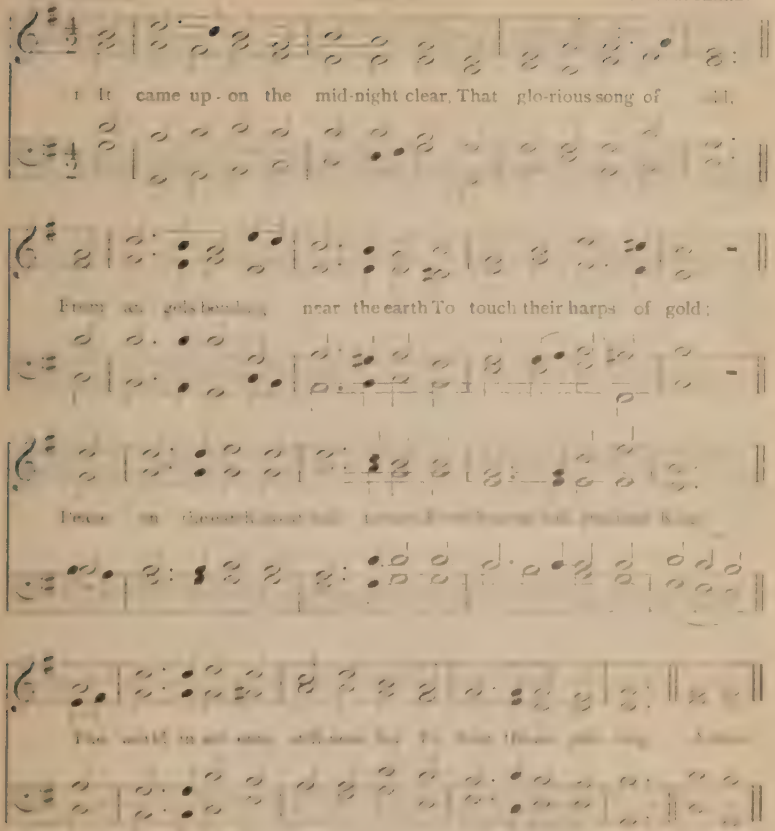
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin, [still,
Where meek souls will receive Him
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

P. BROOKS.

# Christmas.

St Ursula — C. M. D. — F. Westlake.


1 It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of [illegible],
From an[illegible] near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
Peace [illegible]
The world [illegible] Amen.

2 Still through the [illegible]
With [illegible]
And still [illegible]
O'er all the weary world:
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
The [illegible] angels sing.

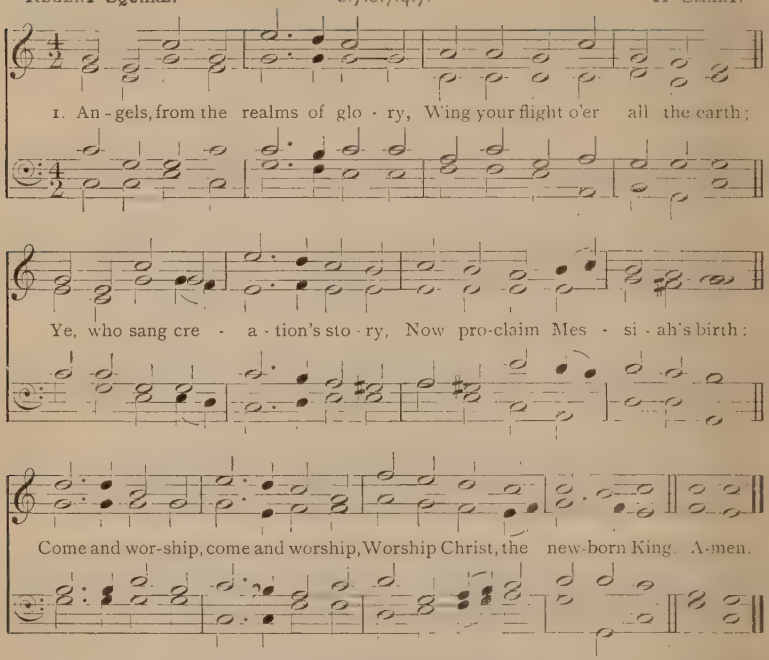
3 O [illegible]
Whose [illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible] steps and slow!
[illegible]
[illegible]
Oh [illegible]
And hear the angels sing.

4 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Shall come the time foretold, [illegible]own
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

E. H. Sears.

# Christmas.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. H SMART.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

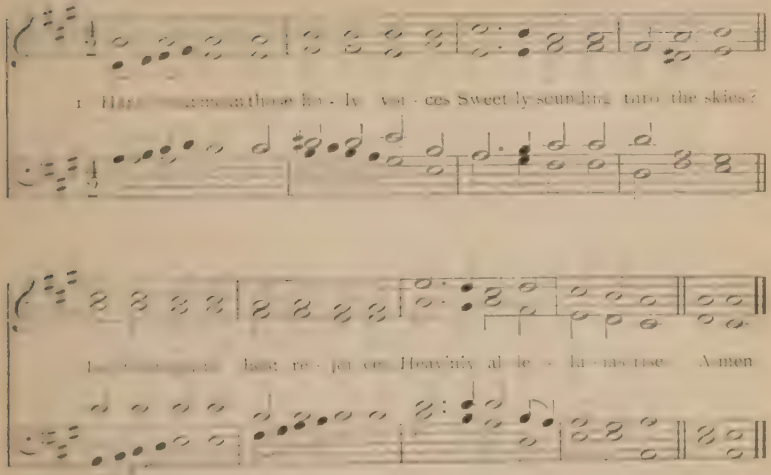
4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

# Christmas.

Hark! Voices

G. J. GEER


1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host re - joi - ces Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise. Amen

2.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3.

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4.

"Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

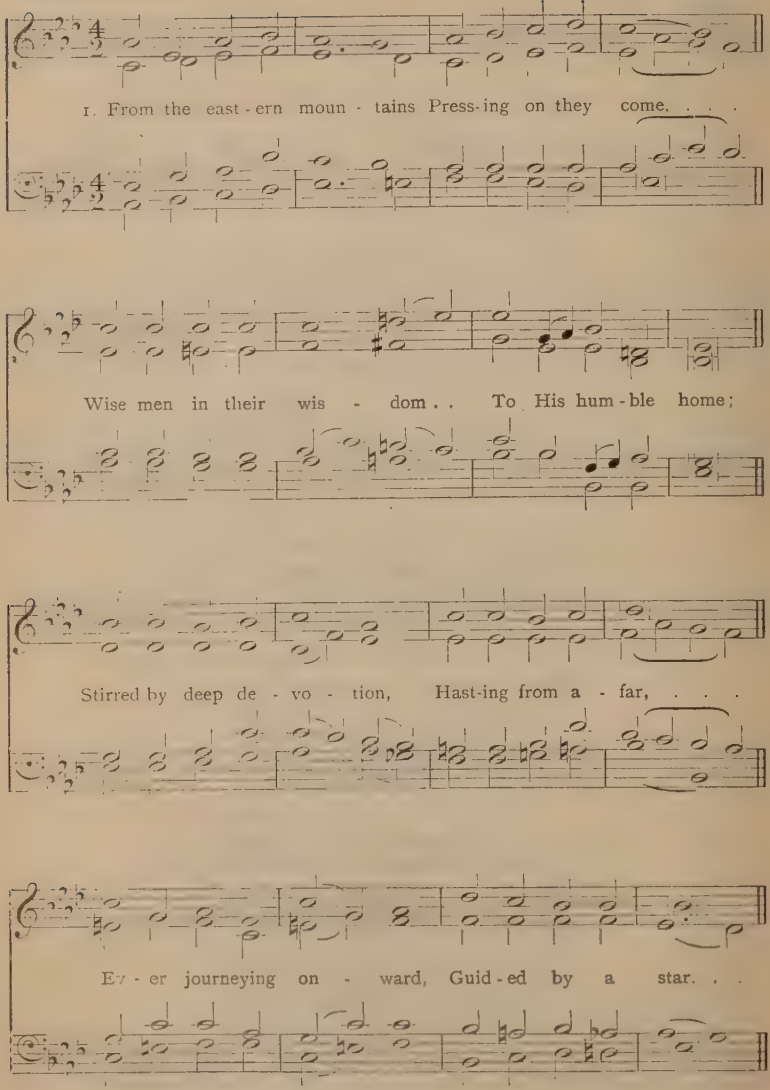
5.

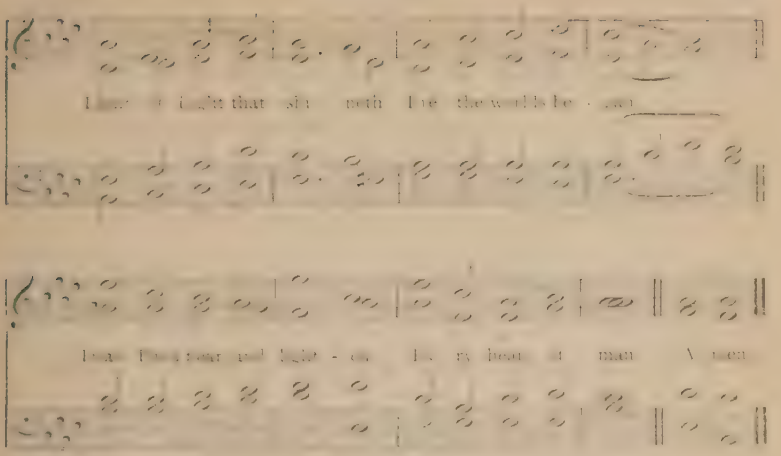
"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify.
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!" Amen.

J. CAWOOD.

62

VALOUR. 6.5., twelve lines. A. H. MANN.


1. From the east - ern moun - tains Press - ing on they come, . . .
Wise men in their wis - dom . . To His hum - ble home;
Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast - ing from a - far, . . .
E - er journeying on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. . .



2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
[illegible]
By that guiding Star.
Light of Light, &c.

3 [illegible]
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, &c.

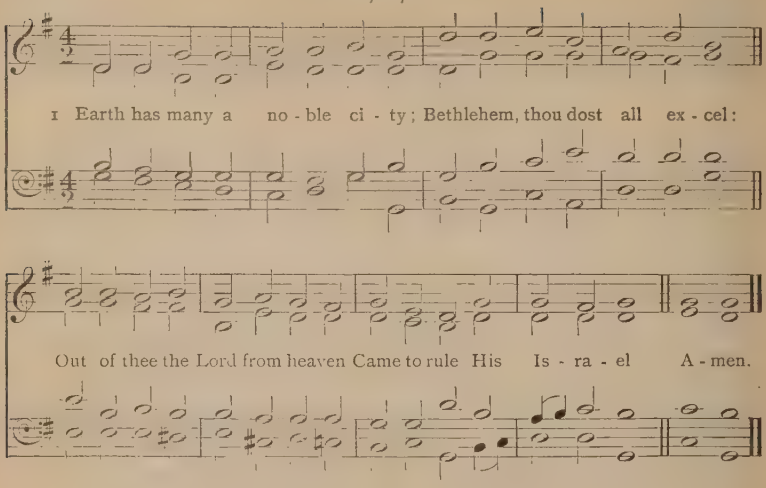
4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
[illegible]
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, &c.

5 [illegible]
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—
Light of Light, &c.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man. Amen.

G. THRING.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. German.




2.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

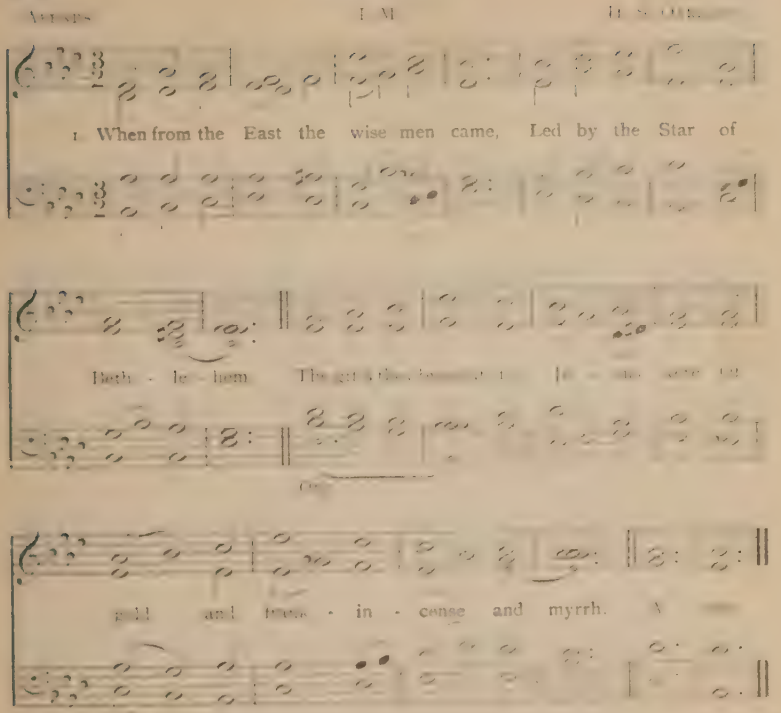
4.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

5.

Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.




2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,
Proclaims a King of royal line;
For David's son in David's town,
Is born the heir of David's crown.

3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,
The presence of a God declare;
Lo! kings in adoration fall,
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.

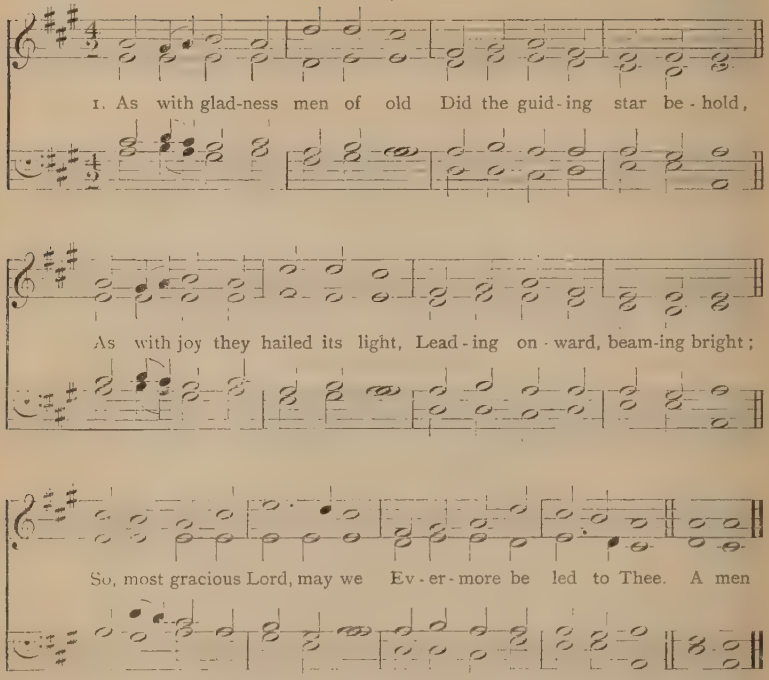
4 The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows
A life of sorrows, wounds and woes;—
The deadly cup, that overran
With anguish for the Son of Man.

5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies;
Our prayers to Thee, as incense, rise;
[illegible] as myrrh our tears and sighs:
O [illegible]

J. H. HOPKINS.

# Epiphany.

DIX. Six 7's. C. KOCHER


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A men

2.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4.

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

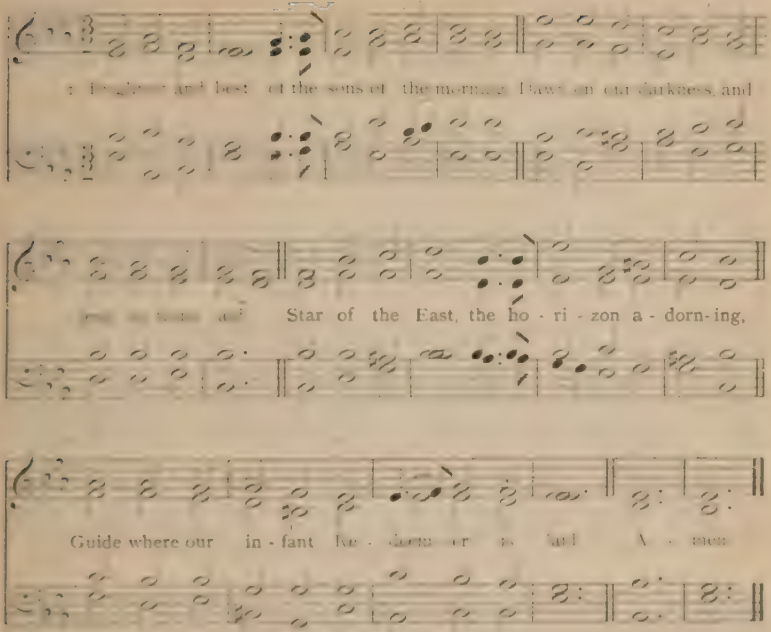
5.

In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

# Epiphany.

WEBBE. 11.10.11.10 S. WEBBE Adapted from E. MILLER.




2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
[illegible]?

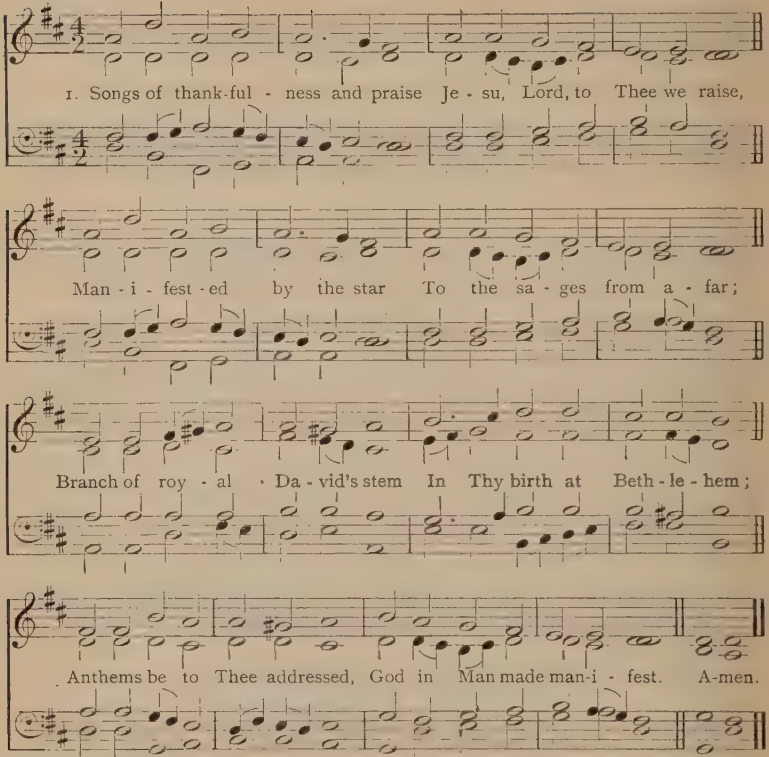
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 [illegible]
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

R. HEBER.

# 67 Epiphany.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. J. ROSENMÜLLER.


1. Songs of thank-ful - ness and praise Je - su, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far;
Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;
Anthems be to Thee addressed, God in Man made man-i - fest. A-men.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

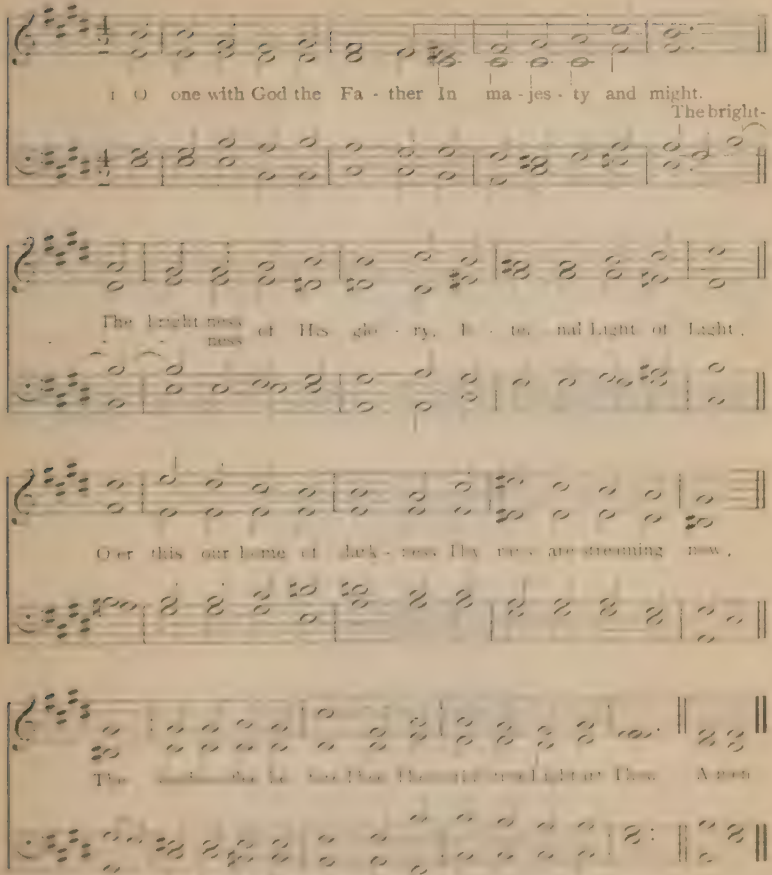
4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then th trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH

# Epiphany.

St Anselm. 7.6.7.6. D. J. Barnby.

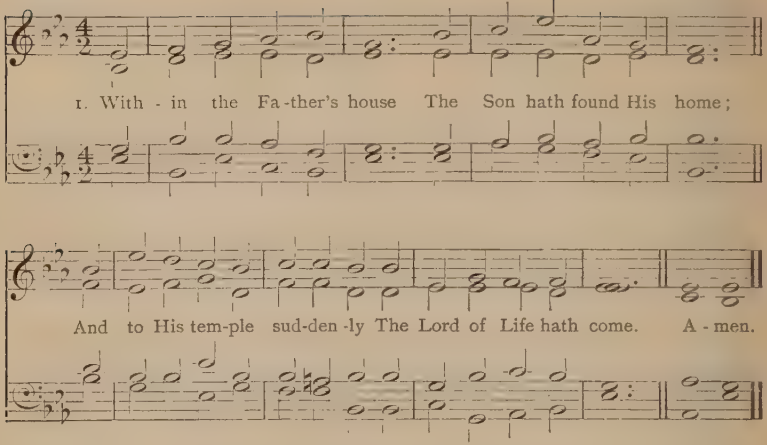

1 O one with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might.
The bright-
The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light,
O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are streaming now,

O heavenly Light, arise!
These mists that shroud us,
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
As on our way we press,

W. W. How.

# Epiphany.

FRANCONIA. S.M. J. G. EBELING.




2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

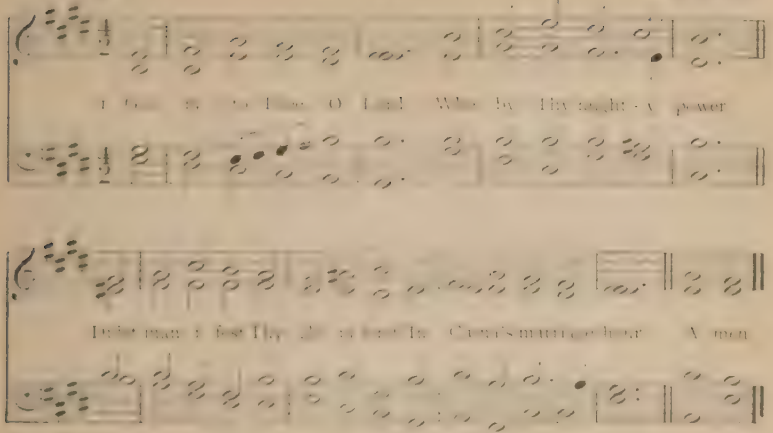
5 Lord, visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

J. R. WOODFORD.

POTSDAM 8 M J S Bach




2 Thou spakest: it was done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaimed the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

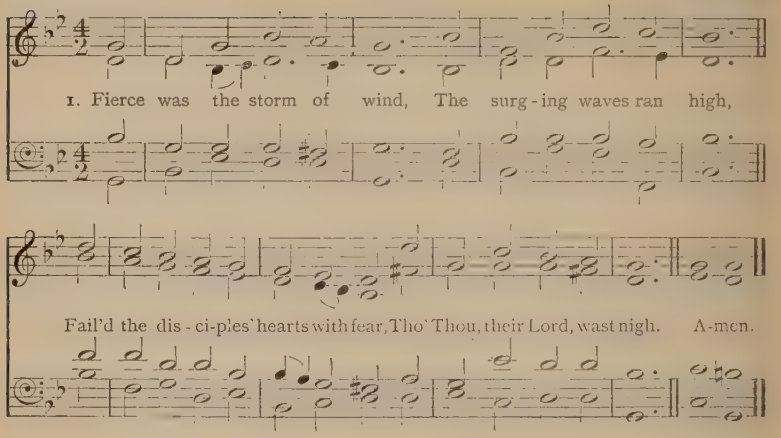
4 And blessèd they who know
[illegible]ine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed,
[illegible]ine is the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly Bread.

6 Oh, may that grace be ours,
[illegible]
And drink at those refreshing streams,
Which Thou alone canst give:

7 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

ST. BRIDE S.M. S. HOWARD.


1. Fierce was the storm of wind, The surg-ing waves ran high,
Fail'd the dis-ci-ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh. A-men.

2.
But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

3.
So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

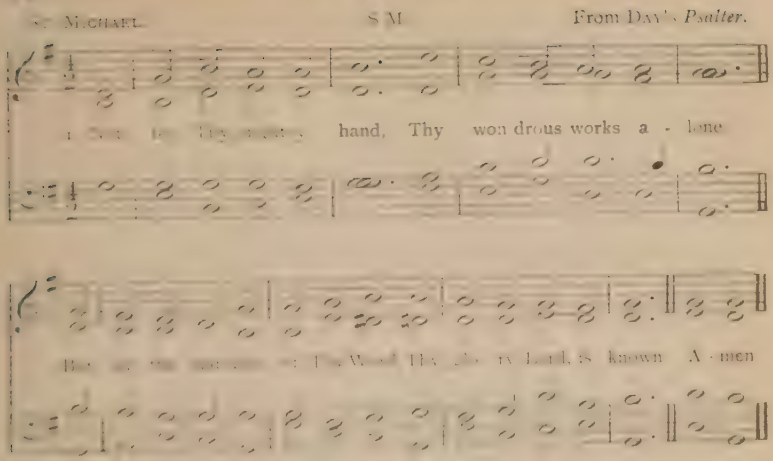
4.
When death's dark sea we cross
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.

5.
And, when amid the signs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear;

6.
May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany. Amen.

H. W. BEADON

# Epiphany.




2.

Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

3.

And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The bearer forth of goodly seed,
The sower still unseen.

4.

And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and reaper Thou.

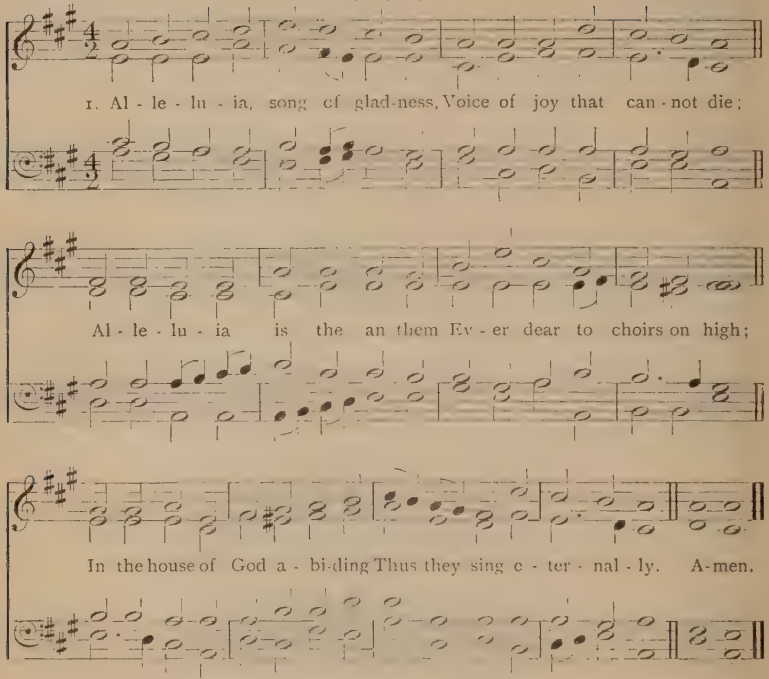
Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;

6.

That, when in Thy great day
[illegible]
We sing the [illegible]
[illegible] Amen.

73

DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE.


1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad-ness, Voice of joy that can-not die;
Al - le - lu - ia is the an them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God a - bi-ding Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

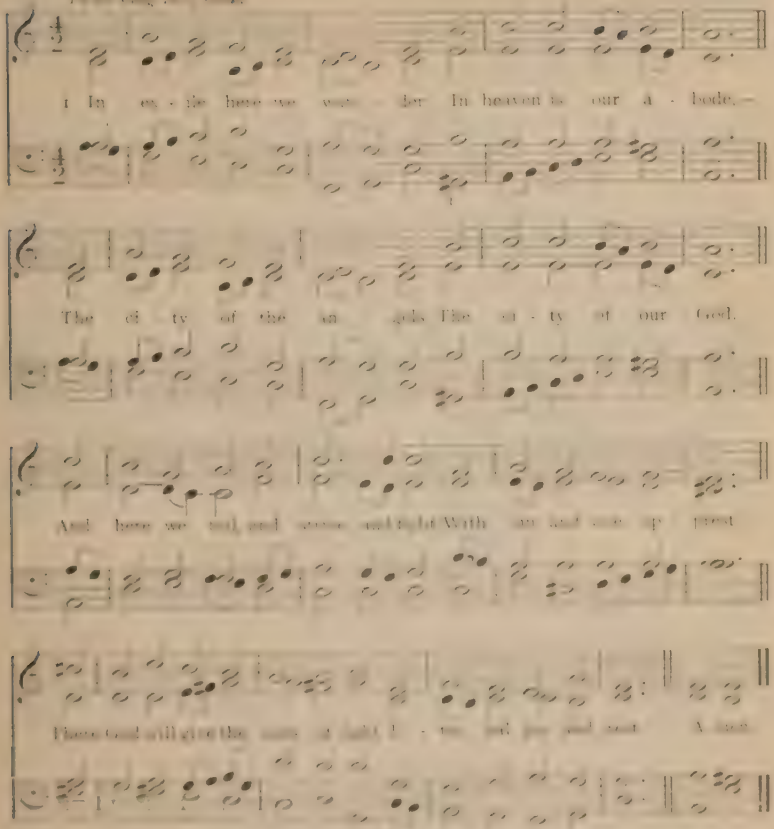
4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

# Septuagesima.

7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.

H. L. HASSLER.


1 In ex - ile here we wan - der In heaven is our a - bode,
The ci - ty of the an - gels The ci - ty of our God.
And here we toil and strive and fight With sin and self op - pressed
There God will give the crown of life to you and you and you and you

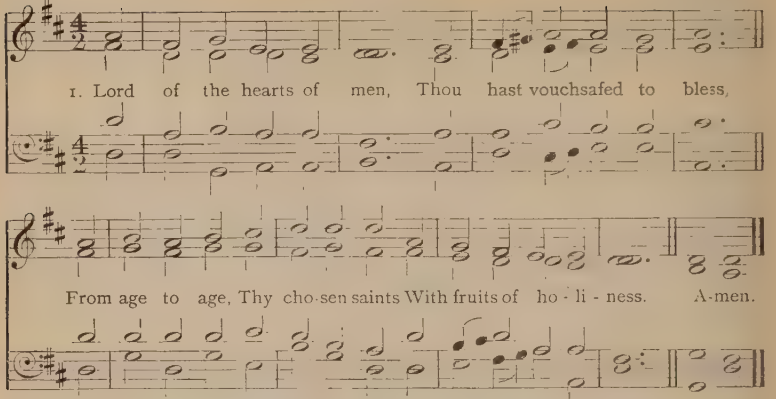
2 Through many sad bereavements
By many sorrows torn,
With many tears we mourn
Our many falls we mourn.
To Thee for aid we flee:

3 And we shall rise in that great day
In bodies like to Thine,
And with Thy saints in bright array
Shall in Thy glory shine.
From strife and sorrow

W. COOKE.

## 75

SWABIA. S.M. German.




2 Here faith, and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

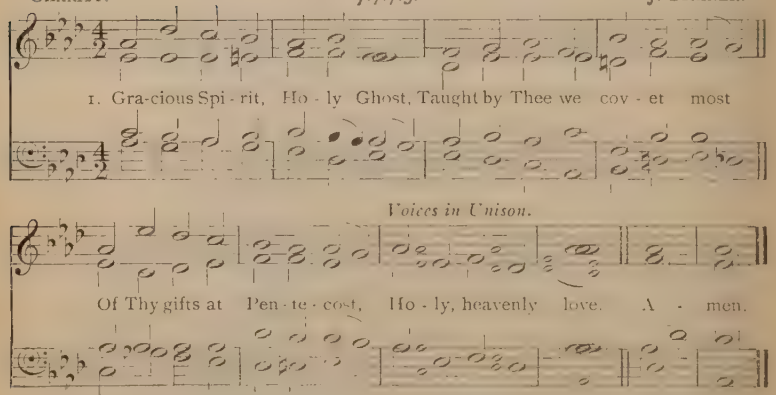
3 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
Our harvest-treasures home.

4 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat
Crown Thine own gifts above. Amen.

*Tr.* J. R. WOODFORD.

## 76

CHARITY. 7·7·7·5. J. STAINER.


1. Gra-cious Spi-rit, Ho-ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov-et most
*Voices in Unison.*
Of Thy gifts at Pen-te-cost, Ho-ly, heavenly love. A-men.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

[illegible] will reveal [illegible]
[illegible]e be emptied in delight;
[illegible]
[illegible]

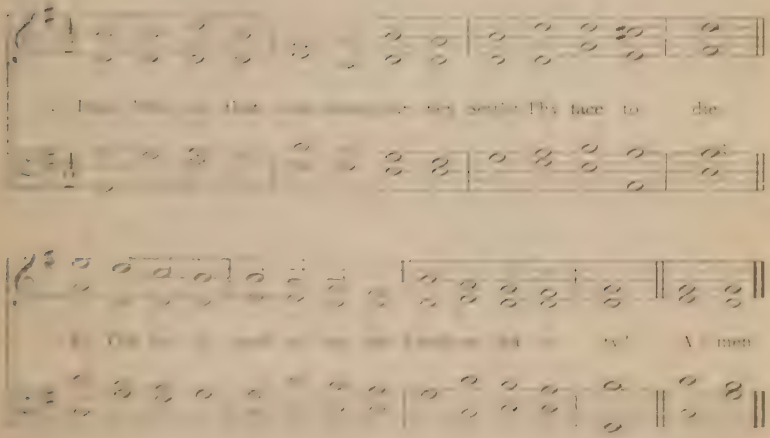
[illegible] [illegible] hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
[illegible] greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

77

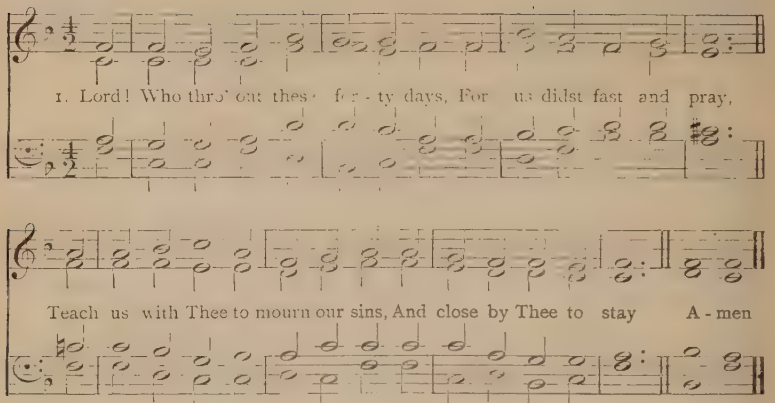
[illegible] 8.5 8.5. T. E. JONES.


[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Thy face to die
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

# Lent.

## 78

ST. FLAVIAN C.M BARBER'S *Psalter.*


1. Lord! Who thro' out thes- fo - ty days, For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay A - men

2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win.
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

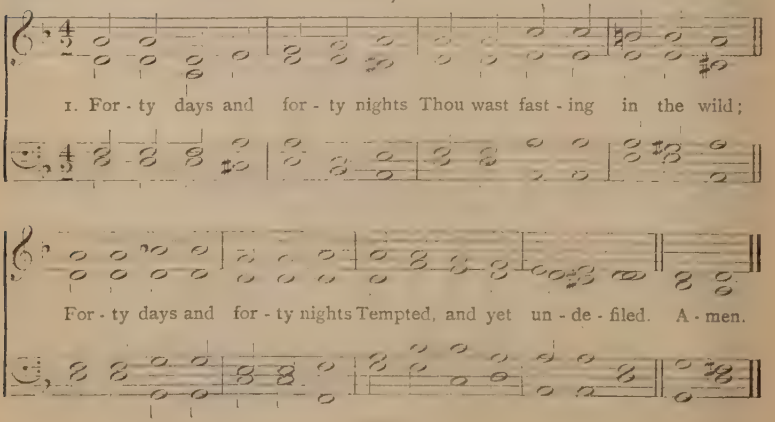
4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesu! with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last! Amen.

MRS. C. F. HERNAMAN.

## 79

HEINLEIN. Four 7's P. HEINLEIN.



2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And [illegible] distain,
[illegible] prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Thee or spirit should assail,
Thee, the Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

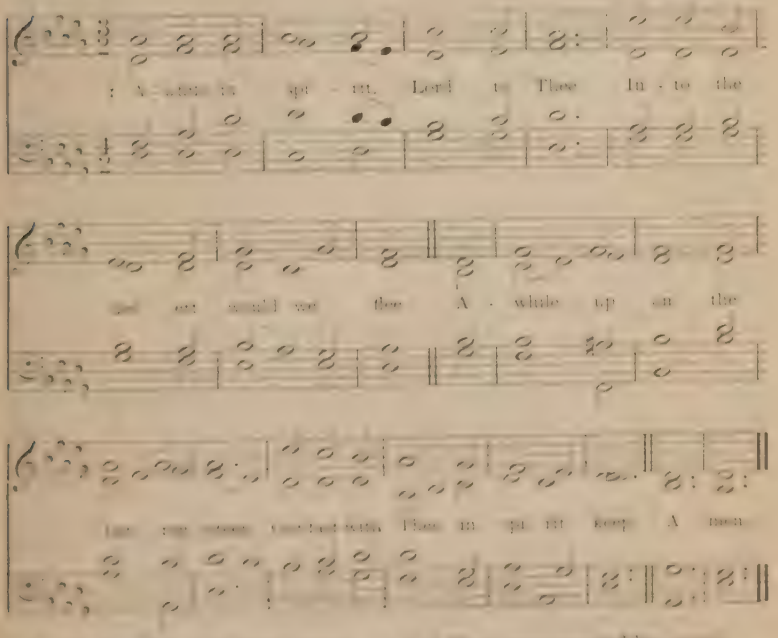
4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness [illegible];
Round us, too, shall angels [illegible],
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, [illegible] dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter tide. Amen.

G. H. SMYTTAN.

## 80

[illegible] L. M. J. B. DYKES.


1 A - while in spi - rit, Lord to Thee In - to the
Sel - ert would we flee A - while up on the
Lor - ror [illegible] Thee in spi - rit keep A - men

2 [illegible] Thy temptation learn
[illegible]
[illegible]
"Man [illegible]"

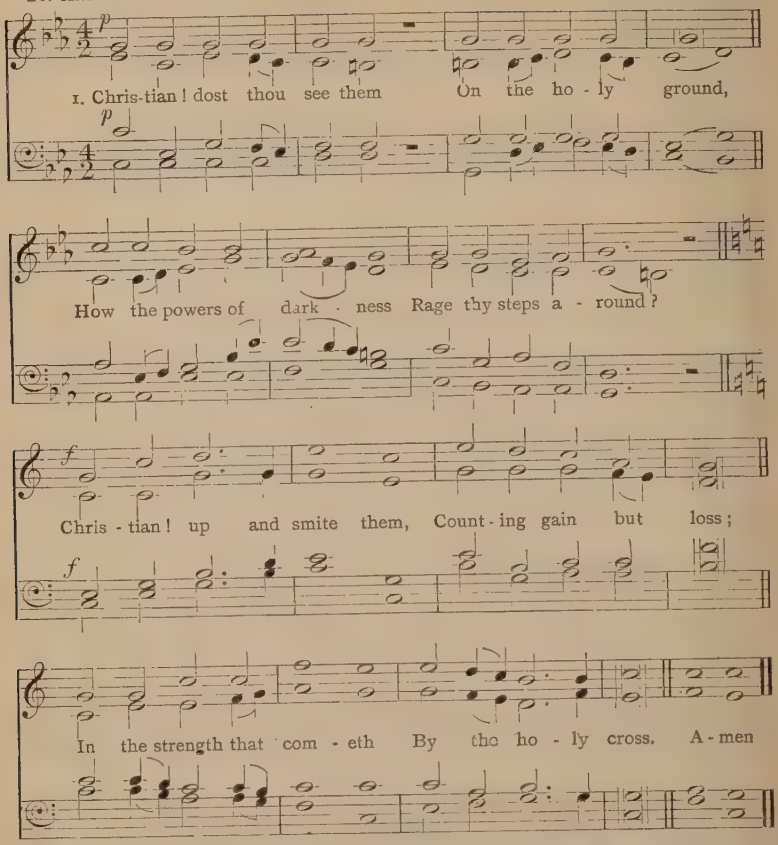
3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread. Amen.

J. F. THRUPP.

# Lent.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6.5.6.5. D. J. B. DYKES.


1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross. A - men

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

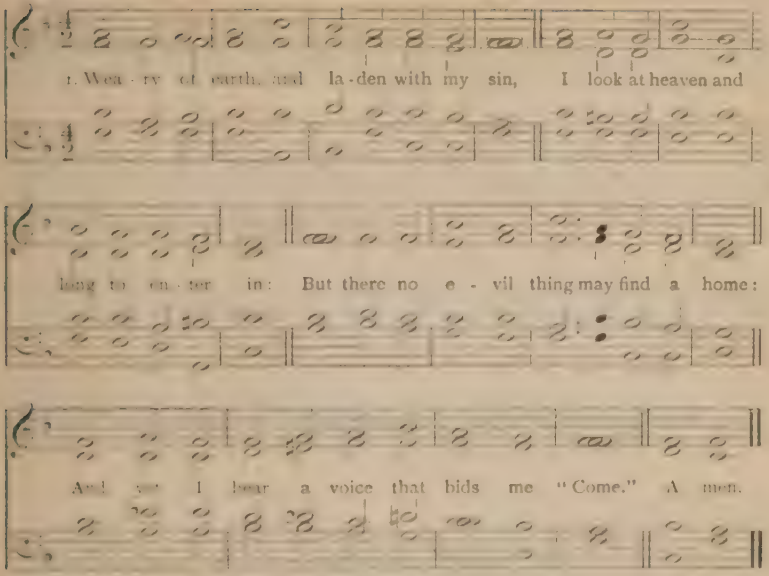
3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow,
Shall be near My throne." Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

# Lent.

LANGRAN. Four 10's. J. LANGRAN.


1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heaven and
long to en - ter in: But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A men.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
[illegible]
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

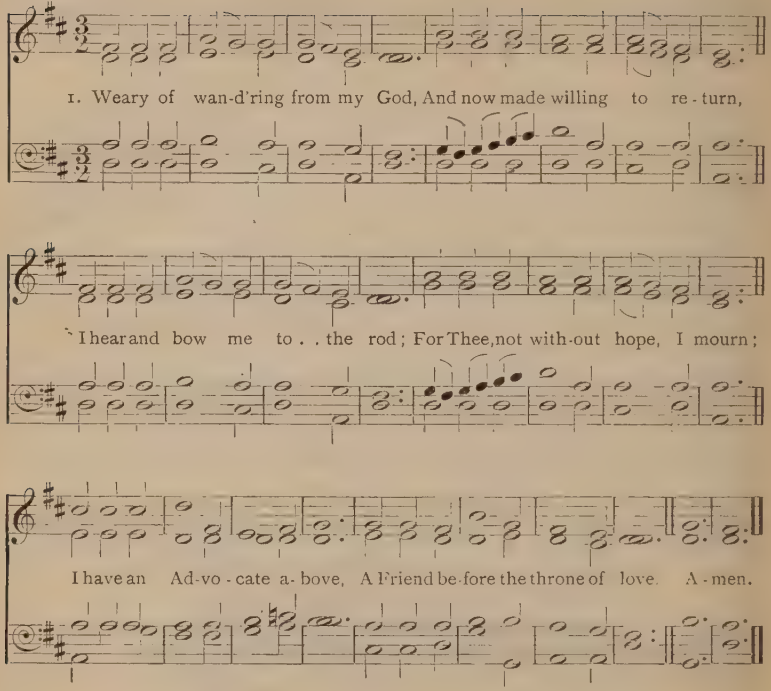
6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
[illegible]
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
[illegible] Amen.

S. J. STONE.

83

WAVERTREE. Six 8's. W. SHORE.


1. Weary of wan-d'ring from my God, And now made willing to re-turn,
I hear and bow me to . . the rod; For Thee, not with-out hope, I mourn;
I have an Ad-vo-cate a-bove, A Friend be-fore the throne of love. A-men.

2.

O Jesu, full of pardoning grace.
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3.

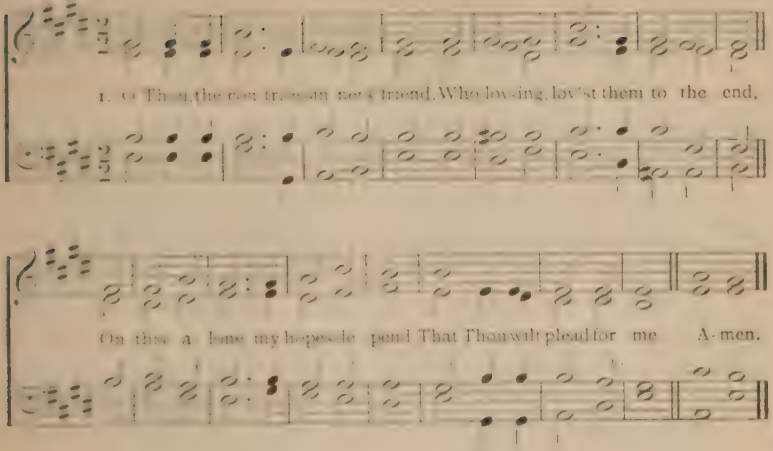
Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

# Lent.

84

L.M. S.S.S.S. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's friend, Who lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,
On this a-lone my hopes le-pend That Thou wilt plead for me A-men.

2.

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3.

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

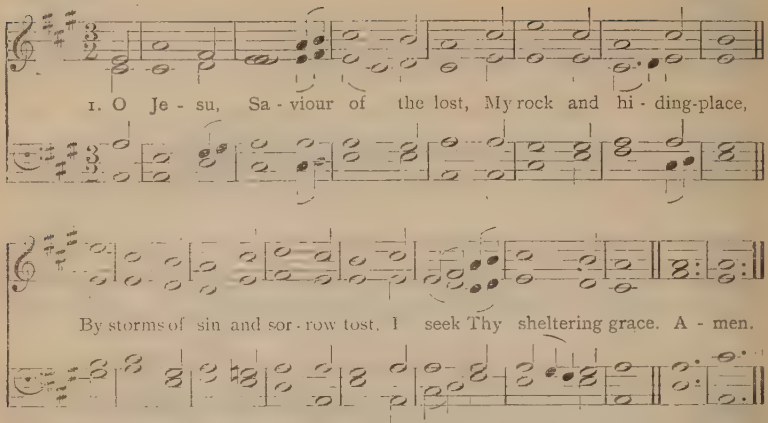
5.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

## 85

MARTYRDOM. C.M. H. WILSON.




2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come:
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

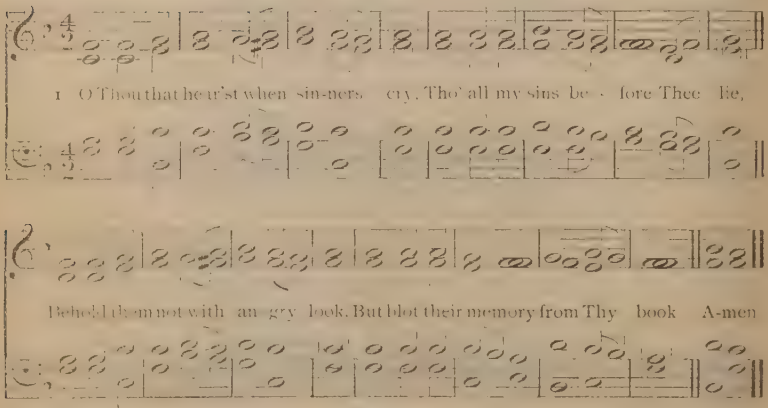
3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

## 86

HAMBURG. L.M. L. MASON.


1 O Thou that hear'st when sin-ners cry, Tho' all my sins be - fore Thee lie,
Behold them not with an - gry look, But blot their memory from Thy book A-men

2.

[illegible] nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let [illegible] Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide [illegible] presence from my heart.

3.

I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] that I fail no more.

4.

A broken heart, my God, my [illegible]
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
[illegible]
A [illegible]

5.

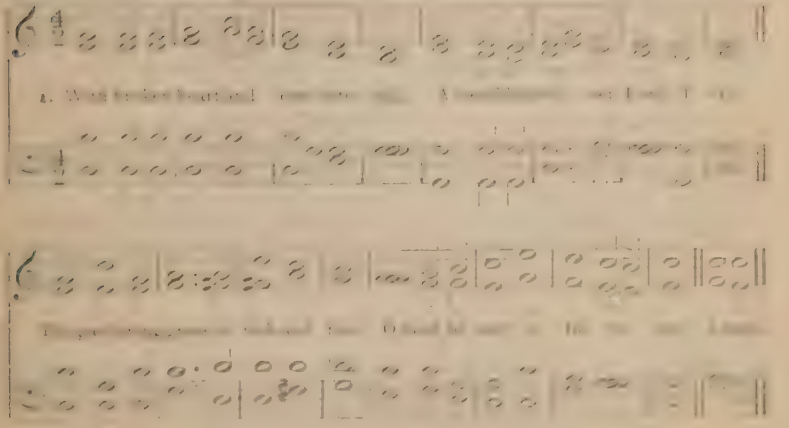
[illegible]
[illegible]
And all [illegible]
[illegible]

Amen.

I. WATTS.

## 87

[illegible] L.M. W. P. [illegible]



2.

[illegible]
[illegible]
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

4.

[illegible]
[illegible]
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

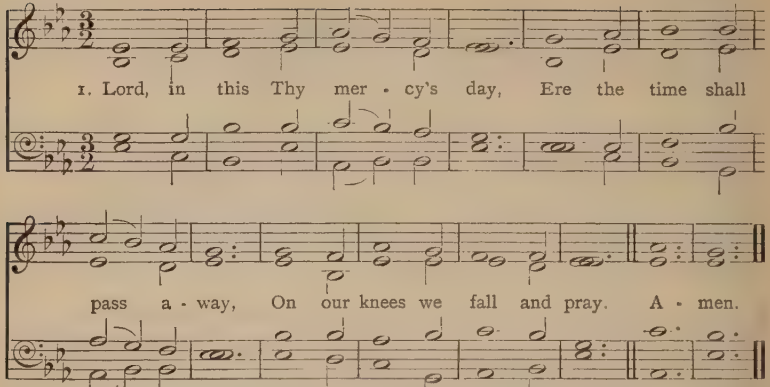
5.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

C. PEVEN.

## 88

ST. PHILIP. 7·7·7· W. H. MONK.




2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

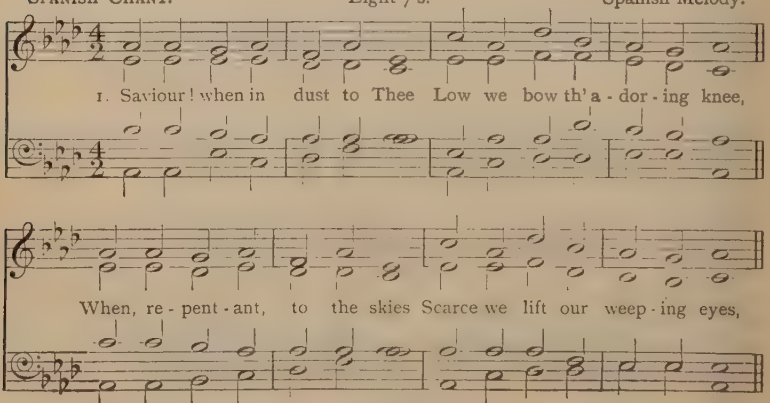
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.
Amen.

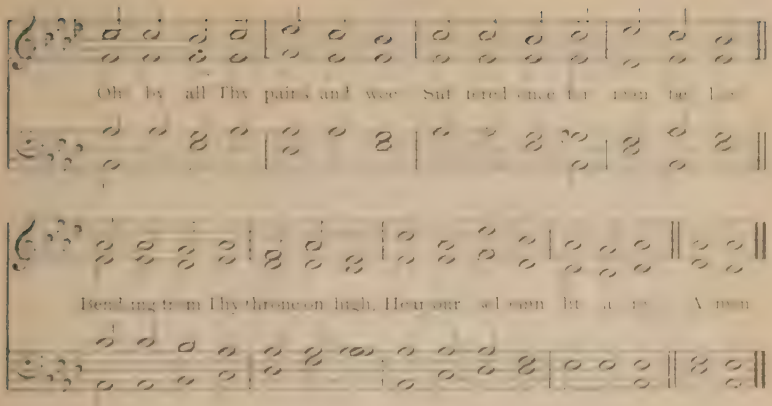
I. WILLIAMS.

## 89

SPANISH CHANT. Eight 7's. Spanish Melody.



# Lent.


Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suffered once for man be low
Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany! Amen

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power:
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye
Hear our solemn litany!

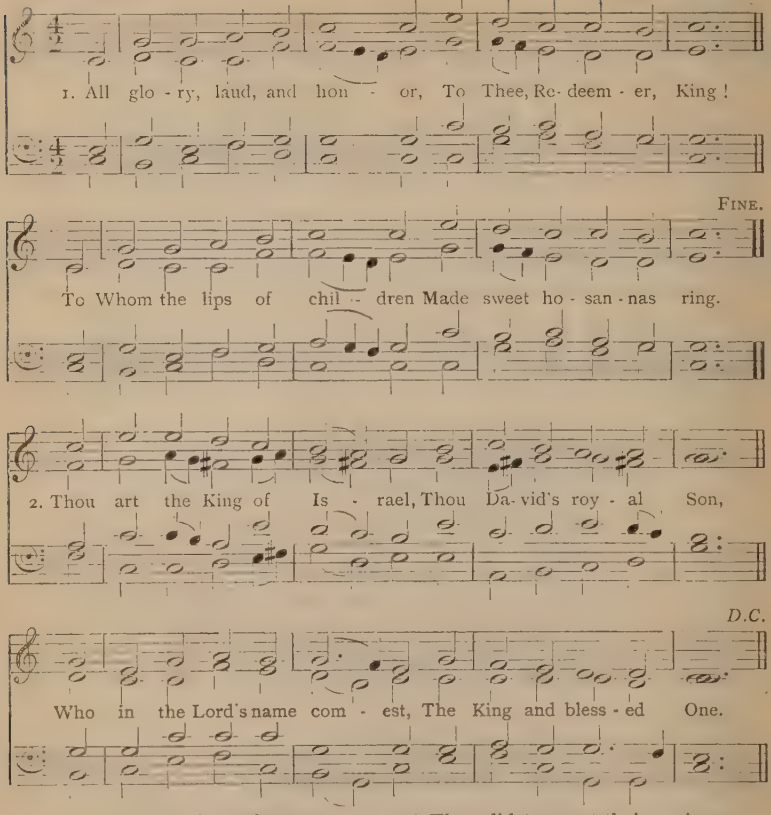
3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the [illegible];
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of our [illegible] Amen.

E. GRANT.

ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6. D. M. TESCHNER.


1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
FINE.
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
D.C.
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.

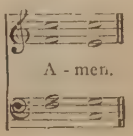
3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

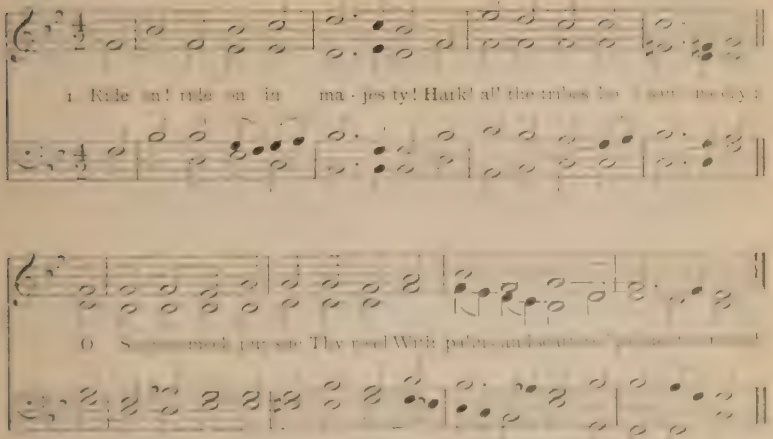
6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.



# Holy Week.

St. Destant. L.M. J. B. Dykes.


1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes ty! Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

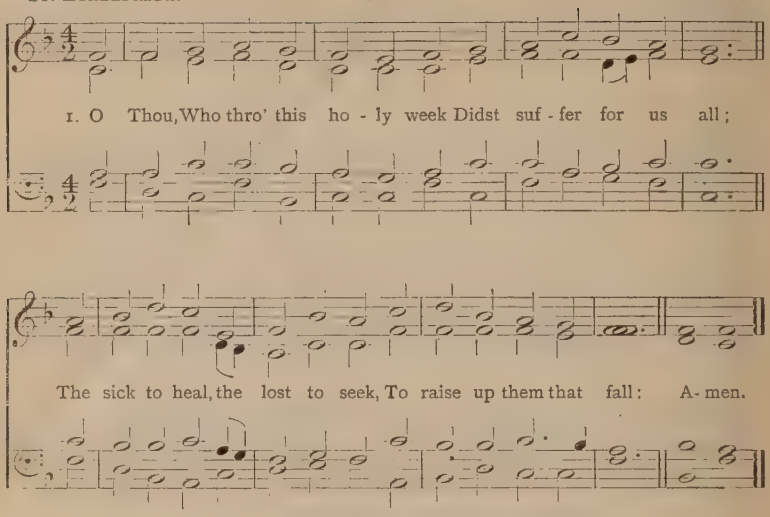
5.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. MILMAN.

92

ST. ETHELDREDA. C.M. T. TURTON.




2.

We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

3.

Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

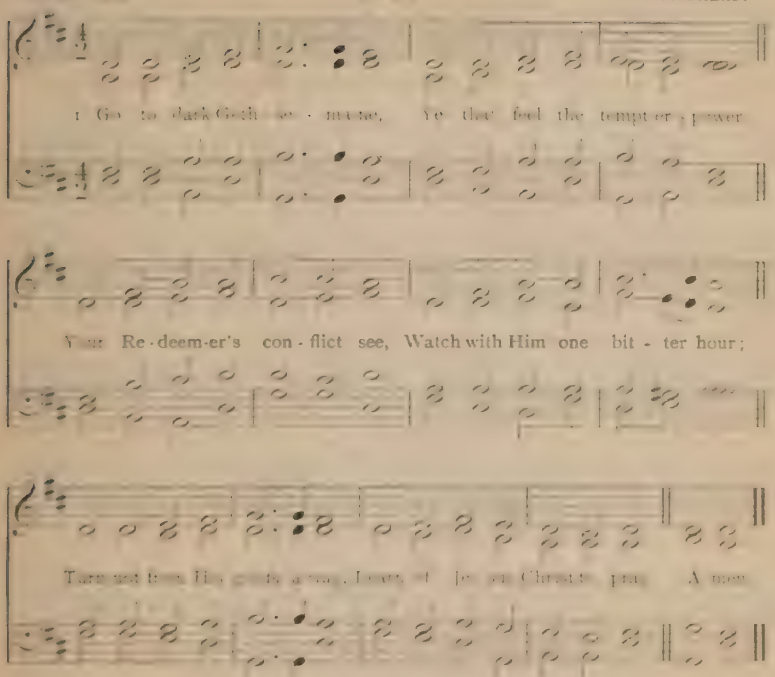
4.

To God, the blessèd Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

93

R. REDHEAD.


1. Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne,
Ye that feel the tempter's power
Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see,
Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray. Amen.

2.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

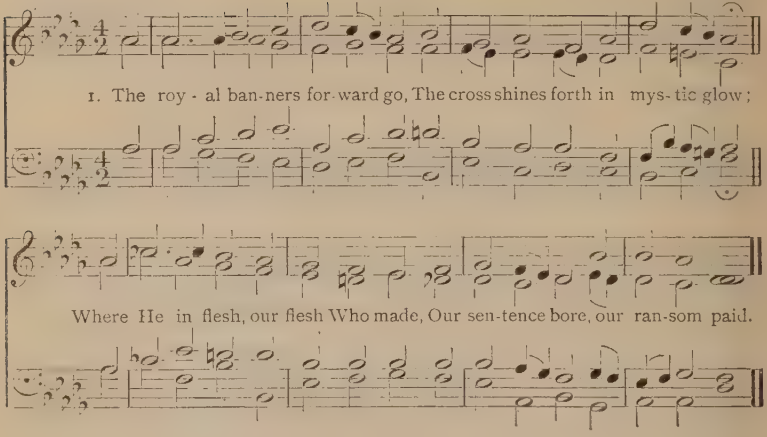
3.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

# Holy Week.

VEXILLA REGIS. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.


1. The roy - al ban-ners for-ward go, The cross shines forth in mys-tic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sen-tence bore, our ran-som paid.

2.

There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3.

Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4.

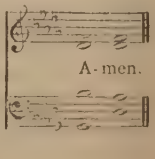
O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5.

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due.
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6.

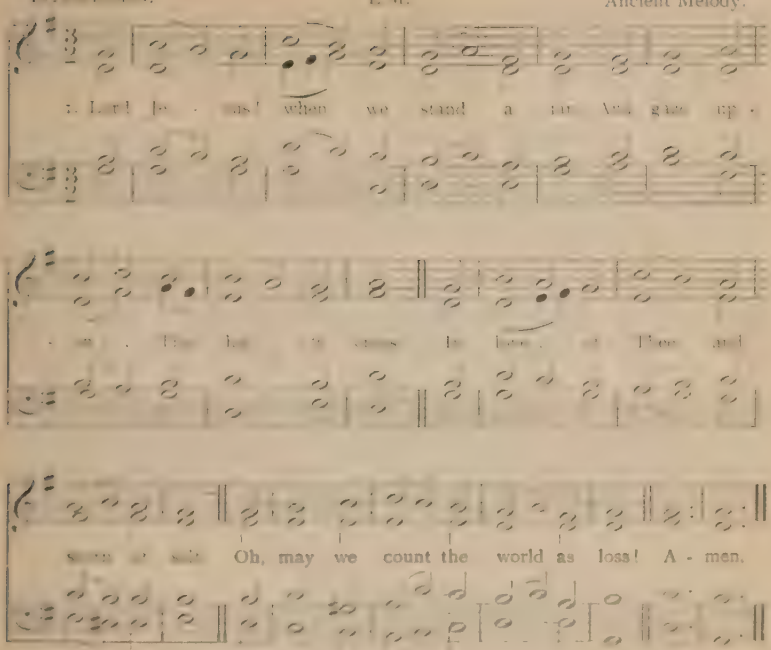
To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.




*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

# Holy Week.

[illegible] L. M. Ancient Melody.




2.

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
[illegible]
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3.

O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

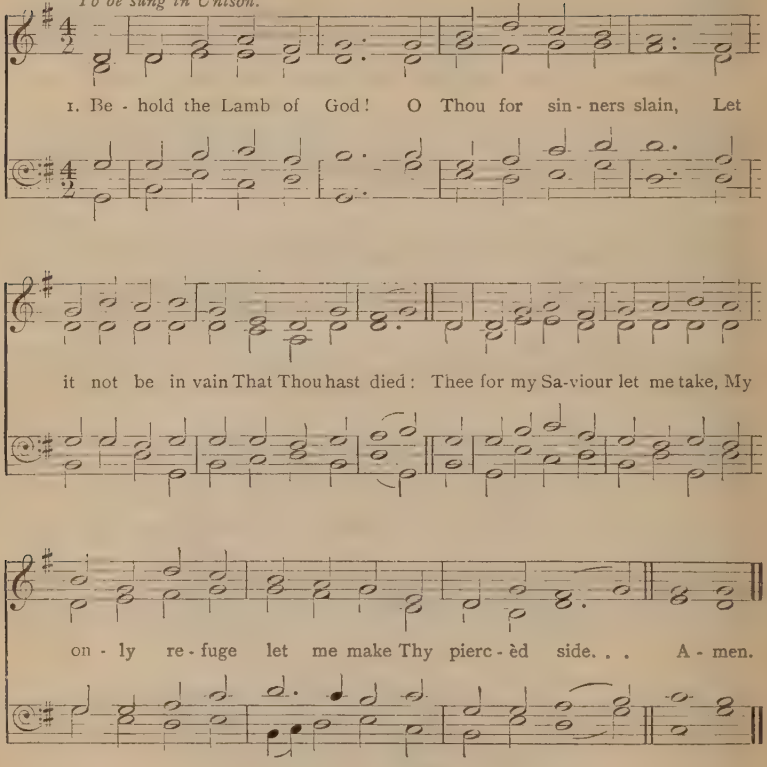
4.

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

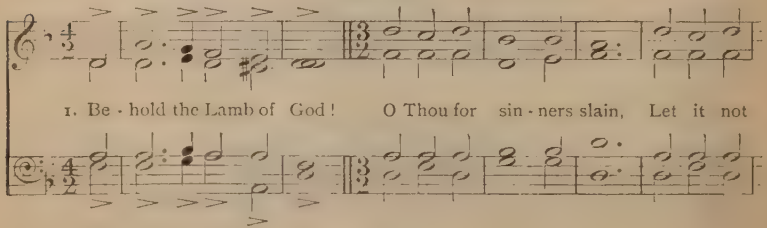
W. W. HOW

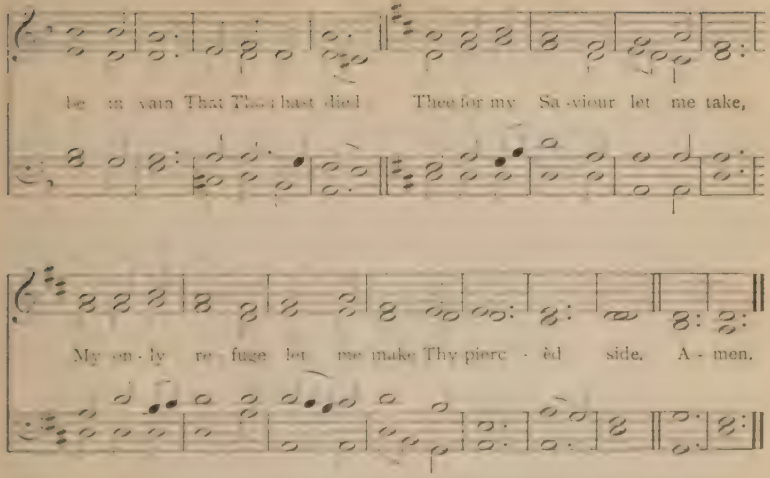
ECCE AGNUS (*First Tune*). P.M. Old Melody.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain, Let
it not be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sa-viour let me take, My
on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy pierc - èd side. . . A - men.

ST. JOHN (*Second Tune*). P.M. J. B. DYKES.






2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

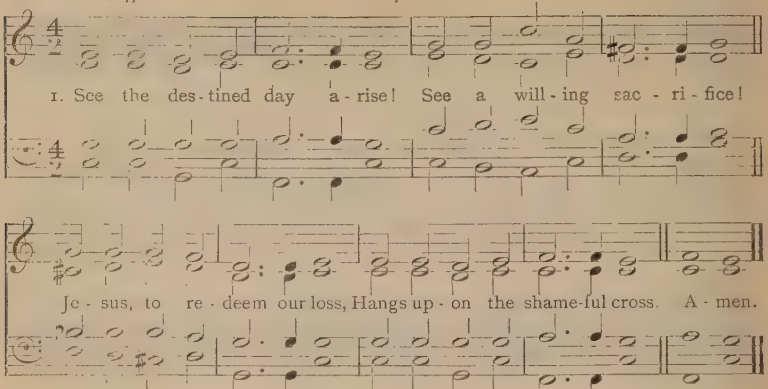
3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love. Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

## 97

REDHEAD, 47. Four 7's. R. REDHEAD.




2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

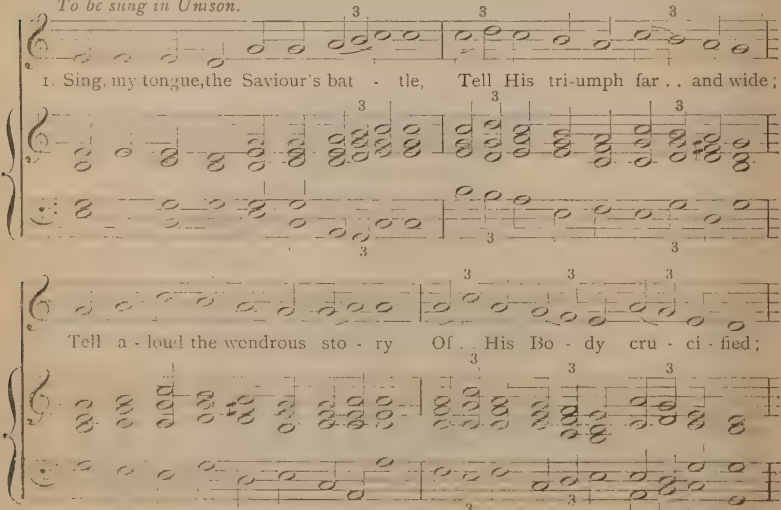
5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

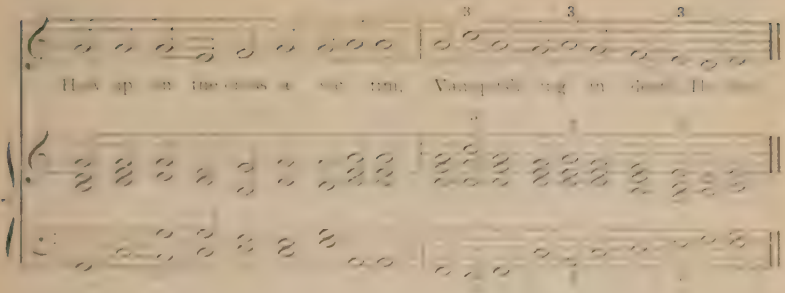
*Tr.* R. MANT.

## 98

PANGE LINGUA. Ancient Melody.

*To be sung in Unison.*





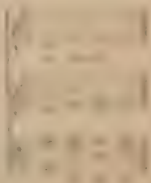
2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

3 So, when now at length the fulness
Of the time foretold drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
From the Virgin's womb appearing
Clothed in our humanity.

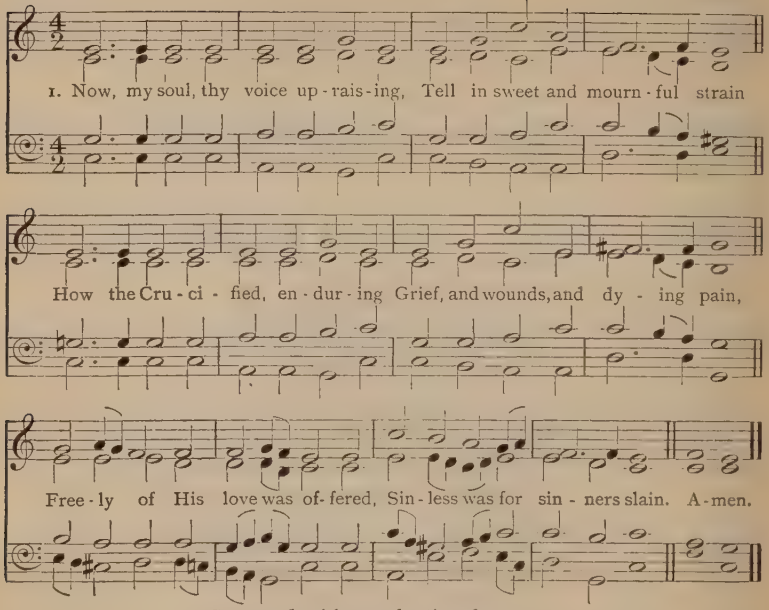
4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
He, the Lamb upon the altar
Of the cross, for us was slain.

5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,
See the thorns upon His brow;
Nails His tender flesh are rending;
See, His side is pierced now;
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:



St. Denys. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. H. Monk.


1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and mourn - ful strain
How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain,
Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain. A - men.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury,
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

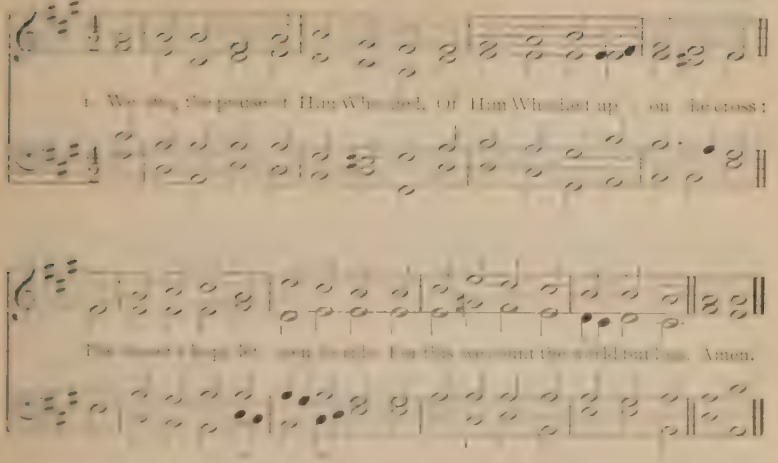
3 See! His hands and feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be;
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the tree.

4 Through His heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery;
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

5 Jesu, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford:
Let them be our present healing,
And at length our great reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord. Amen.

*Tr.* H. W. Baker.

Hursley. L. M. German.


1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men de-ride, For this we count the world but loss. Amen.

2.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

3.

The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4.

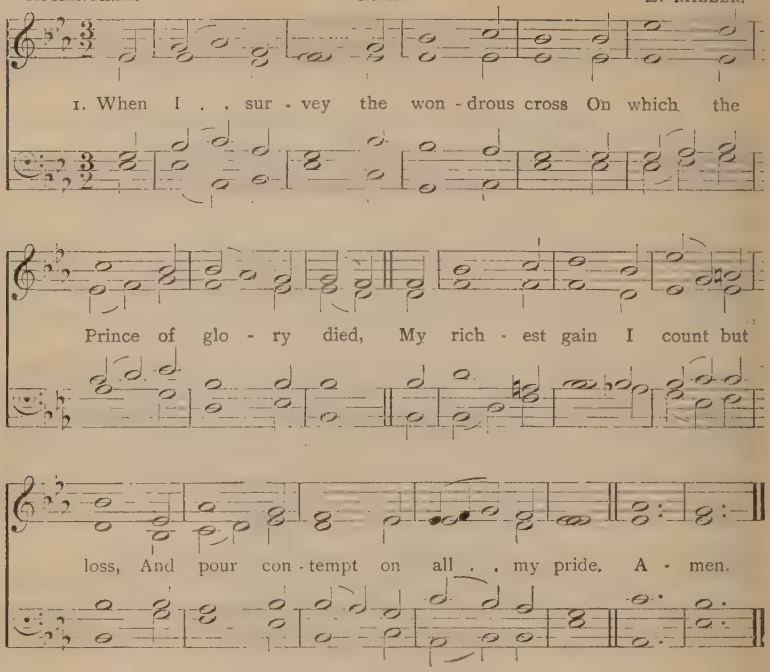
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm to fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5.

[illegible] Amen.

L. and I. F.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER.


1. When I . . sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but
loss, And pour con - tempt on all . . my pride. A - men.

2.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

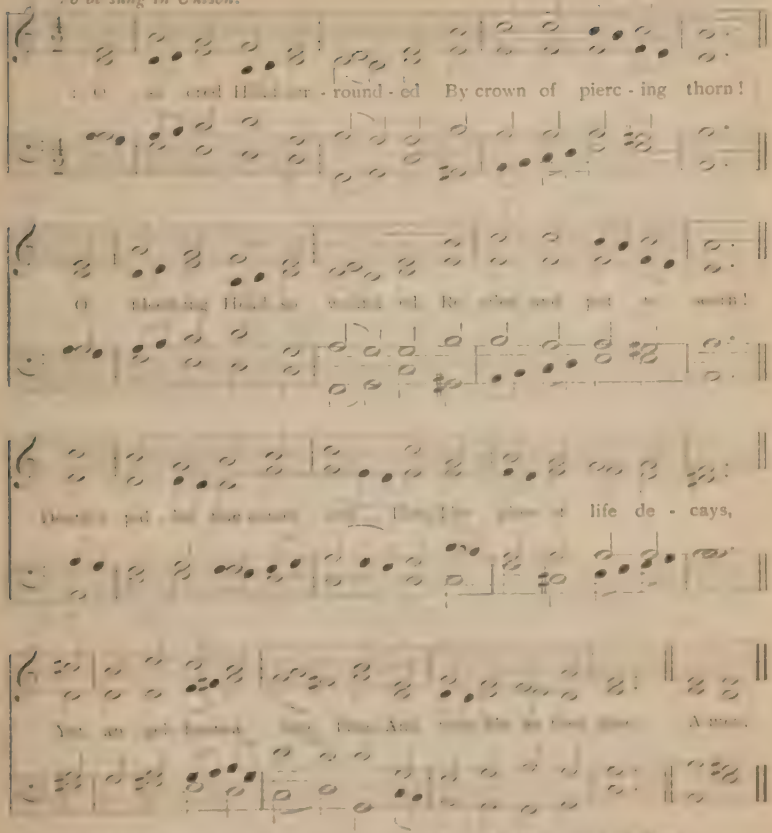
4.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

I. WATTS.

PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. L. HASSLER.

*To be sung in Unison.*


O sacred Head surrounded By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head so wounded! Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pale flag is waving Mine eyes grow dim with life decays,
You are pierced Kiss me Amen

2 Thy grief and bitter passion
All this for me did win;
And death with mighty terror
Hath put me in thy kin.
O sacred Head!
O Head so mocked now
Look on me graciously,
Thy face do not hide me
Who am the sheep that went astray.

3 In thee, Thy love, I glory,
Grant this, dear Lord, to me
With Thy most precious comfort
Console me through Thee.

Beneath Thy cross abiding
I count myself safe
In Thy dear love and tender
And seek Thy protection
Thou

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show Thy cross to me
And to my comfort bring
Lord, and call me
Thence
Jesus shall not grieve
Thee
Thee safely through
Amen.

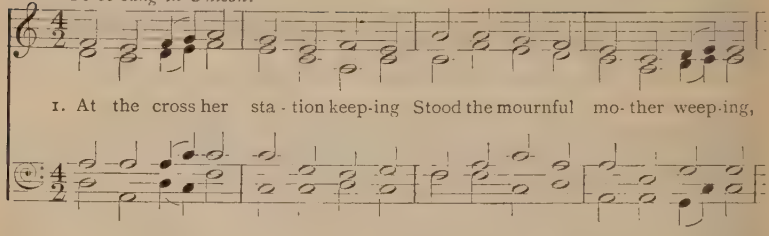


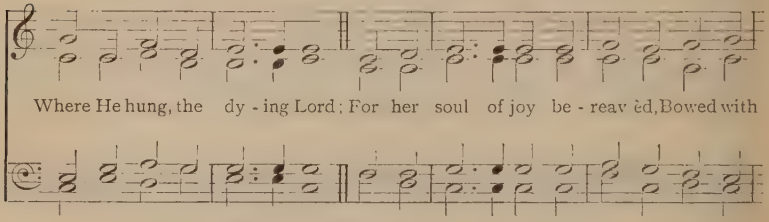
TR. M. W. BAKER.

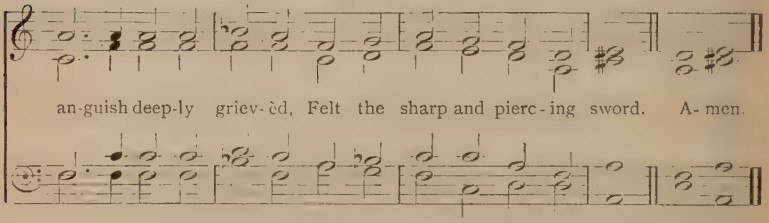
## 103

STABAT MATER (*First Tune*). 8 8.7.8.8.7. Ancient Plain-Song.

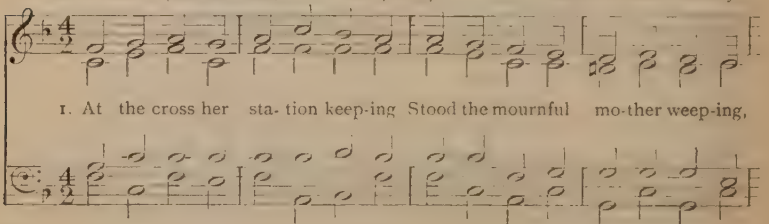
*To be sung in Unison.*

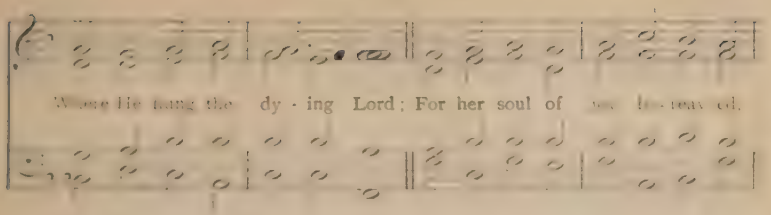


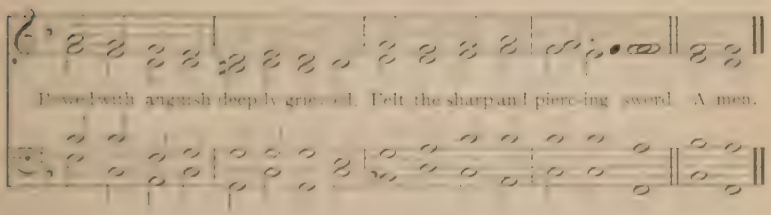




STABAT MATER (*Second Tune*). 8.8.7.8.8.7. Modern French Melody.






2 Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

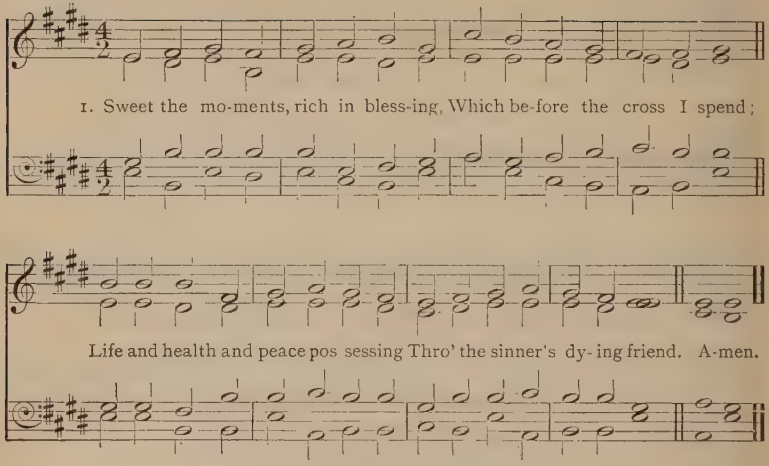
3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL AND COMPILERS "HYMNS A. & M."

BATTY. 8.7.8.7. German.


1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace pos sessing Thro' the sinner's dy- ing friend. A-men.

2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

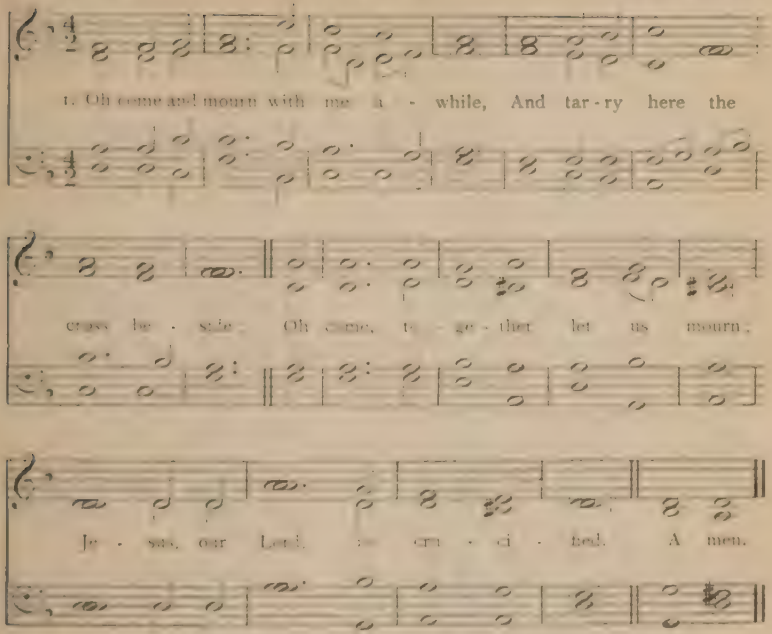
4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase. Amen.

W. SHIRLEY.

St. Cross. L.M. J. B. Dykes.


1. Oh come and mourn with me a - while, And tar - ry here the
cross be - side. Oh come, to - ge - ther let us mourn;
Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A men.

2.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3.

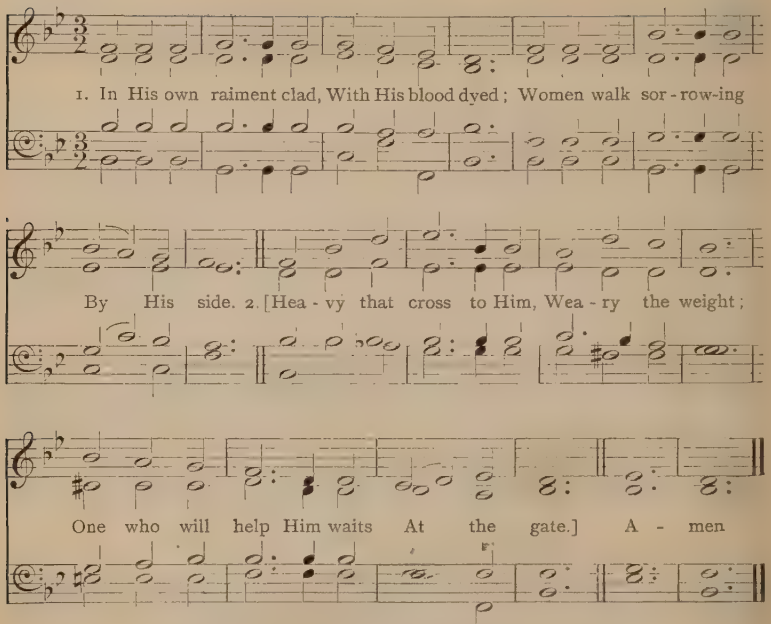
Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4.

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your uttermost is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For I know our Lord is crucified: Amen.

F. W. FABER.

CALVARY. 6.4.6 3. D. J. HURST.


1. In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sor-row-ing
By His side. 2. [Hea-vy that cross to Him, Wea-ry the weight;
One who will help Him waits At the gate.] A-men

The hymn can be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

### I.—The Question.

1 IN His own raiment clad,
With His blood dyed;
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

2 [Heavy that cross to Him,
Weary the weight;
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

3 See! they are travelling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.]

4 Oh, whither wandering
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

### II.—The Answer.

5 Follow to Calvary;
Tread where He trod,
He Who forever was
Son of God.

6 [You who would love Him stand,
Gaze at His face:
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

7 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.]

8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

### III.—The Story of the Cross.

9 On the cross lifted
Thy face we scan,
Bearing that cross for us,
Son of Man.

10 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne;
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.

12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
[illegible] on Thy breast
[illegible]th Thy bleeding head
Without rest.

15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

16 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.

17 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above;
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love.]

18 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

### IV.—The Appeal from the Cross.

19 [Child of My grief and pain,
Watched by My love;
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

20 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for thee;
Do not flee.

21 For thee My blood I shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee
For Mine own.

22 Weep thou not for My grief,
Child of My love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.]

### V.—Our Cry to Jesus.

23 Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.

24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

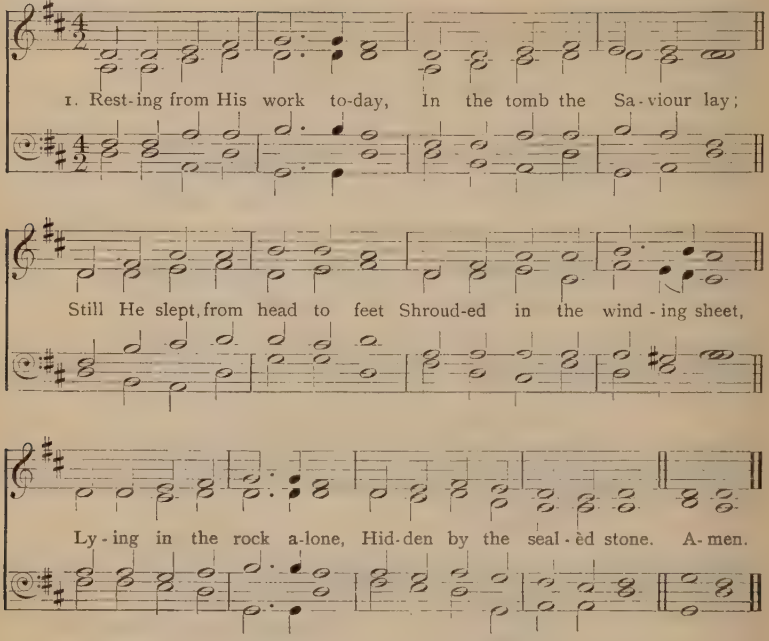
25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be.
Amen.

E. MONRO.

# 107 Easter Even.

GETHSEMANE. Six 7's. R. REDHEAD.


1. Rest-ing from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sa-viour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud-ed in the wind-ing sheet,
Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-èd stone. A-men.

2.
Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene:
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3.
So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

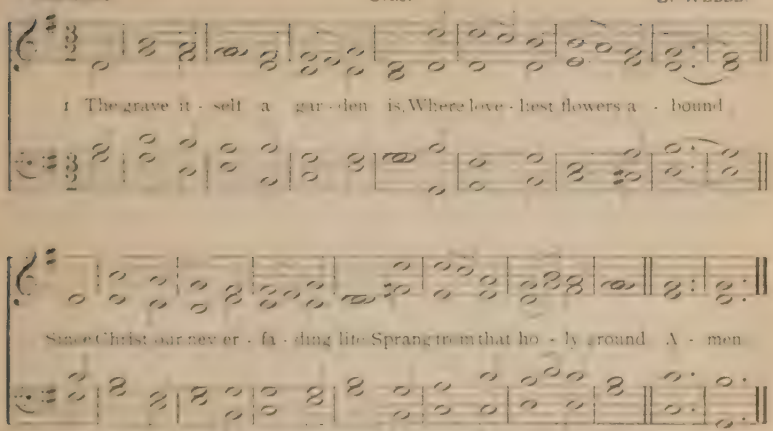
4.
Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

T. WHYTEHEAD.

# Easter Even.

108

DERMONT C.M. S. WEBBE


1 The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love - liest flowers a - bound
Since Christ our nev er - fa - ding life Sprang from that ho - ly ground A - men

2.

Oh, give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

3.

Thou, Lord, baptised in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

4.

Baptised into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

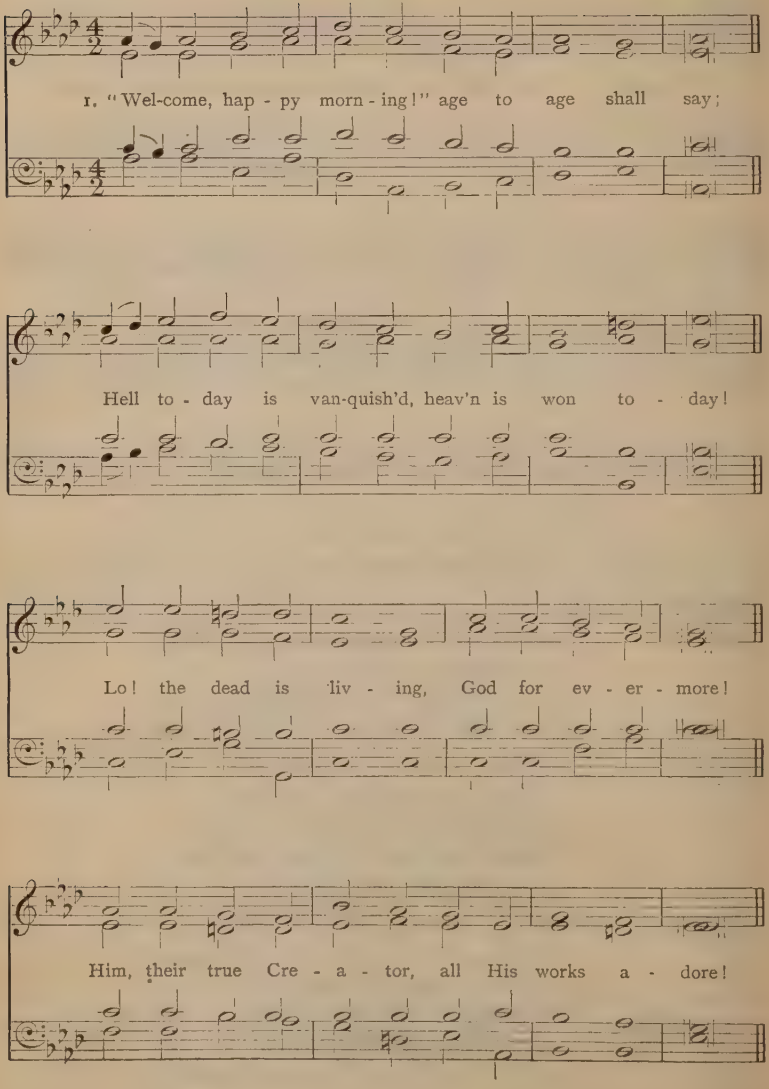
5.

[illegible]
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies! Amen.

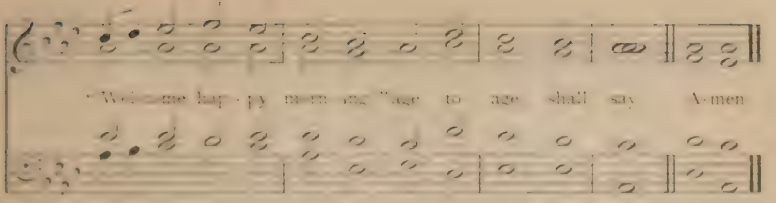
C. WORDSWORTH.

# Eastertide.

FORTUNATUS. Five 11's. A. SULLIVAN.


1. "Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say;
Hell to - day is van-quish'd, heav'n is won to - day!
Lo! the dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more!
Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore!

# Eastertide.




2.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
[illegible] praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4.

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5.

Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
[illegible];
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

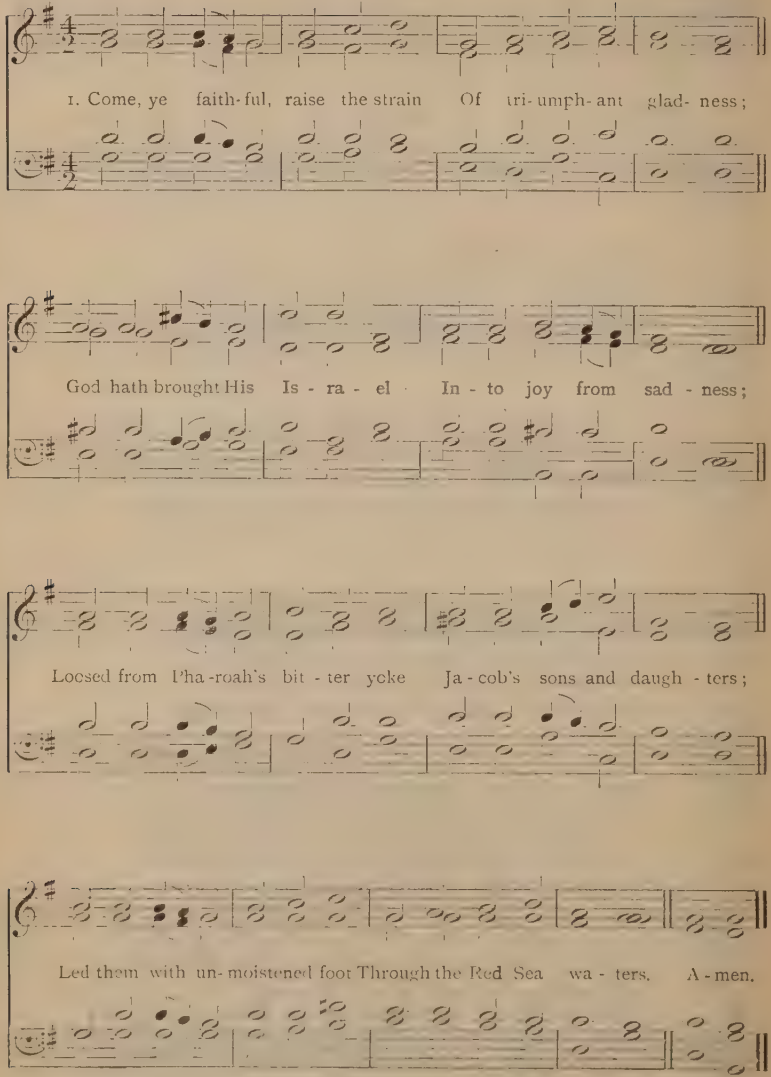
6.

[illegible]
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
[illegible]

*Tr.* J. ELLERTON.

# Eastertide.

ST. KEVIN. 7.6.7.6. D. A. SULLIVAN.


1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness;
God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;
Loosed from Pha-roah's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;
Led them with un-moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

2.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3.

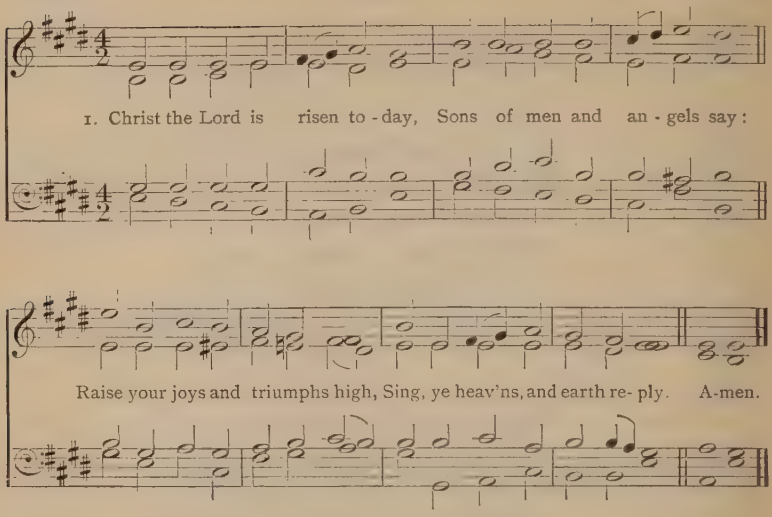
Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

## 111 Eastertide.

POSEN. Four 7's G. C. STRATTNER.


1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re-ply. A-men.

2.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

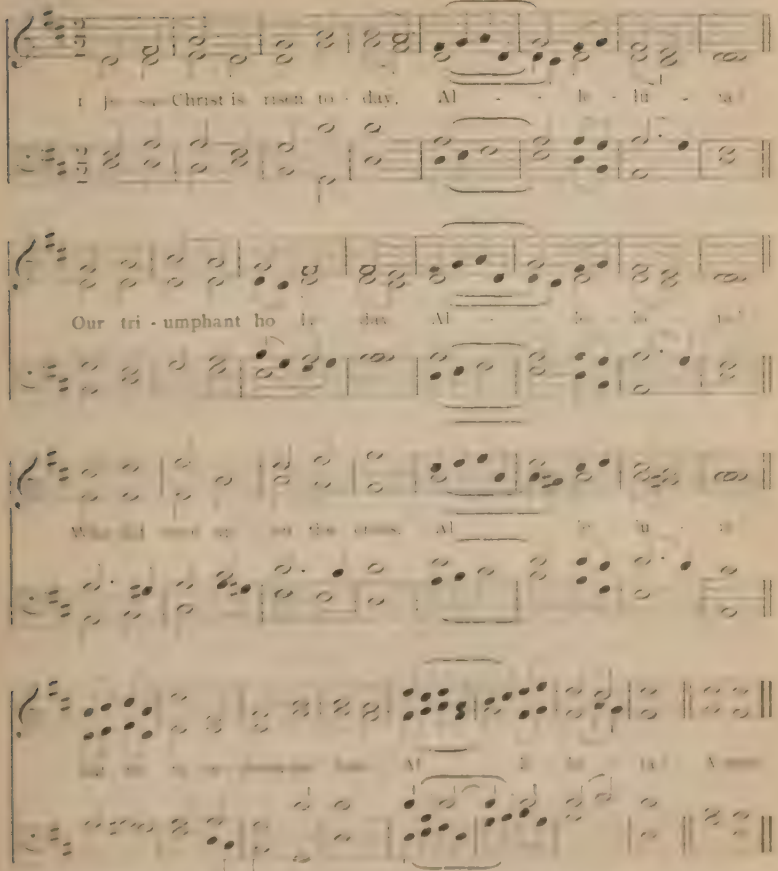
4.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

# Eastertide.

WORGAN. Four 7's, with Alleluia. From *Lyra Davidica*.




2. [illegible]
Alleluia!

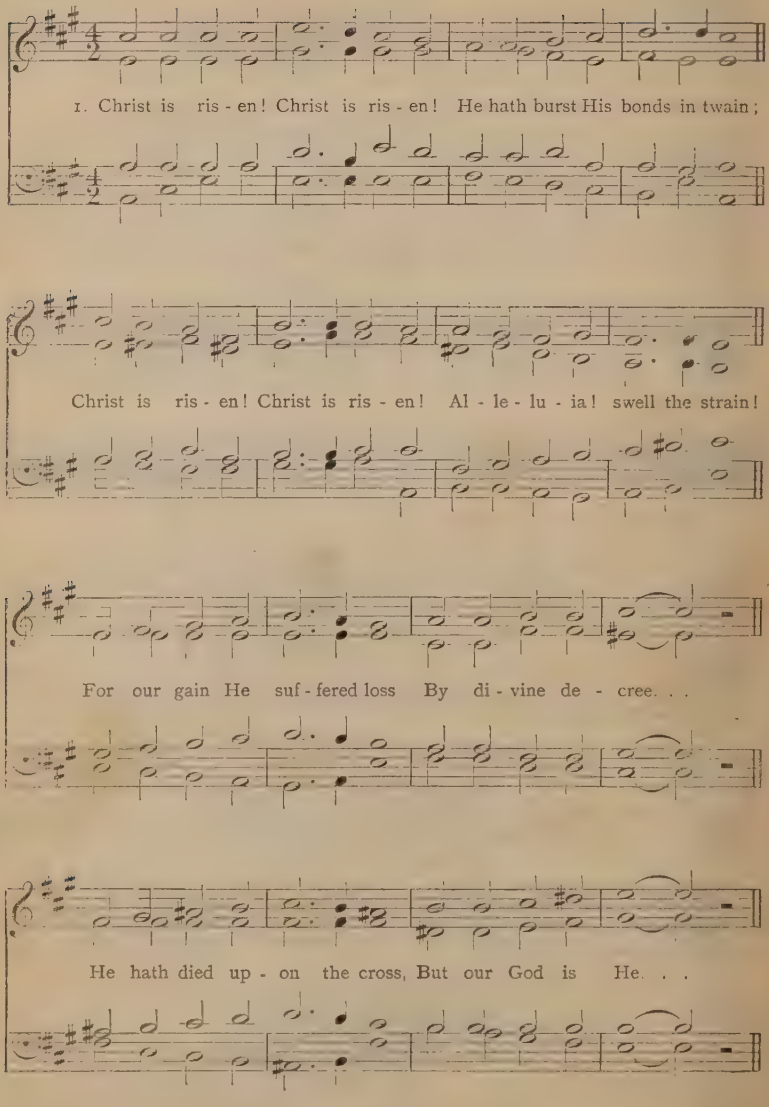
3. [illegible]
Alleluia!

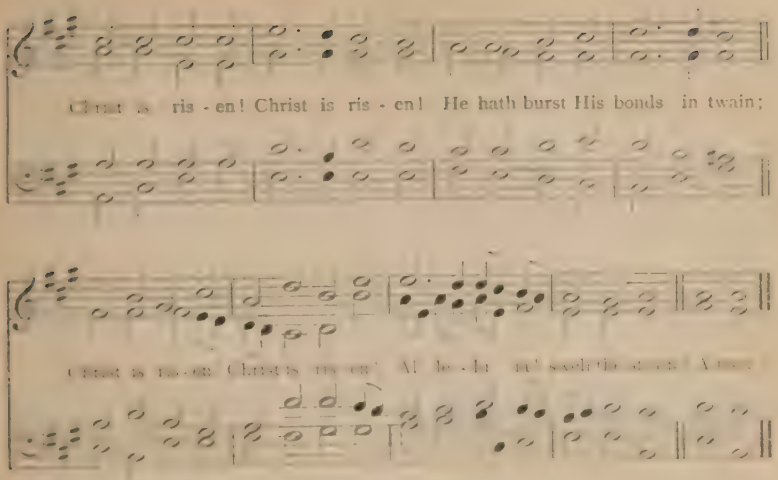
4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia! Amen.

*Author and Translator unknown.*

# Eastertide.

RESURREXIT. P.M A. SULLIVAN.


1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
For our gain He suf - fered loss By di - vine de - cree. . .
He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He. . .

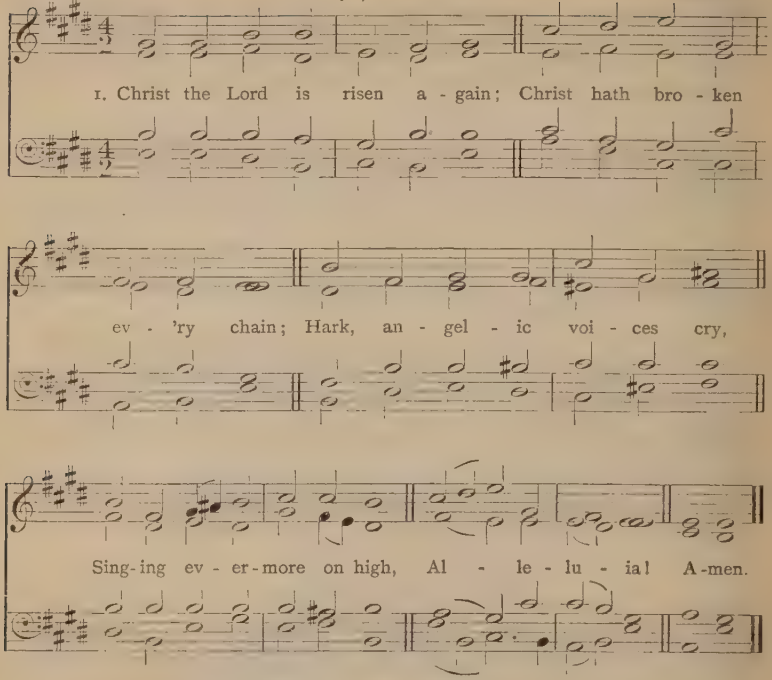



2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign. Amen.

A. T. GURNEY.

WURTEMBURG. Four 7's, with Alleluia. German.


1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Christ hath bro - ken
ev - 'ry chain; Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,
Sing-ing ev - er-more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

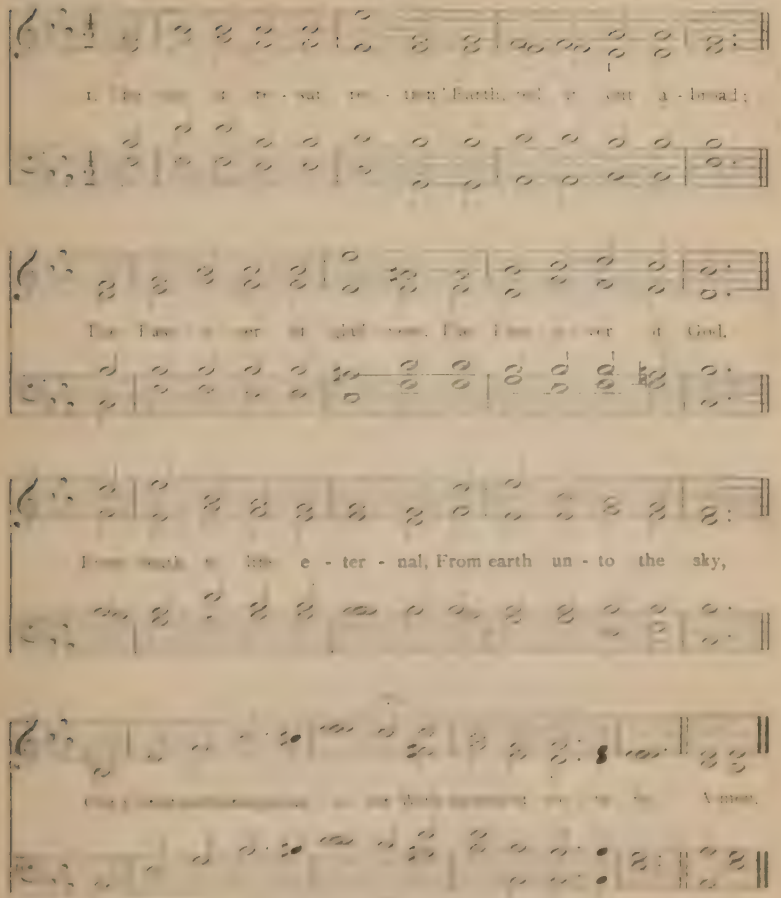
4 He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed,
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing, by night and day,
Alleluia! Amen.

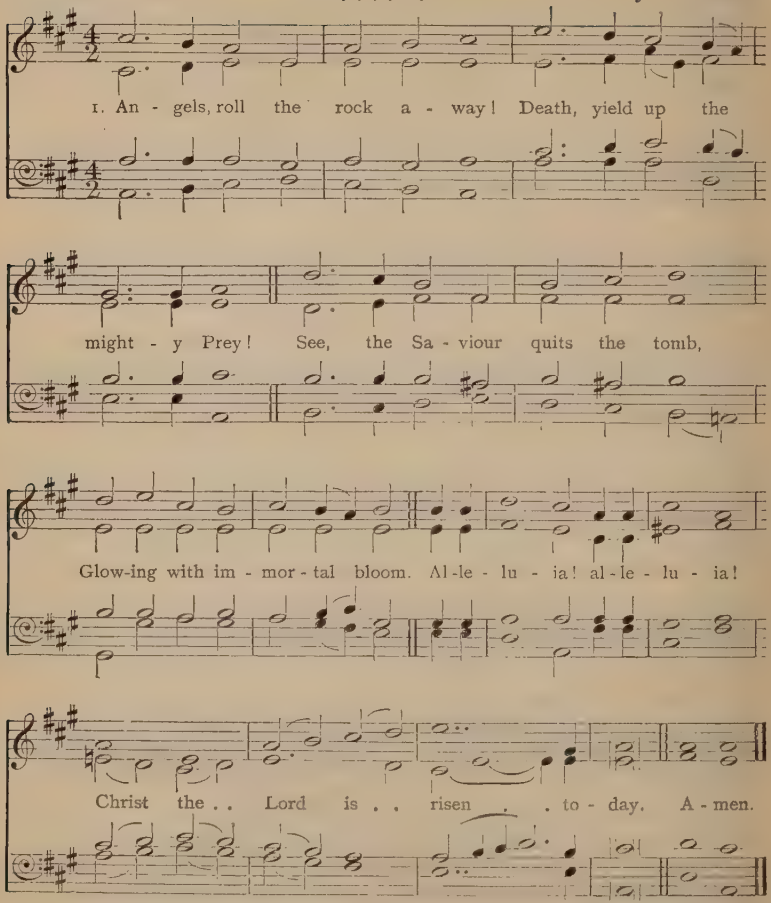
*Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

CONSTANS. 76.76.D. *Lausanne Psalter.*


1. Be - hold a - new the - ter - nal Earth, and heav'n a - broad;
The Lamb is risen in glad - ness. The Lamb is risen to God.
From earth e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
Amen.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

RESURRECTION. 7.7.7.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.


1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the
might - y Prey! See, the Sa - viour quits the tomb,
Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!
Christ the . . Lord is . . risen . . to - day. A - men.

2.

Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

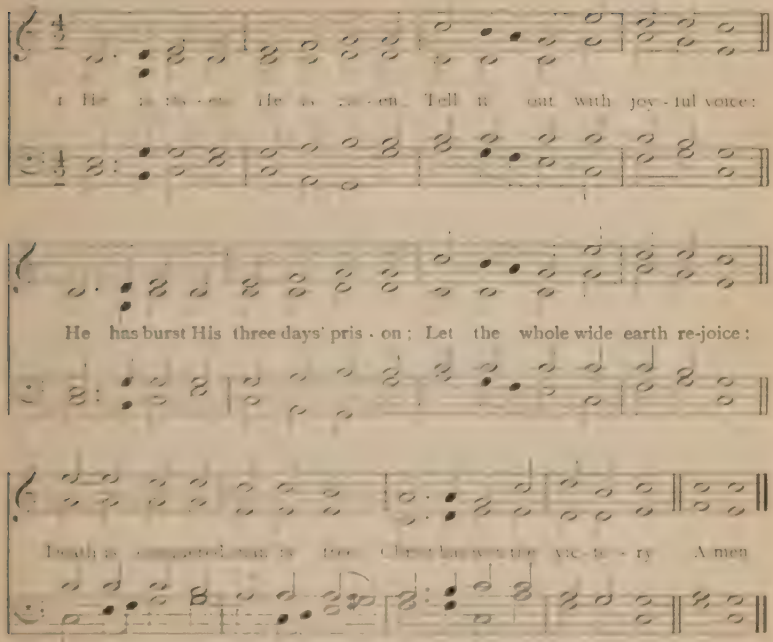
3.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Amen.

T. SCOTT.

# Eastertide.

NEANDER. J. NEANDER.


He is ris - en, He is ris - en. Tell it out with joy - ful voice:
He has burst His three days' pris - on; Let the whole wide earth re-joice:
Death is conquered, we are free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry. Amen

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

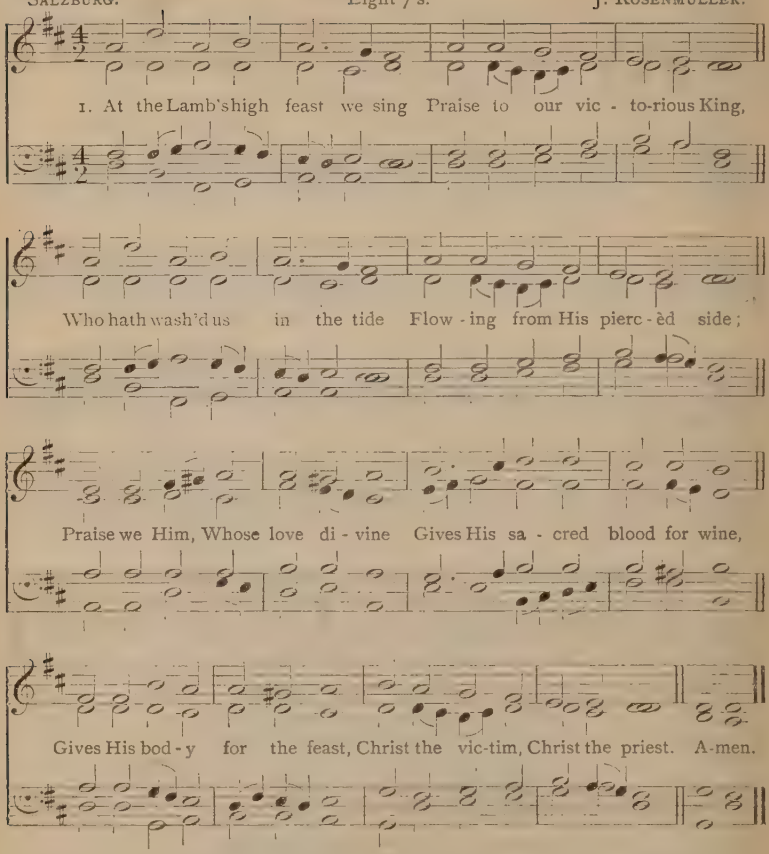
3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On [illegible] shall stream. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

# Eastertide.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. J. ROSENMÜLLER.


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to-rious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - èd side;
Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,
Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic-tim, Christ the priest. A-men.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

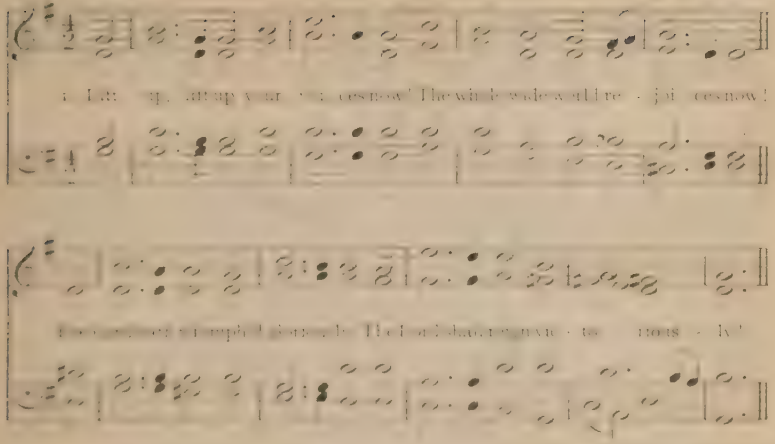
3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now now more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

*Tr.* R. CAMPBELL.

# Eastertide.

ST. PATRICK. L. M. J. NAYLOR.




2.

In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

3.

He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4.

And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

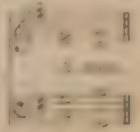
5.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6.

Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

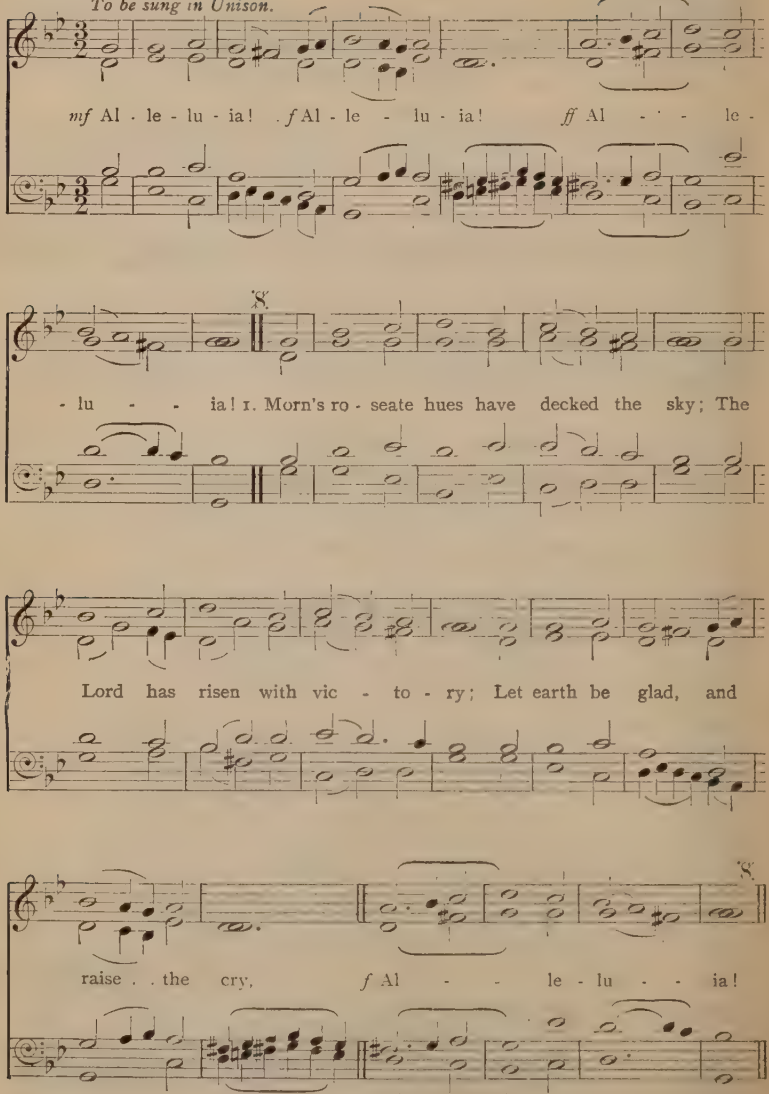
J. M. NEALE.



120

O Filii et filiæ. 8.8.8.4 Ancient Melody.

*To be sung in Unison.*


mf Al - le - lu - ia! f Al - le - lu - ia! ff Al - - - le -
- lu - - - ia! 1. Morn's ro - seate hues have decked the sky; The
Lord has risen with vic - to - ry; Let earth be glad, and
raise . . the cry, f Al - - le - lu - - ia!

2.

The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:
Alleluia.

3.

And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia.

4.

Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Alleluia.

5.

And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:
Alleluia.

6.

Oh grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia.

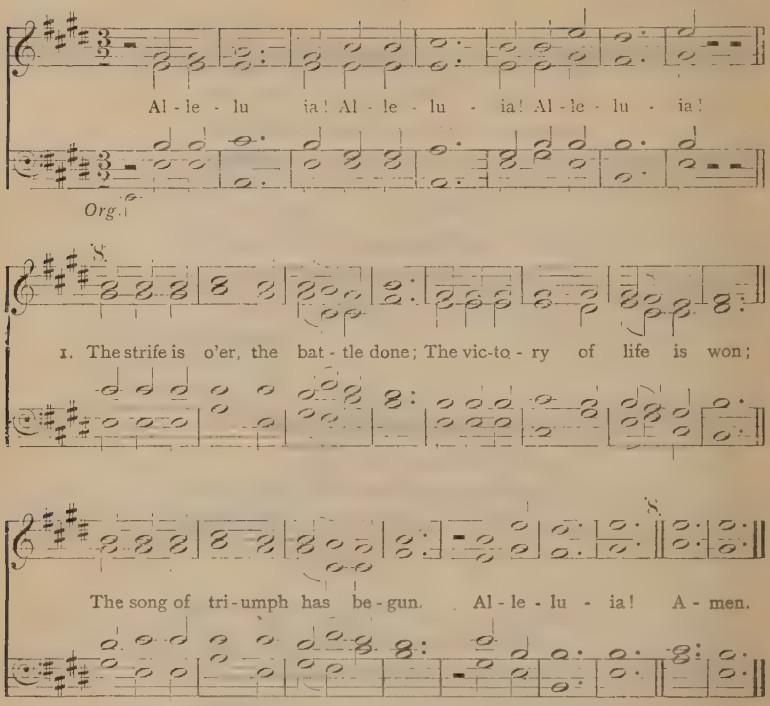
7.

Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One:
Alleluia.

W. COOKE.

# Eastertide.

VICTORY P.M. From PALESTRINA.


Al - le - lu ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic-to - ry of life is won;
The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

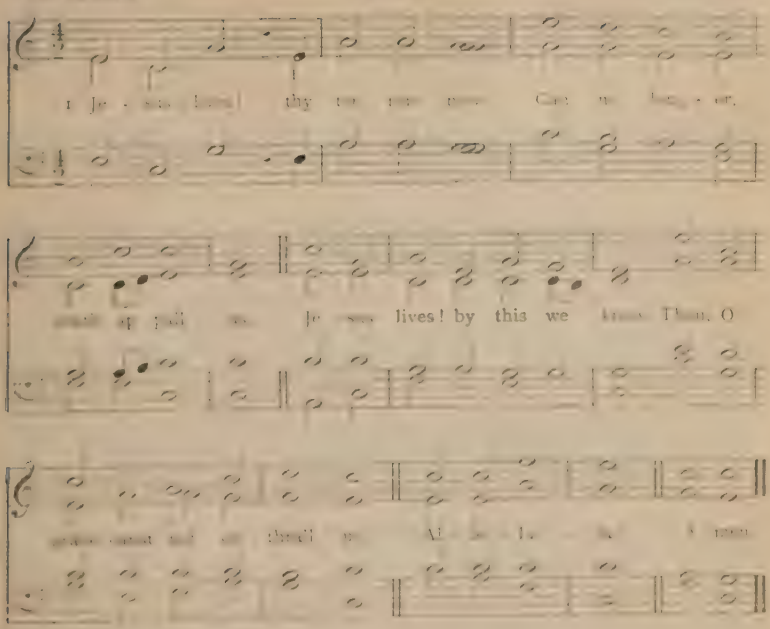
3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

*Tr.* F. POTT.

ST ALBINUS. 7 8 7 8 4 H. J. GAUNTLETT




2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

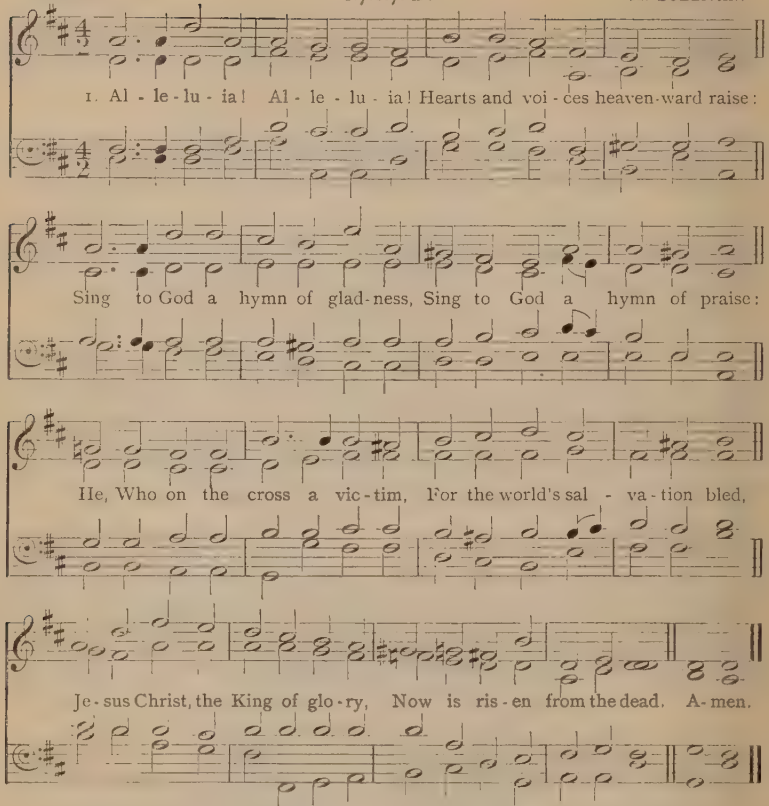
3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell

5

# Eastertide.

LUX EOI 8.7.8.7. D. A. SULLIVAN.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi - ces heaven-ward raise:
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:
He, Who on the cross a vic-tim, For the world's sal - va-tion bled,
Je-sus Christ, the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead. A-men.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

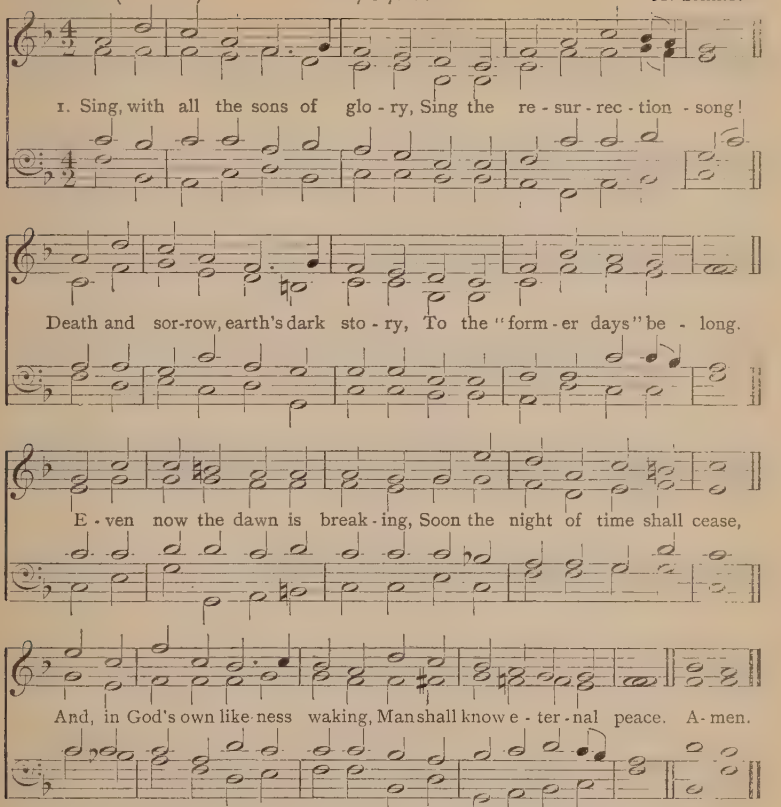
3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high:
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

BETHANY (ENGLISH). 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.


1. Sing, with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the re - sur - rec - tion - song!
Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the "form - er days" be - long.
E - ven now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,
And, in God's own like - ness waking, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

2.

Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it;
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3.

"Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices;
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

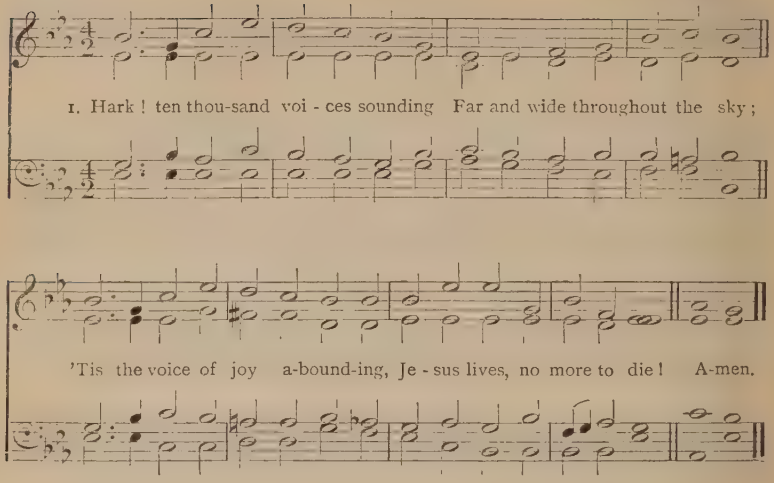
4.

"Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh! to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!
Amen.

W. J. IRONS.

# Eastertide.

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.


1. Hark! ten thou-sand voi - ces sounding Far and wide throughout the sky;
'Tis the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je - sus lives, no more to die! A-men.

2.

Jesus lives, His conflict over,
Lives to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

3.

Yonder throne for Him erected
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected,
Angels worship at His feet!

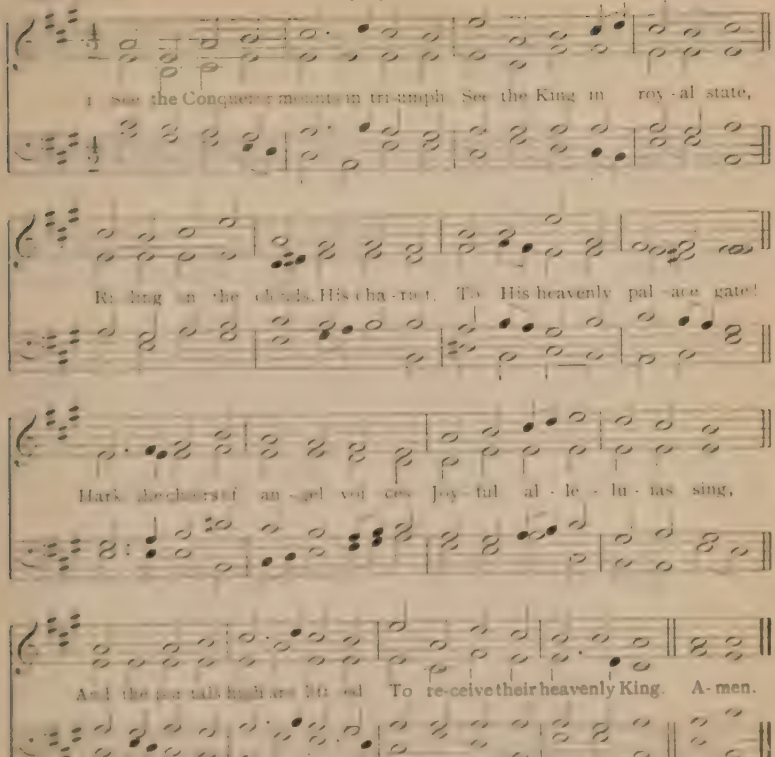
4.

All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word;
Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!" Amen.

T. KELLY.

# Ascensiontide.

REX GLORIÆ. 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.


1 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph See the King in roy-al state,
Ri-ding on the clouds His cha-riot To His heavenly pal-ace gate!
Hark the choirs of an-gel voi-ces Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,
And the portals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heavenly King. A-men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who bore the grave's domain,
He has conquered sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled the slain.

3 While He reigned His handwriting blotting,
Nailed it to the conqu'ring tree,
Which once sign of woe and weeping,
Joy upon the faithful be.
He who walked with God and pleased Him
Pleased them well and them to cross,
He has risen to recruited,
To His everlasting home.

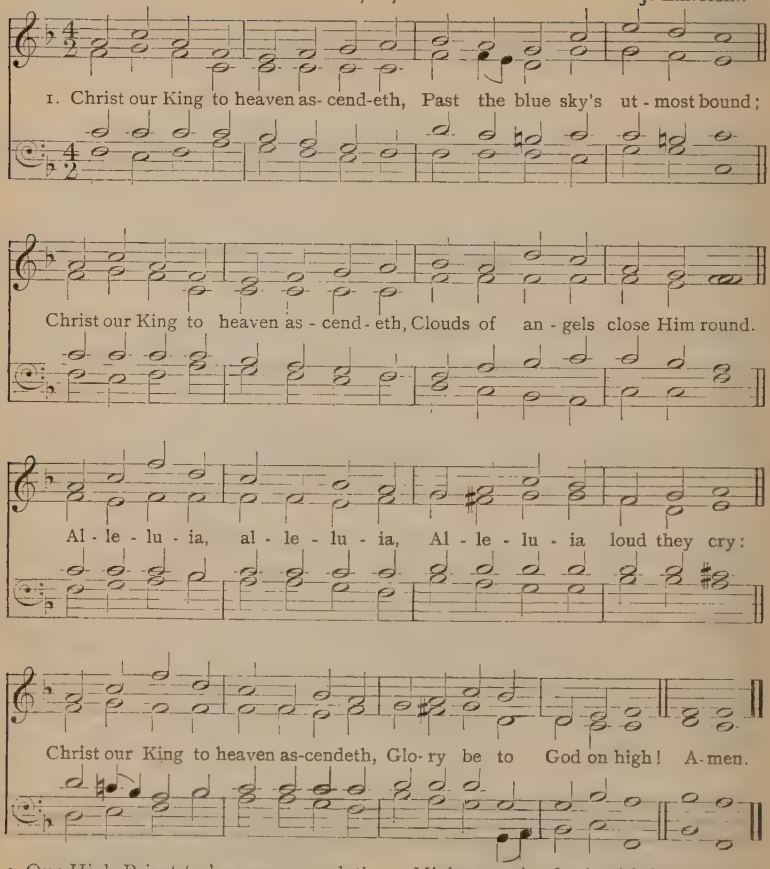
4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the faithful to their rest.
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting place;
Now our great Elijah soars,
Despite pierced of His grace.

5 Plead, but raised our human nature
On the throne to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
We by faith shall see that one. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

# Ascensiontide.

DEERHURST 8.7.8.7. D. J. LANGRAN.


1. Christ our King to heaven as- cend-eth, Past the blue sky's ut - most bound;
Christ our King to heaven as - cend - eth, Clouds of an - gels close Him round.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia loud they cry:
Christ our King to heaven as-cendeth, Glo- ry be to God on high! A-men.

2 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
On God's throne He lives again;
Pleads His sacrifice of wonder,
Claims the fruit of all His pain:
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

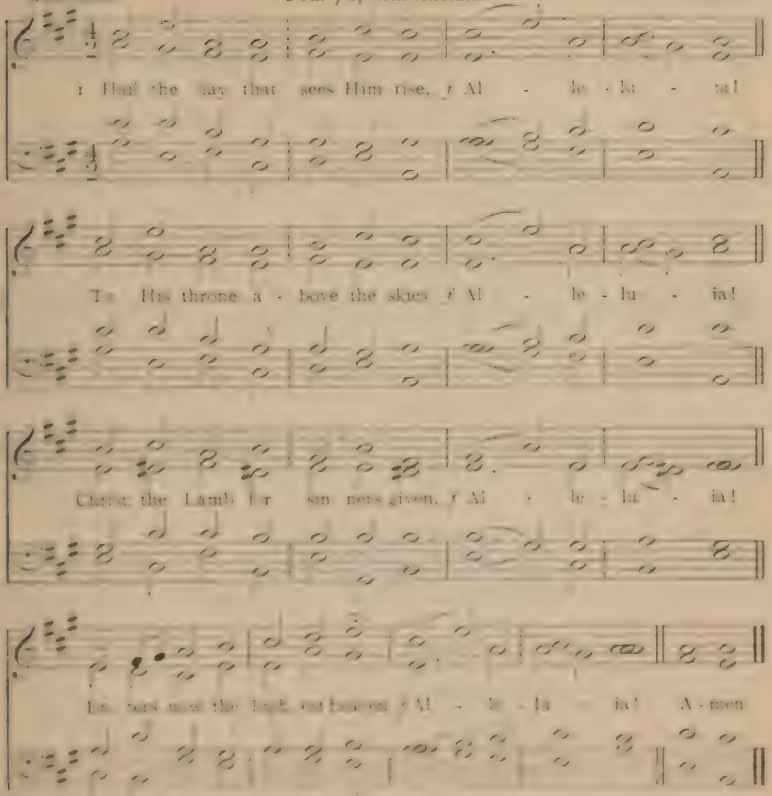
3 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Cloven tongues of fire appear.
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the rushing wind is here!
Mighty armies forth with banners
Conquering and to conquer go:
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
He shall reign o'er all below.

4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
All His foes before Him fall;
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
He shall triumph over all.
King of kings shall men behold Him,
Lord of lords for evermore:
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
Bow before Him, and adore! Amen.

J. H. HOPKINS.

# Ascensiontide.

Four 7's, with Alleluia. W. H. Monk.


1 Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
To His throne a - bove the skies Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ the Lamb for sin - ners given, Al - le - lu - ia!
Let our song the loft - y theme Al - le - lu - ia! A - men

2 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Alleluia!

3 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Alleluia!

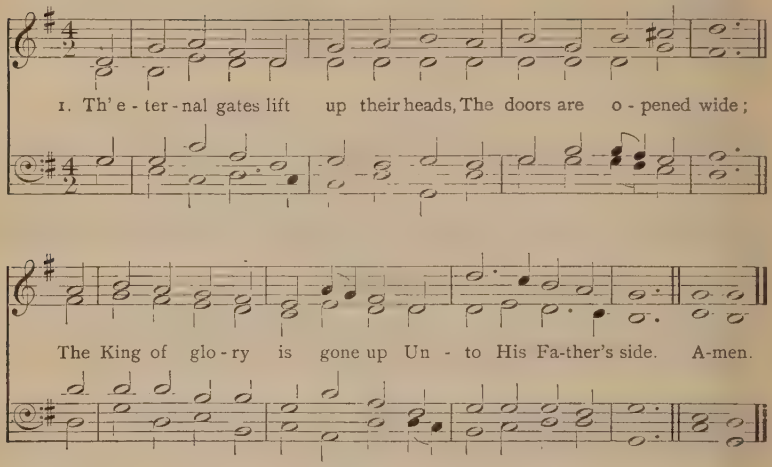
4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia!

5 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Alleluia! Amen.

# Ascensiontide.

St. Magnus C.M. J. Clarke.




2.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3.

And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the clouds
That veil Thee from our eyes.

4.

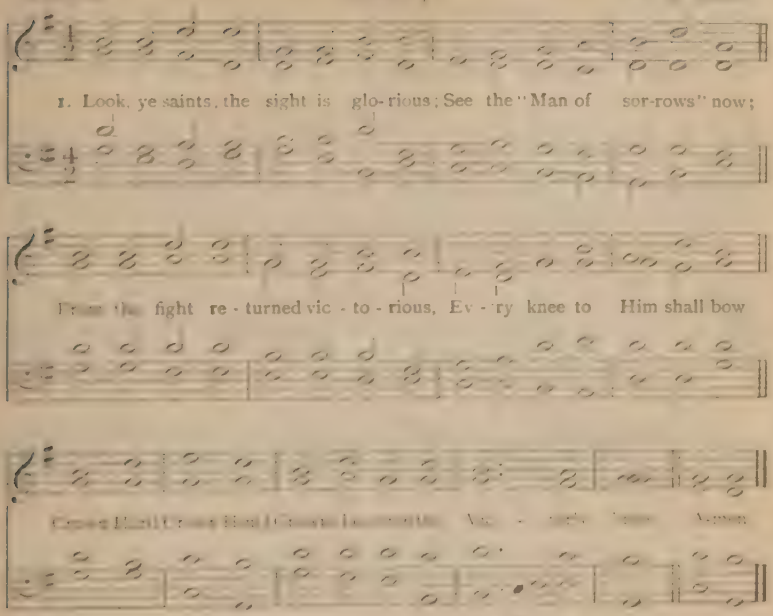
Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;

5.

That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
Forevermore with Thee. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. Monk


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of sor-rows" now;
From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow

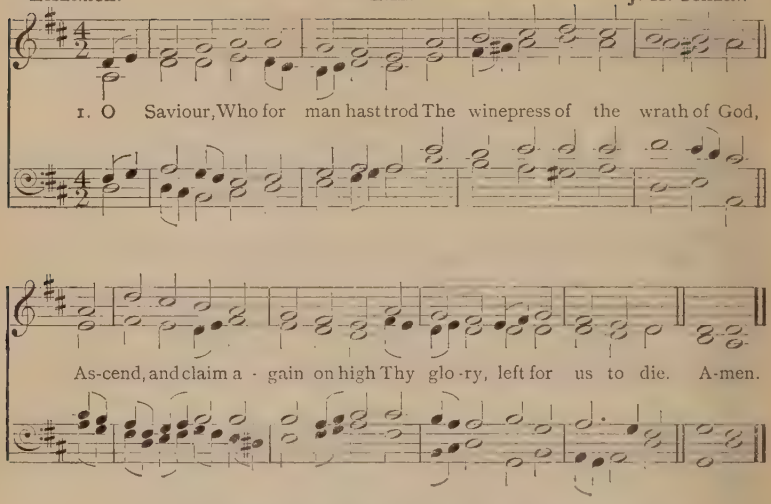
2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
[illegible]
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Amen.

T. KELLY.

EISENACH. L.M. J. H. SCHEIN.


1. O Saviour, Who for man hast trod The winepress of the wrath of God,
As-cend, and claim a - gain on high Thy glo - ry, left for us to die. A-men.

2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood
Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.

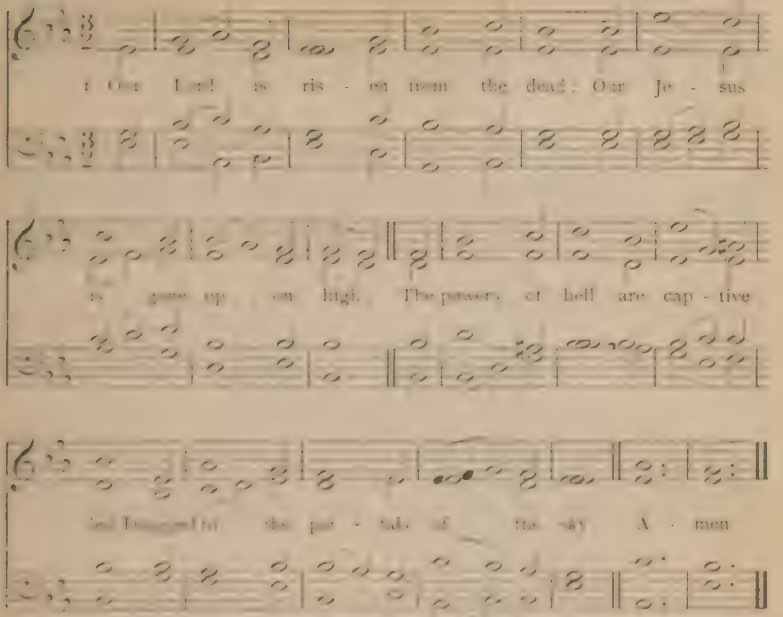
5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

6 O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign. Amen.

*Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

# Ascensiontide.

[illegible] I. M. E. Miller.


1 Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus
is gone up on high. The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive
led, Do the pur - suits of the sky A - men

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

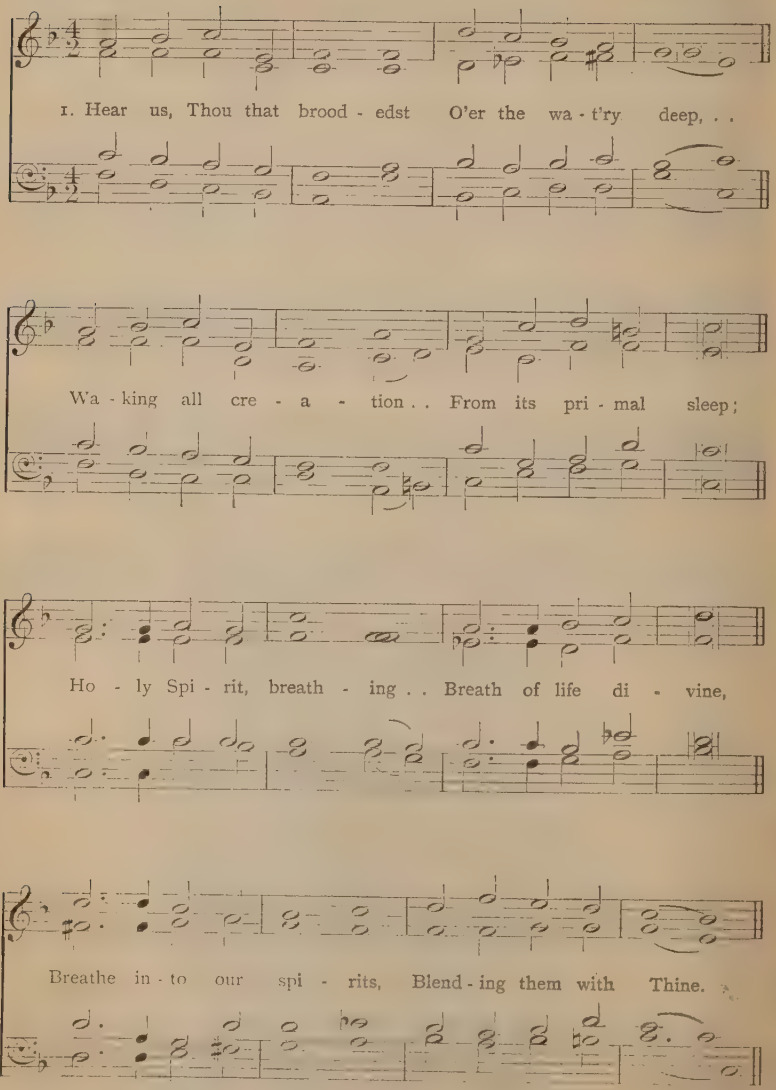
4 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

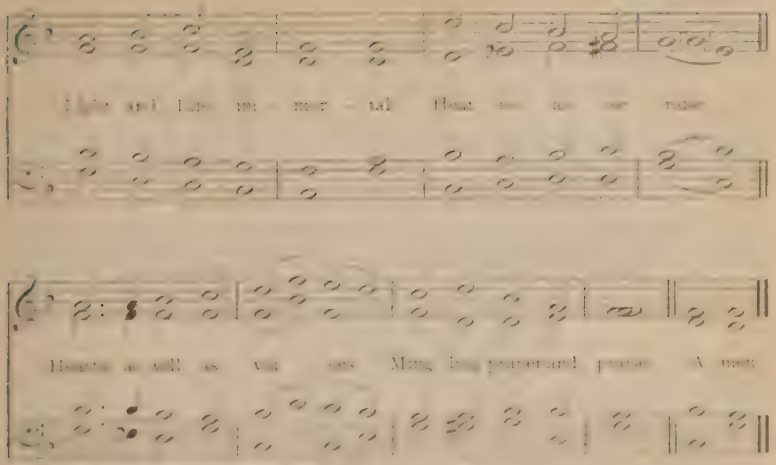
5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord, of boundless power [illegible],
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest. Amen.

# Whitsuntide.

KING'S COLLEGE. 6.5., 12 lines. A. H. MANN.


1. Hear us, Thou that brood - edst O'er the wa - t'ry deep, . .
Wa - king all cre - a - tion . . From its pri - mal sleep;
Ho - ly Spi - rit, breath - ing . . Breath of life di - vine,
Breathe in - to our spi - rits, Blend - ing them with Thine.



2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,

3 In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet:
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,

5 Whensoe'er it be
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee:
Life that gives us living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life, that brings us dying,
Life from heaven above.
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,

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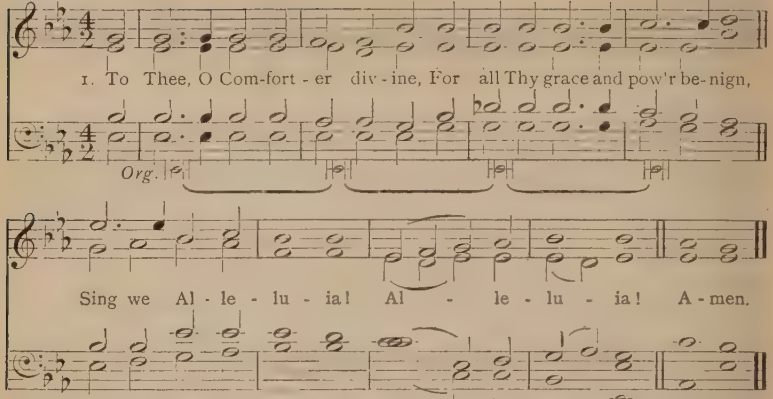
COMFORTER 8.8.6. S. REAY.




2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal, [heal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

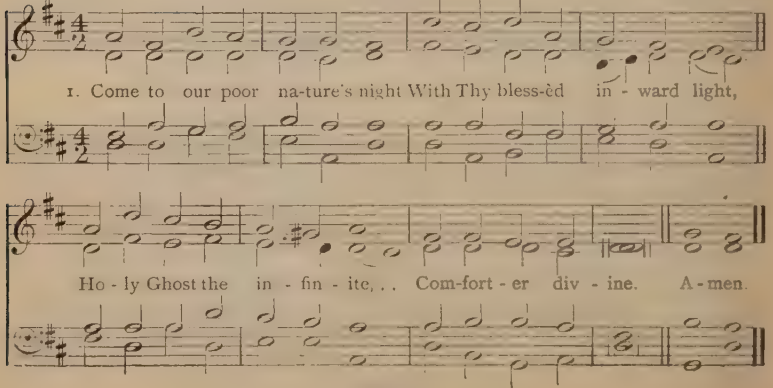
7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## 135

CAPETOWN. 7·7·7·5· F. FILITZ.



4 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord:
[illegible] Thy strength afford:
Lord, unto Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

5 [illegible] our souls and poor:
[illegible] Thy heavenly store
Lord, now, us for evermore,
Comforter divine.

6 Like the dew Thy peace distil:
[illegible] toward will,
[illegible] resting still,
Comforter divine.

5 Gentle, Awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confest,
Comforter divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

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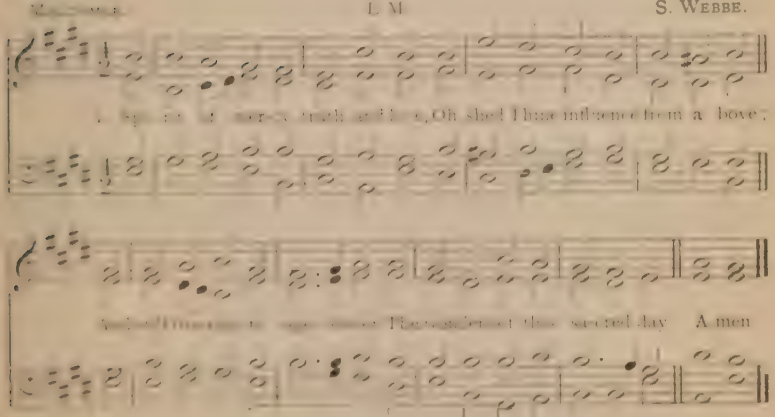
L. M.

S. WEBBE.




2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

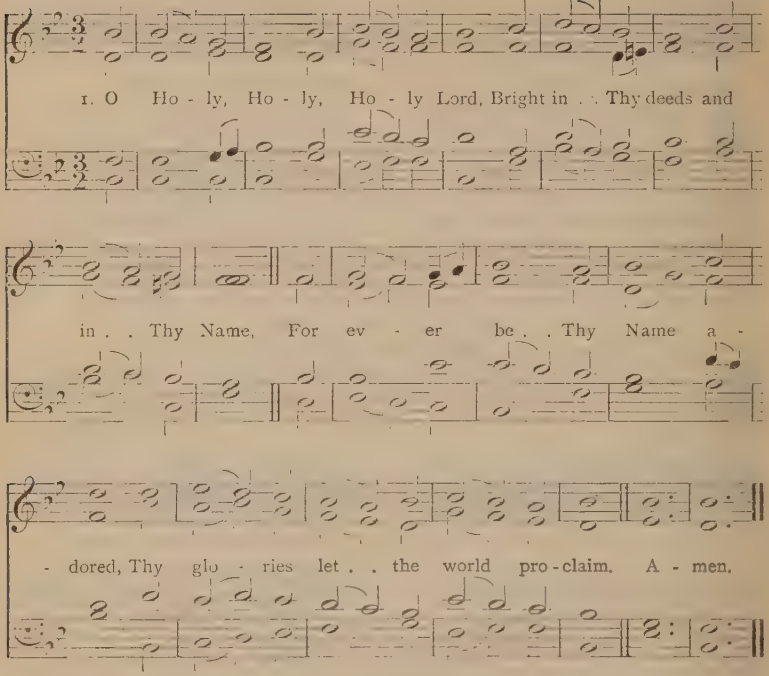
3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

*Author unknown.*

From the Foundling Hospital Collection, 1774.

# Trinity Sunday.

WAREHAM L.M. W. KNAPP.


1. O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord, Bright in . . Thy deeds and
in . . Thy Name, For ev - er be . . Thy Name a -
- dored, Thy glo - ries let . . the world pro - claim. A - men.

2.

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3.

O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given.
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

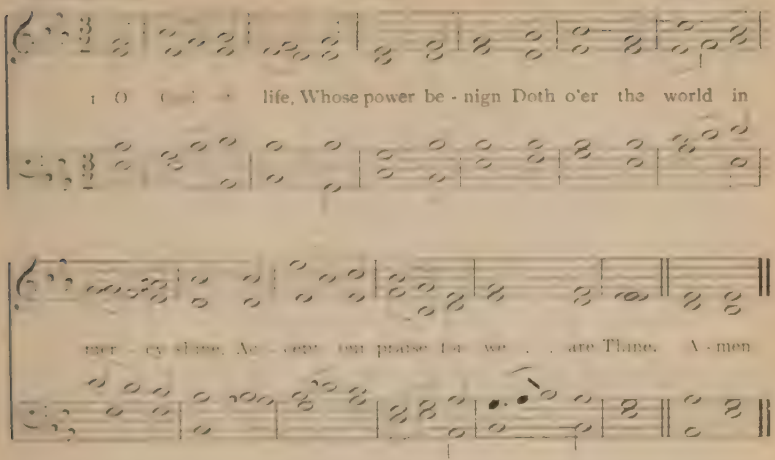
4.

O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue. Amen.

J. W. EASTBURN.

# Trinity Sunday.

WEYMOUTH. 8.8.8. C. SEGGAR.




2.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4.

O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

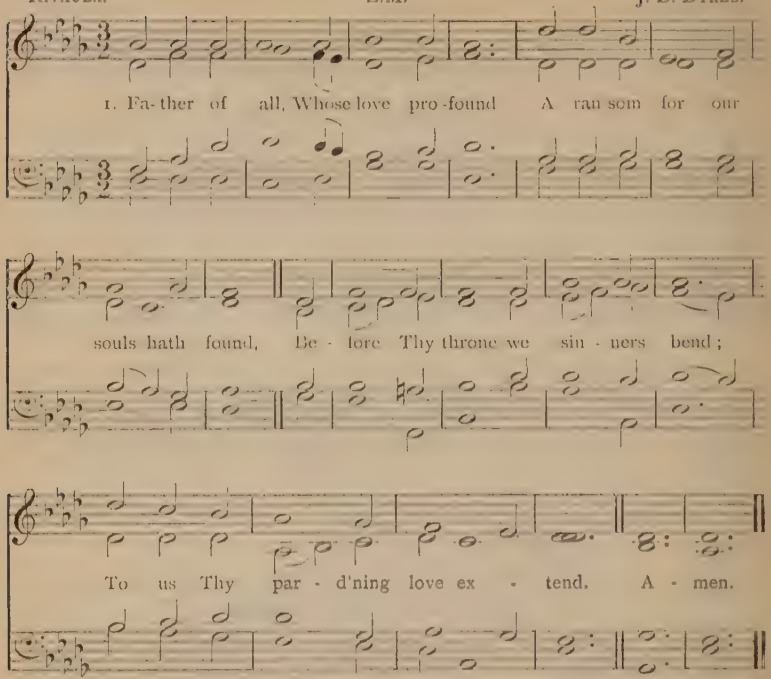
5.

O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be. Amen.

A. T. RUSSELL.

# Trinity Sunday.

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Fa-ther of all, Whose love pro-found A ran som for our
souls hath found, Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend;
To us Thy par - d'ning love ex - tend. A - men.

2.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3.

Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

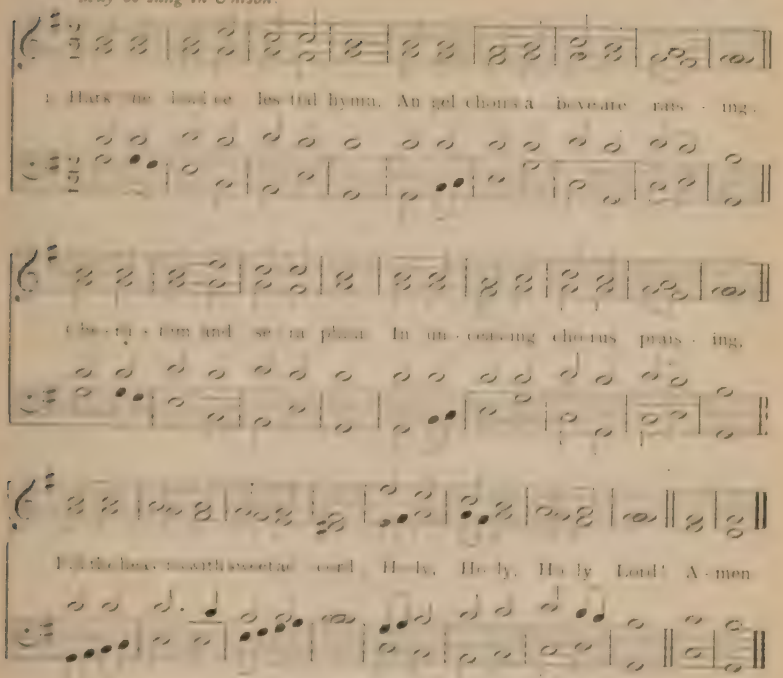
4.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.

E. COOPER.

# Trinity Sunday.

MEINHOLD. *May be sung in Unison.* 7 8.7 8.7.7. J. S. BACH


1 Hark! the loud ce les tial hymn, An gel choirs a bove re sus ing,
Cher u bim and se ra phim In un ceas ing chorus prais ing,
Fill the heav'n with sweet ac cord: Ho ly, Ho ly, Ho ly Lord! A men

2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

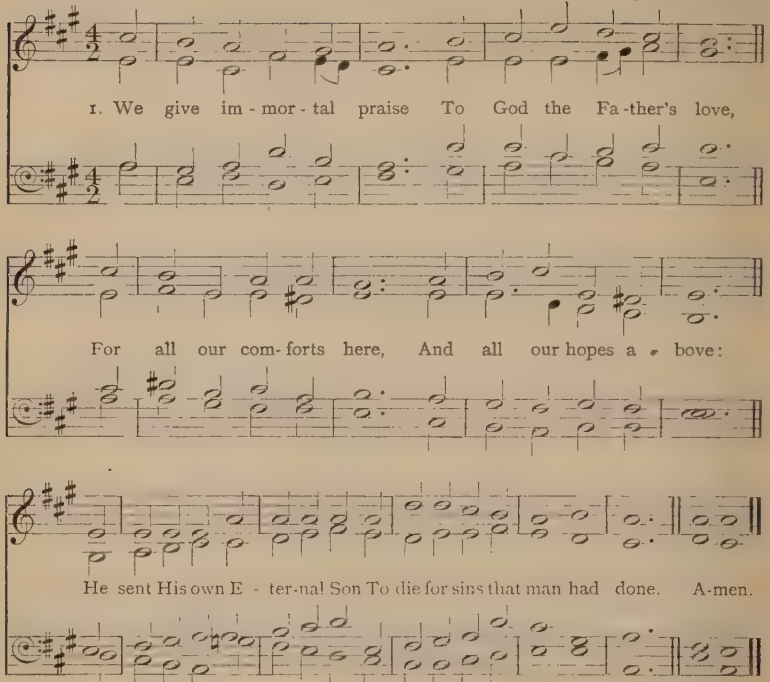
3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.

C. A. WALWORTH.

# Trinity Sunday.

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8 J. B. DYKES.


1. We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa-ther's love,
For all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove:
He sent His own E - ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

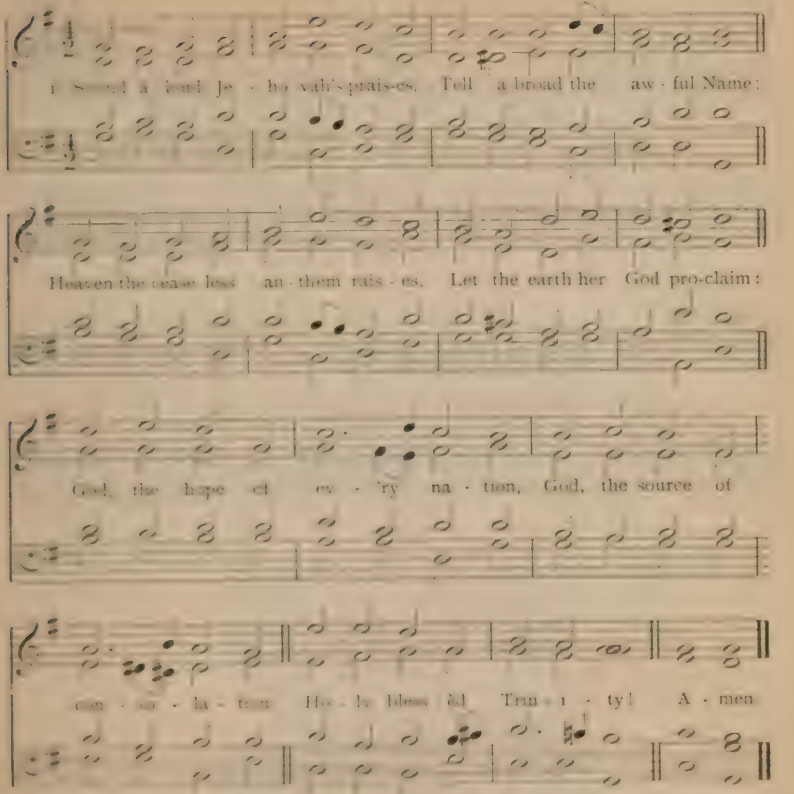
3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores. Amen.

I. WATTS.

# Trinity Sunday.

8 7.8.7.8.8.7. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.


I sound a loud Je - ho vah's praise-es, Tell a broad the aw - ful Name:
Heaven the cease less an - them rais - es, Let the earth her God pro-claim:
God, the hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, God, the source of
con - so - la - tion Ho - ly blessèd Trin - i - ty! A - men

2 Thro the Name from ancient ages
Hidden to its dawning light;
Thro the Name that kings and sages
Found and strove to know aright,
Thro the Name that Moses uttered
Now revealed the world's salvation,
Ever Blessèd Trinity!

3 Into this great Name and holy
We all spoken and symbol baptize;
Thro the Highest owns the lowly,
Heaven and heaven and Gods obey,
Into three gods in adoration
Of the blessèd Trinity!

4 In this Name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer:
In this Name we lift our voices,
And our constant faith declare,
Offering humble supplication,
Thanks, and praise, and veneration
To the blessèd Trinity!

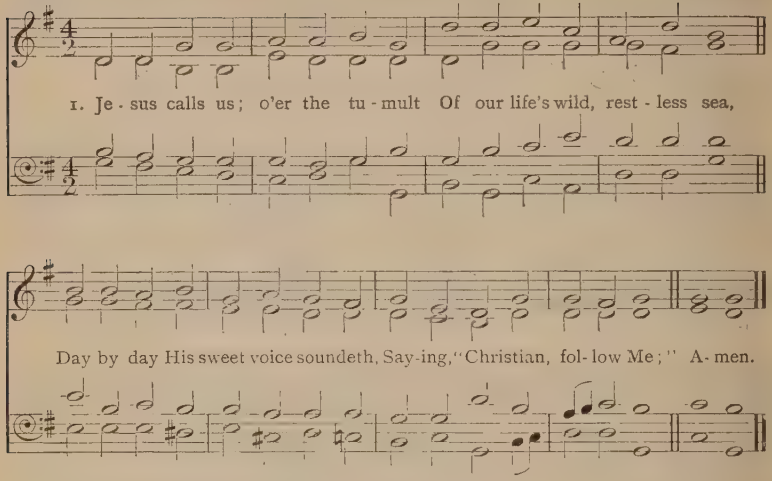
5 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One,
Power from all in earth and heaven
Unto Thee be ever given,
Holy, blessèd Trinity. Amen.

H. A. MARTIN

ST. ANDREW.

**143**

STUTTGART. 8 7 8.7. German.


1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol- low Me;" A - men.

2.

As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store:
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4.

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these.'

5.

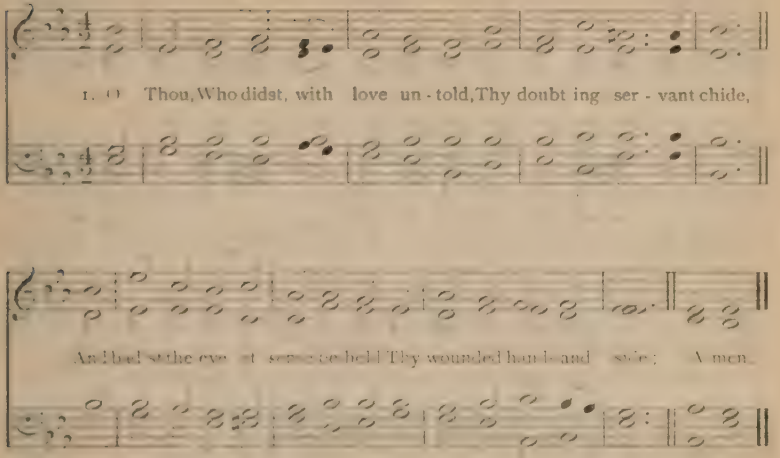
Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

## ST. THOMAS.

144

ST. BERNARD. C.M. J. RICHARDSON.


1. O Thou, Who didst, with love un - told, Thy doubt ing ser - vant chide,
And bad'st the ev'ning scene behold Thy wounded hands and side; Amen.

2.

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord
And from this hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

3.

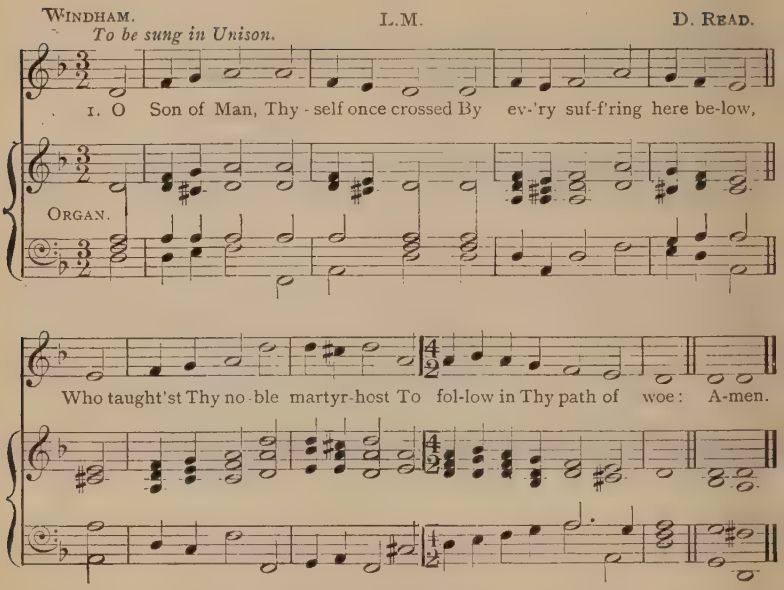
And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh, let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

4.

And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe! Amen.

MRS. E. L. TOKE.

## 145 ST. STEPHEN


WINDHAM.
To be sung in Unison.
L.M.
D. READ.
1. O Son of Man, Thy - self once crossed By ev-'ry suf-f'ring here be-low,
ORGAN.
Who taught'st Thy no - ble martyr-host To fol-low in Thy path of woe: A-men.

2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast
Its light upon Thy champion's face,
Revealing to his eyes at last
The marvels of the holiest place:

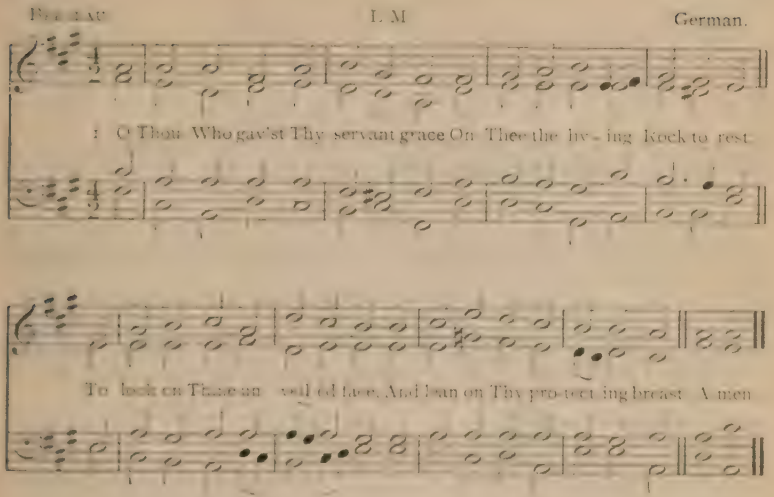
3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand
Beside the throne of God on high,
To succor with Thy strong right hand
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,
That longs Thy face in heaven to seek,
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the love, divine and free,
Which asks forgiveness for our foes;
Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,
And, dying, finds in Thee repose. Amen.

J. F. THRUPP.

146 ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.


I. M
German.
1 O Thou Who gav'st Thy servant grace On Thee the liv - ing Rock to rest
To look on Thine un veil ed face, And lean on Thy pro-tect ing breast A men

2.

Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;

3.

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

4.

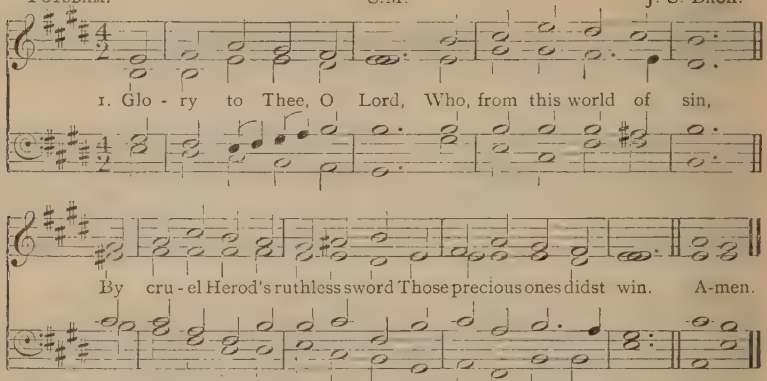
To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,
Whom as their King the saints adore,
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore. Amen.

R. HEBER

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

**147**

POTSDAM. S.M. J. S. BACH.




2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

3 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.

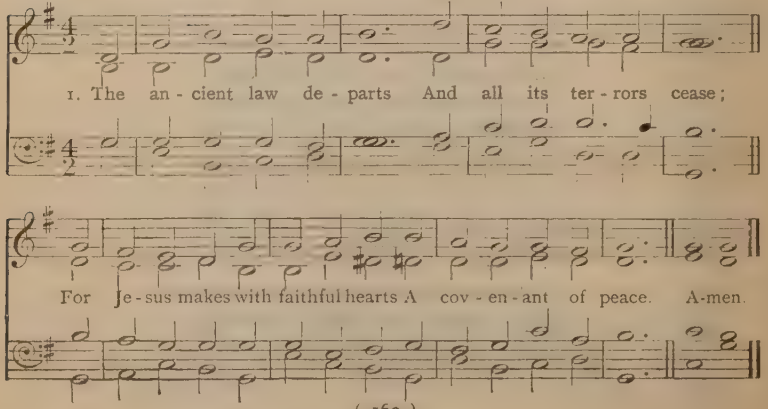
5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

MRS. E. L. TOKE.

## THE CIRCUMCISION.

**148**

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. From DAY'S *Psalter*.

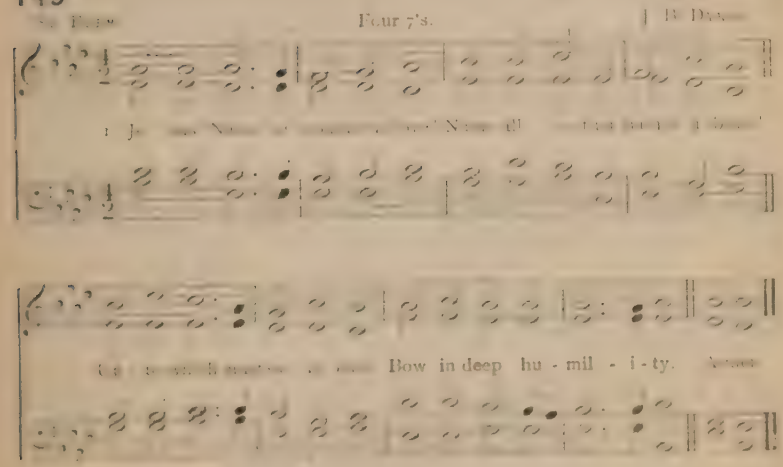


2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be. Amen.

*Tr.* COMPILERS "HYMNS A. & M."

149




To the maiden mother told,
By the angel Gabriel.

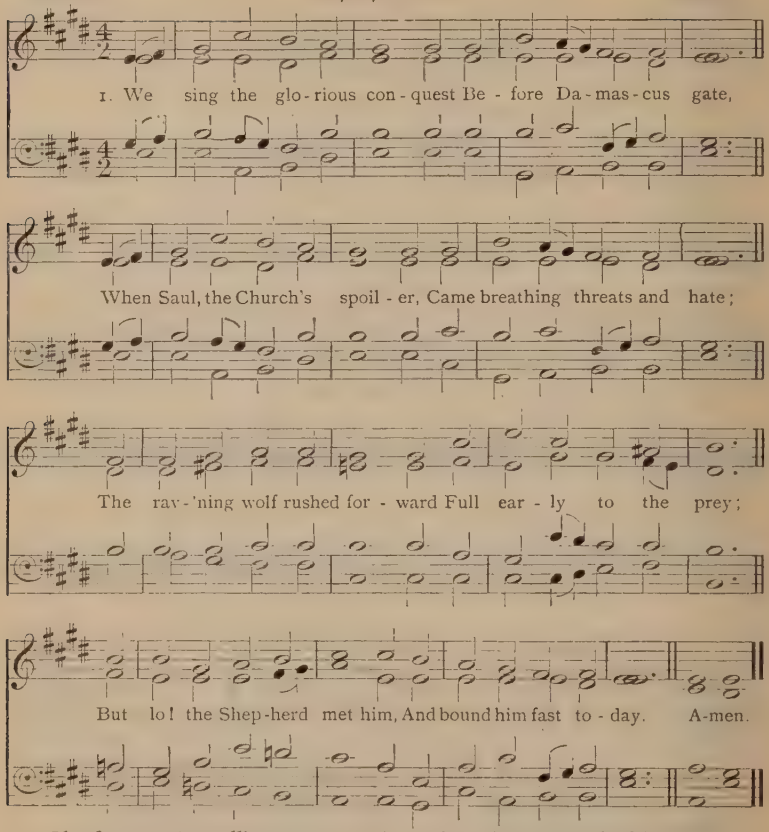
Given to the holy Child.
First He tasted here below.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

## 150 THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D. German.


1. We sing the glo-rious con-quest Be-fore Da-mas-cus gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoil-er, Came breathing threats and hate;
The rav-'ning wolf rushed for-ward Full ear-ly to the prey;
But lo! the Shep-herd met him, And bound him fast to-day. A-men.

2 Oh, glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
Oh, light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
Oh, voice that spake within him
The calm, reproving word!
Oh, love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

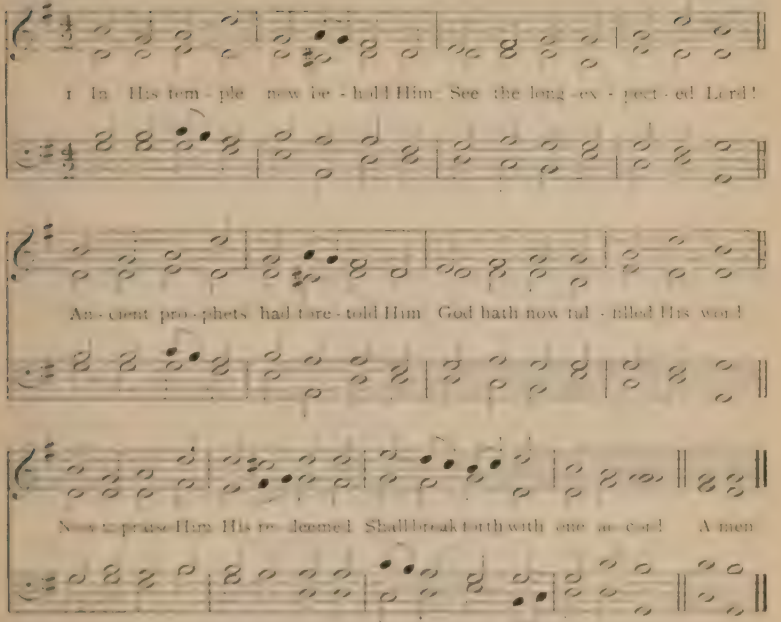
4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger,
To trust Thy hidden power:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

151

## THE PURIFICATION.

BAMBERG. 8 7.8.7.8.7. German.


1 In His tem - ple now be - hold Him See the long - ex - pect - ed Lord!
An - cient pro - phets had be - fore - told Him God hath now ful - filled His word!
Now we praise Him His re - Jesse! Shall break forth with one ac - cord! A - men

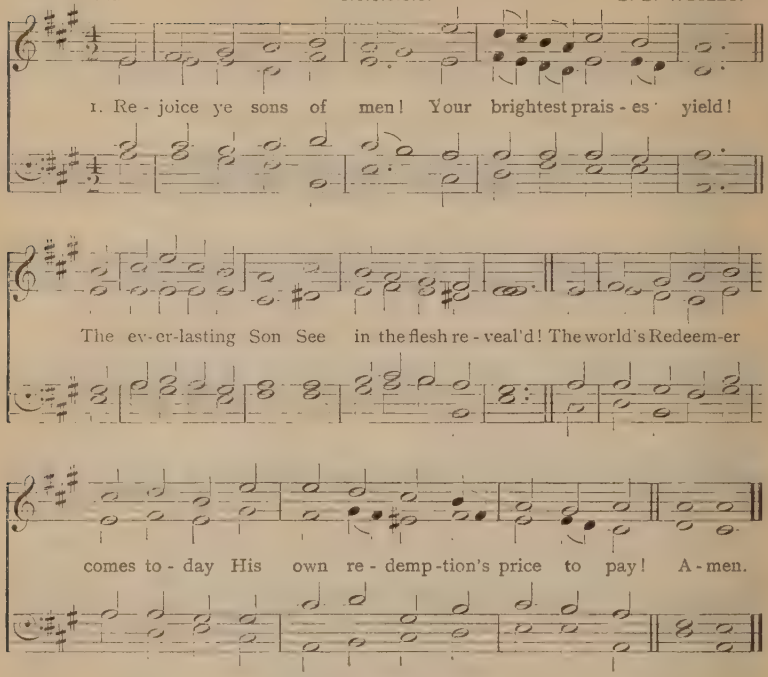
2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
Thou, Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

4 Prince and author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

H. J. PYE.

HAREWOOD. 6.6.6.6.8.8. S. S. WESLEY.


1. Re - joice ye sons of men! Your brightest prais - es yield!
The ev - er-lasting Son See in the flesh re - veal'd! The world's Redeem-er
comes to - day His own re - demp - tion's price to pay! A - men.

2.

Lo! Simeon's saintly arms
The holy burden bear;
He sees with raptured eye
His true salvation there.
The weary waiting now is past:
The long-expected comes at last.

3.

The aged saint's embrace
The blessèd mother saw,
And on his words so strange
She mused with silent awe.
What conflict for her child is stored?
And what for her this piercing sword?

4.

O Saviour, in Thy courts
We all our sins confess:
But Thou didst once for us
Fulfil all righteousness.
Impure, unclean, oh, may we be
Presented pure and clean in Thee!

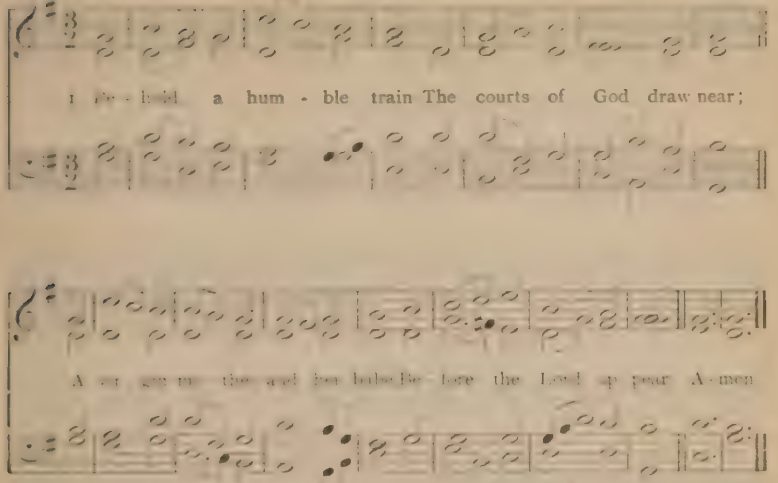
5.

And when, O God made Man,
Upon our waiting eye,
In glorious might revealed,
Salvation draweth nigh;
In that great day Thy servants bless,
And be "the Lord our Righteousness"!
Amen.

W. W. HOW.

# Other Feasts and Fasts.

THATCHES S.M. G. F. HANDEL


1 Be - hold a hum - ble train The courts of God draw near;
A [illegible] the [illegible] Be - fore the Lord ap - pear A - men

2.

O wondrous, blessèd sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3.

And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

4.

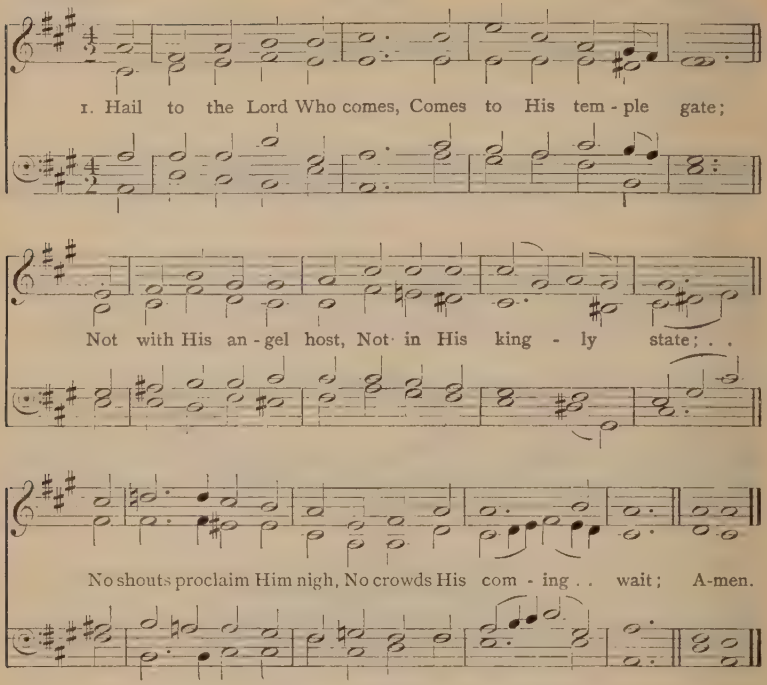
The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord himself appears,
The true, incarnate Word.

5.

Blest Saviour, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine. Amen.

F. HARLAND.

ST. MARY. Six 6's. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Hail to the Lord Who comes, Comes to His tem - ple gate;
Not with His an - gel host, Not in His king - ly state; . .
No shouts proclaim Him nigh, No crowds His com - ing . . wait; A-men.

2 But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heavenly guest.

3 Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

4 O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

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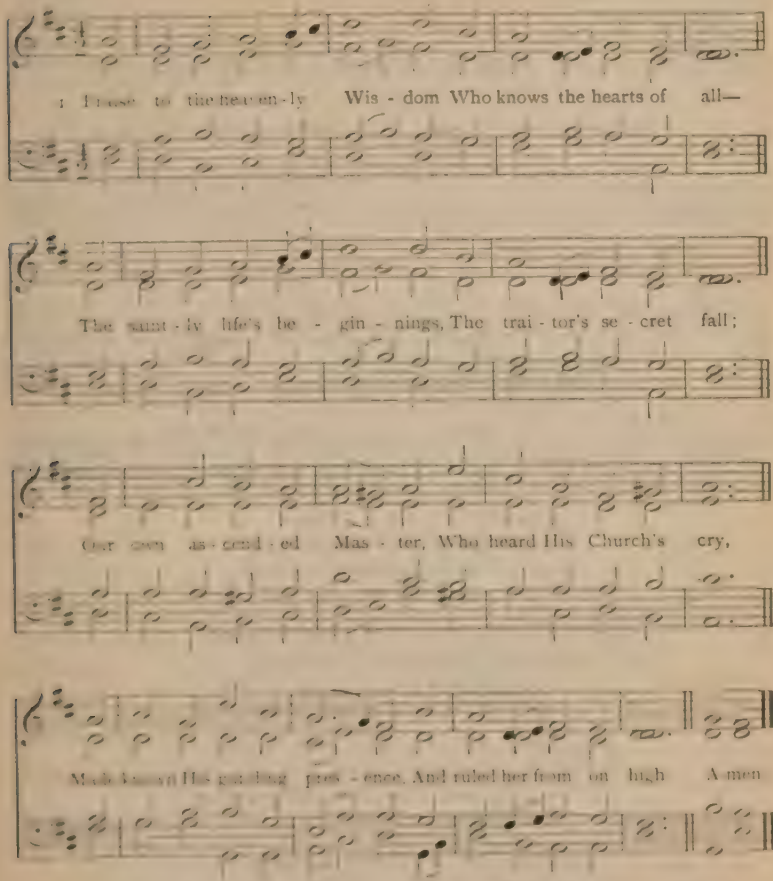
## ST. MATTHIAS.

PÆAN. 7.6 7.6. D. F. A. VON WEBER.


1 Praise to the heav'n-ly Wis - dom Who knows the hearts of all—
The saint - ly life's be - gin - nings, The trai - tor's se - cret fall;
Our own as - cend - ed Mas - ter, Who heard His Church's cry,
Made known His gra - cious pres - ence, And ruled her from on high Amen

2 Christ in His heav'nly bodies,
To All the host once gave:
He sealed His chosen vessel
By bidding gifts be given.
Praise for the holy diptychs,
He loved up the poor,
And sat him with the Princes
Our high fit portion be.

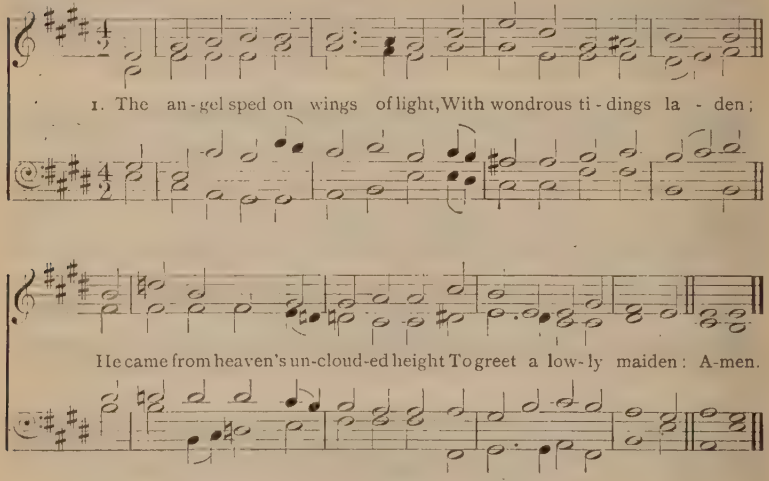
3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd,
Her homes still renew:
Be Thy dread hosts entreated
To faithful hands and true:
Apostles of Thy choosing
Make all her rulers be,
That each with ev'ry tender
His last account to Thee! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## THE ANNUNCIATION.

**156**

VENIT ANGELUS. 8.7.8.7. HORATIO PARKER.


1. The an - gel sped on wings of light, With wondrous ti - dings la - den;
He came from heaven's un-cloud-ed height To greet a low-ly maiden: A-men.

2 For God upon her low estate
Had looked with royal favor;
And all earth's kindreds celebrate
The mighty gift He gave her.

3 Oh, awful bliss! that from her womb
Should spring the Uncreated,
The great and holy One, for Whom
The world so long had waited.

4 O Son divine! we fain would trace
Thy mother's steps so lowly,
Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,
Her life so calm and holy.

5 But lo! as all too near we press,
A veil the scene enfoldeth!
No tongue may sing its loveliness,
No eye its peace beholdeth!

6 And as we read with kindling eye
This day's all-gracious story,
The blessèd mother passeth by,
And Thine is all the glory! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

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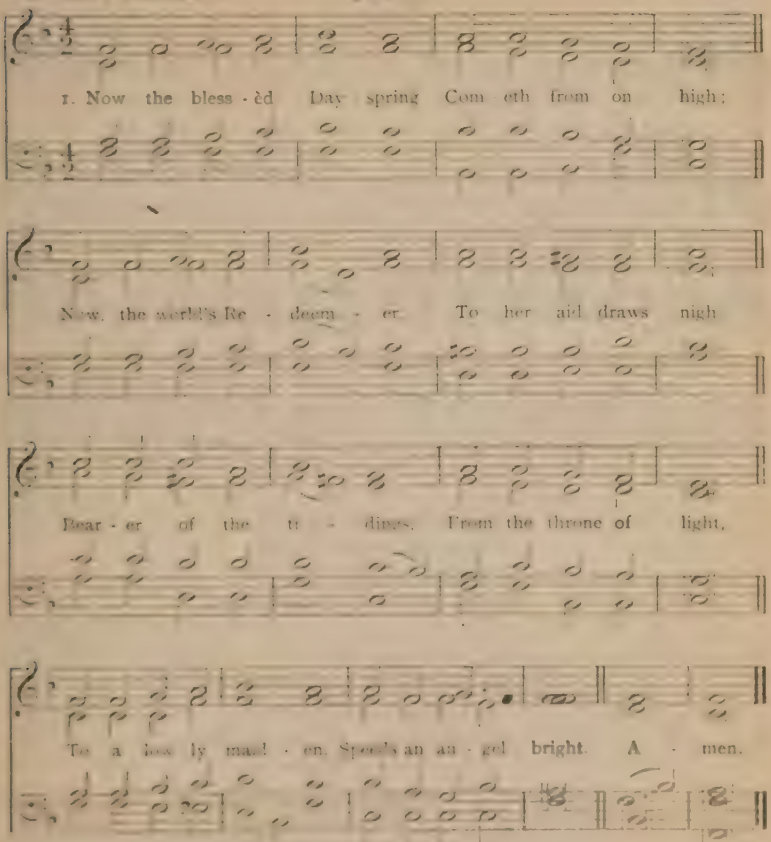
# Other Feasts and Fasts.

St Mary Magdalene 6 5 6 5 D. J. B Dykes.


1. Now the bless - ed Day spring Com eth from on high:
New the world's Re - deem - er To her aid draws nigh
Bear - er of the ti - dings. From the throne of light,
To a lov ly maid - en. Speeds an an - gel bright. A - men.

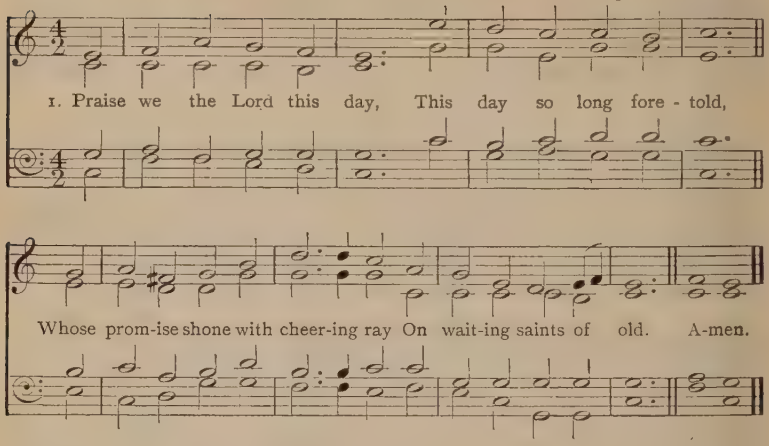
2 In the chosen daughter
Of King David's line,
God sends His gracious
And Love Above
Gabriel hath to woo;
Mary hath believed;
And, behold! a virgin
Hath a Son conceived!

3 Though He take our nature
Unbelief to bow,
Though He stoop to mother,
Yet shall He be great!
Though His crown and sceptre
Be of thorn and reed,
His shall be the kingdom
Sworn to David's Seed.

4 Light to light the Gentiles
Bending at His throne;
Glory of His people,
When His sway they own;
He shall reign forever,
King of kings confessed,
And all nations and kindreds
Shall, in Him, be blest. Amen.

MRS. M. A. THOMSON.

ST. GEORGE S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,
Whose prom-ise shone with cheer-ing ray On wait-ing saints of old. A-men.

2.

The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3.

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4.

Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

5.

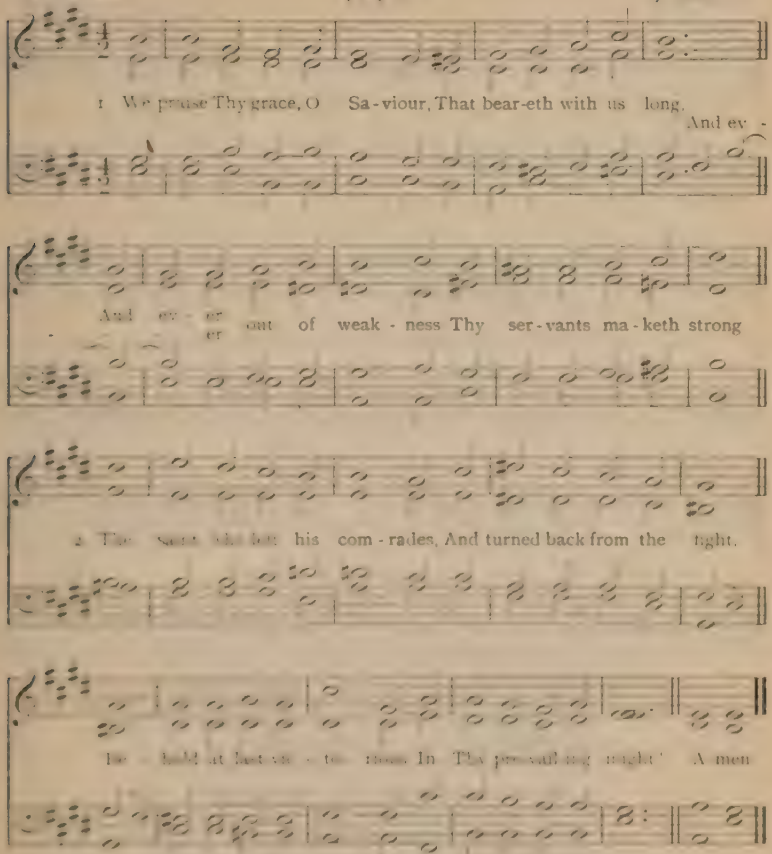
Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Saviour's birth. Amen.

*Author unknown.*

# Other Feasts and Fasts.

## ST. MARK.

St Anselm 7 6 7 6 D J Barnby


1 We praise Thy grace, O Sa-viour, That bear-eth with us long,
And ev-
And ev-er out of weak-ness Thy ser-vants ma-keth strong
2 The Saint who left his com-rades, And turned back from the fight,
He hold at last us to-gether In Thy pre-vail-ing might! A-men

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the foe!
Thy covenant must mighty Saviour,
Its weakness maketh meet.

4 The new Saint Mark hath numbered
Among the blessed Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To hear the Gospel lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uphold the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

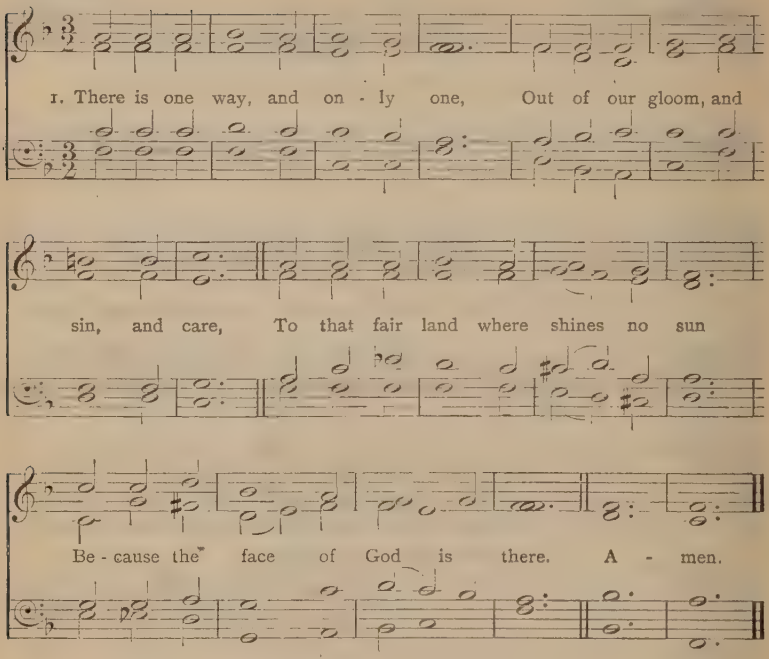
6 O Jesu, glorious Victor
Over all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy servants make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

W. W. How

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

160

PENITENCE. L.M. *St. Alban's Tune Book.*


1. There is one way, and on - ly one, Out of our gloom, and
sin, and care, To that fair land where shines no sun
Be - cause the face of God is there. A - men.

2 There is one truth, the truth of God,
That Christ came down from heaven to show,
One life that His redeeming blood
Has won for all His saints below.

3 The lore, from Philip once concealed,
To us is fully known in Christ;
In Him the Father is revealed,
And all our longing is sufficed.

4 And still unwavering faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly down;
Except we labor and endure,
We cannot win the heavenly crown.

5 O Way divine, through gloom and strife,
Bring us Thy Father's face to see;
O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,
At last, at last, to rest in Thee. Amen.

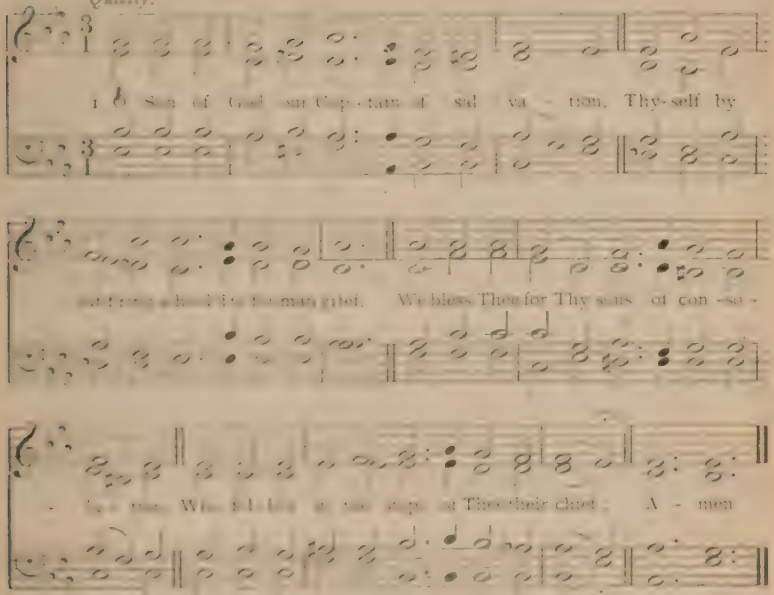
MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

ST. BARNABAS.

## 161

COMMENDATIO. 11.10.11.10. J. B. DYKES

*Quietly.*


1 O Son of God our Cap - tain of sal va - tion, Thy-self by
- tion, Who bless Thee for Thy saints of con -se -
- cra - tion, Whom Thou hast made Thine own chief; A - men

2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

3 [illegible]
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

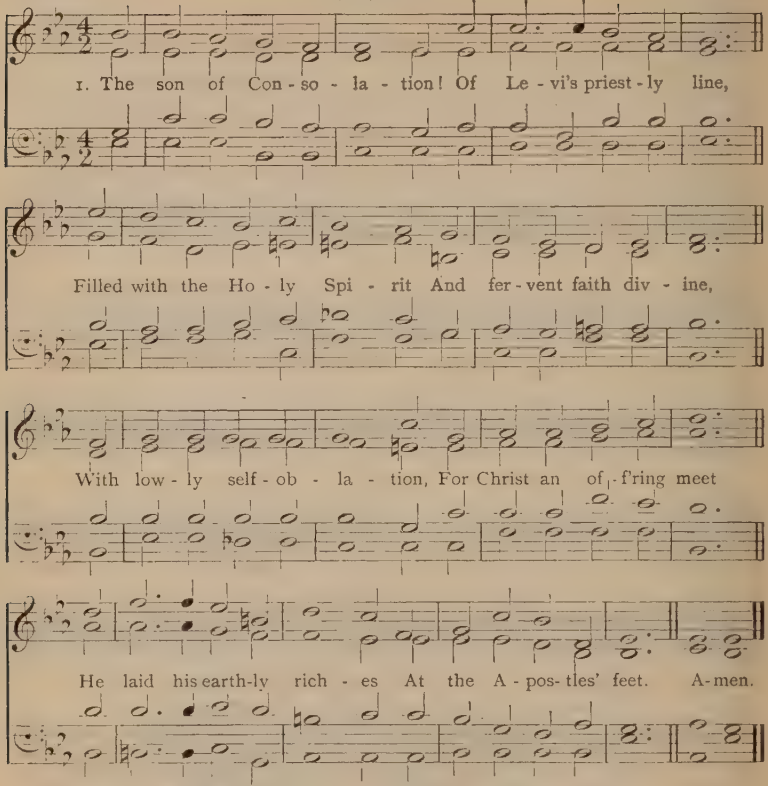
4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful;
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
[illegible]
And all our [illegible]
And all our [illegible]

J. ELLERTON.

STIRLING. 7.6.7.6. D. J. BARNBY.


1. The son of Con - so - la - tion! Of Le - vi's priest - ly line,
Filled with the Ho - ly Spi - rit And fer - vent faith div - ine,
With low - ly self - ob - la - tion, For Christ an of - f'ring meet
He laid his earth-ly rich - es At the A - pos - tles' feet. A - men.

2 The son of Consolation!
Oh, name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.

3 The son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
Forever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

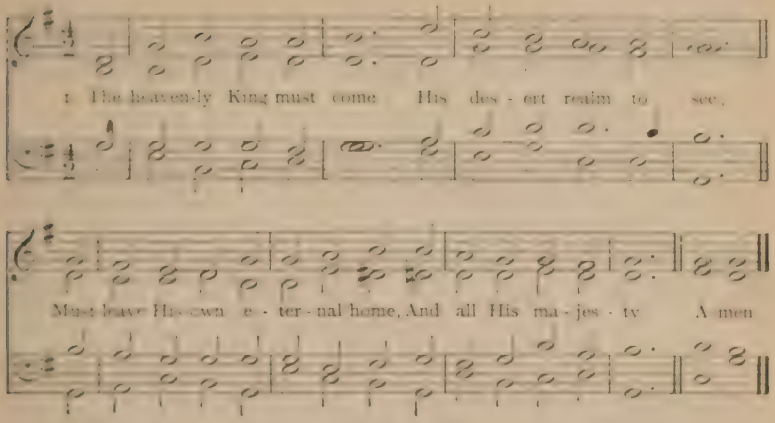
4 The son of Consolation!
Lord, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us Thy children
Such blessèd name may bear!
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

5 The sons of Consolation!
Oh, what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto Me"!
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne.
Amen.

MRS. M. O. COOTE.

## 163 THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

ST MICHAEL. S.M. From DAY'S *Psalter.*




2.

And lo! before Him sent
His herald, who must cry
And never spare, "Repent, repent!
Your King, your God, is nigh!"

3.

He, when his work is done,
Must see his light decay,
Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,
The glorious King of day.

4.

O Lord, O King, O Sun,
Whose messenger he came,
Baptize us all, most holy One,
In Thy refining flame.

5.

Give us Thy grace, that we
All evil may forsake,
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,
The lowest place may take.

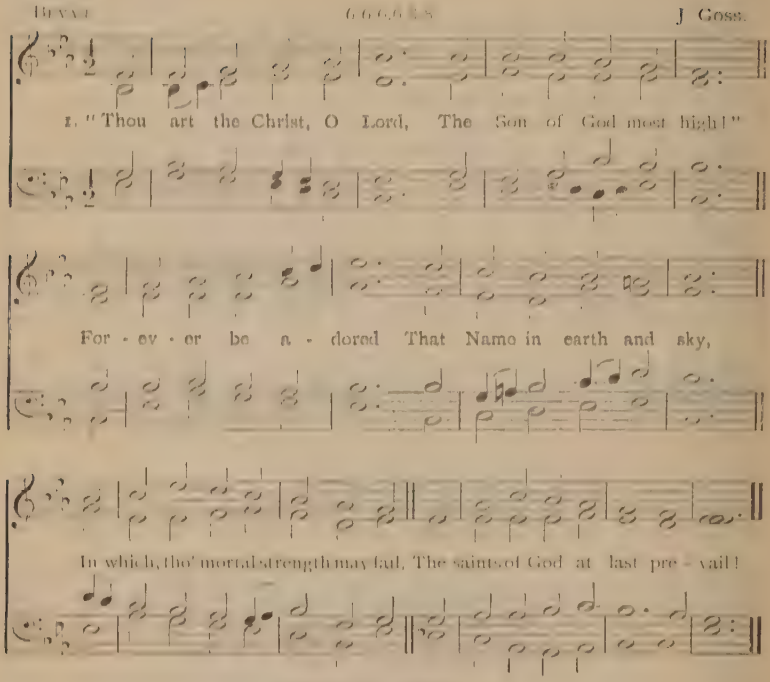
6.

So, when Thou com'st again,
Thy realm redeemed to see,
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men
A way made straight for Thee. Amen.

H. A. MARTIN.

## 164

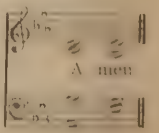
ST. PETER.


DEVAU
6 6 6 6 8 8
J. Goss.
1. "Thou art the Christ, O Lord, The Son of God most high!"
For - ev - er be a - dored That Name in earth and sky,
In which, tho' mortal strength may fail, The saints of God at last pre - vail!

2 Oh, surely he was blest
With blessèdness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ!
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
Thy saint a true foundation-stone.

3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardor burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasped the martyr's crown.

4 Oh bright triumphant faith!
Oh courage void of fears!
Oh love, most strong in death!
Oh penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call.

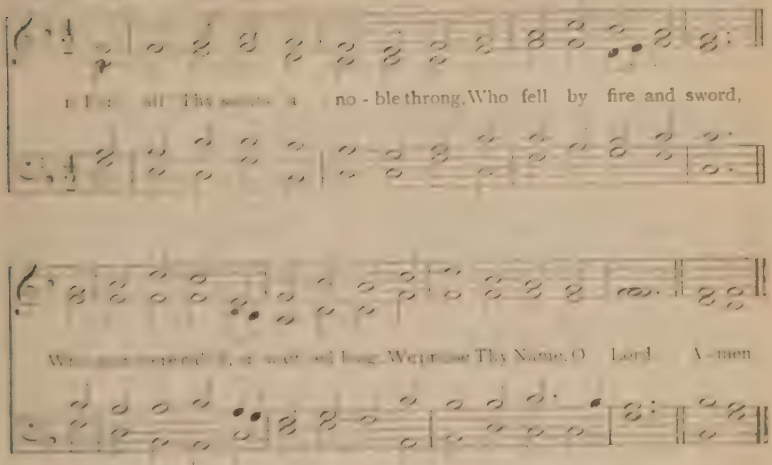



W. W. HOW.

165

ST. JAMES.

C.M. T. TURTON




2 For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;

3 Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;

4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

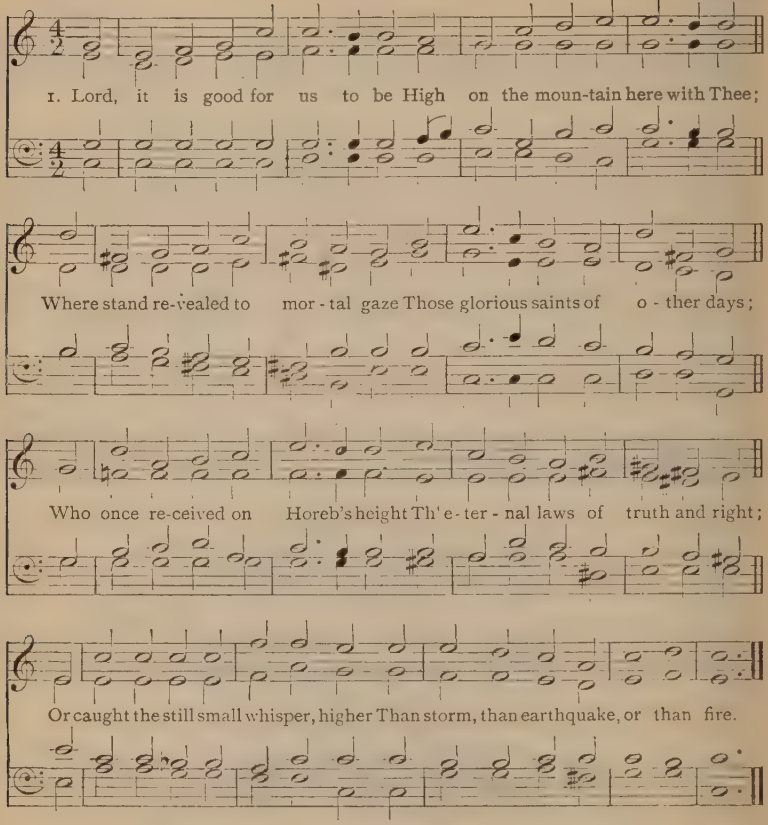
5 Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So, meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

## 166 THE TRANSFIGURATION.

ST. CASIMER. L.M.D. J. Goss


1. Lord, it is good for us to be High on the moun-tain here with Thee;
Where stand re-vealed to mor - tal gaze Those glorious saints of o - ther days;
Who once re-ceived on Horeb's height Th'e - ter - nal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

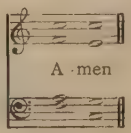
2.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

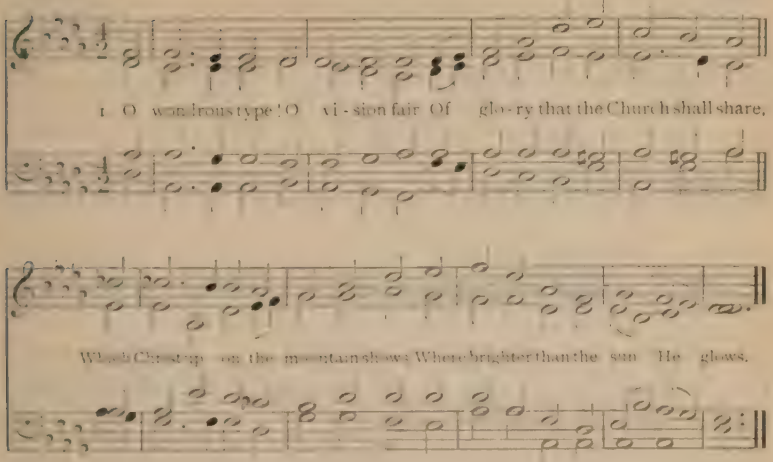
3.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is My Son; Oh, hear ye Him!"

A. P. STANLEY.



VISION. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.


1 O wondrous type! O vision fair Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows Where brighter than the sun He glows.

2.

From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3.

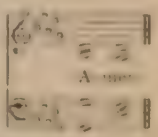
With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

4.

And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5.

O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

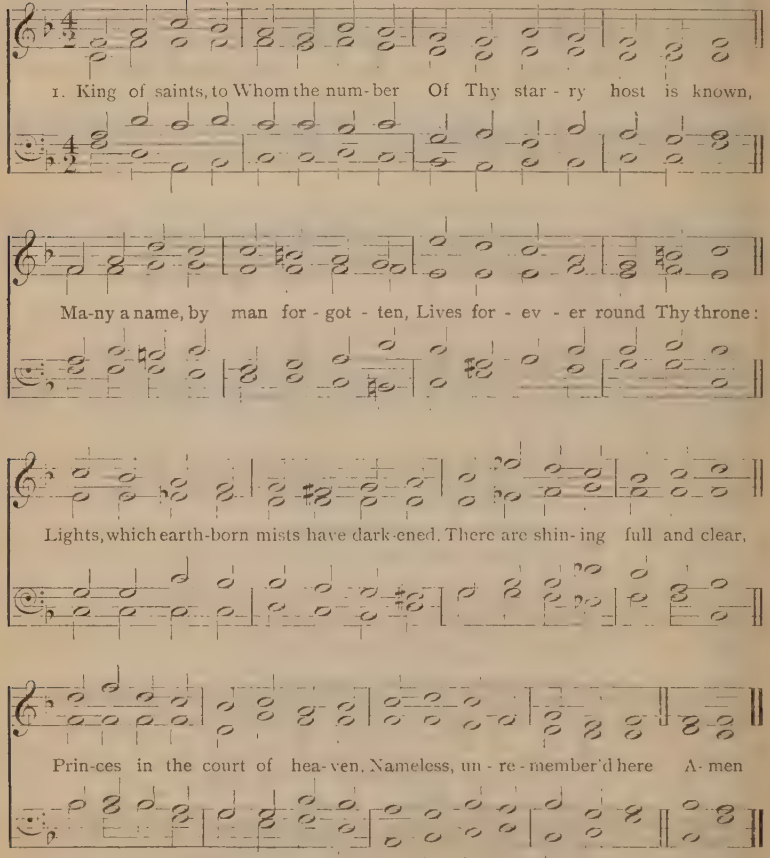



*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

Piano Copyright 1894, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

## 168 ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

IONA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. STAINER.


1. King of saints, to Whom the num-ber Of Thy star-ry host is known,
Ma-ny a name, by man for-got-ten, Lives for-ev-er round Thy throne:
Lights, which earth-born mists have dark-ened, There are shin-ing full and clear,
Prin-ces in the court of hea-ven, Name-less, un-re-member'd here A-men

2.

In the roll of Thine apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord;

3.

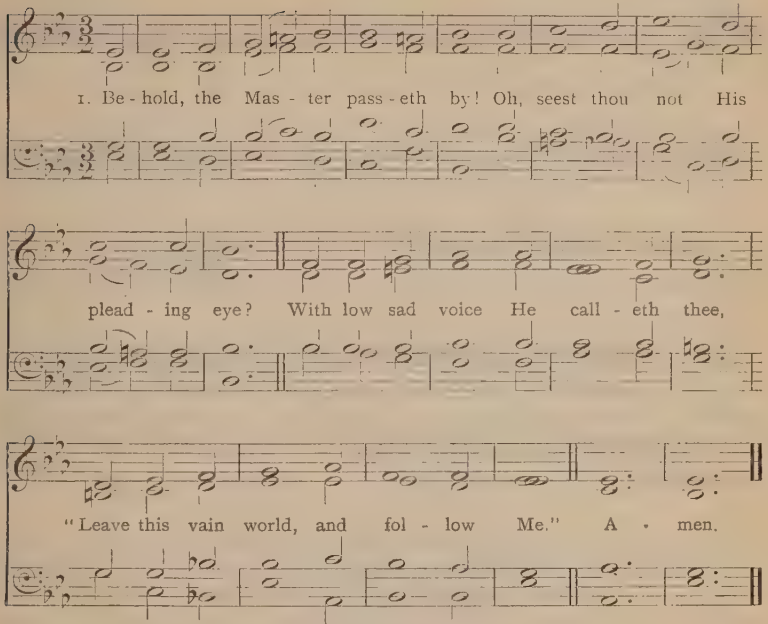
None can tell us: all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife:
There are told Thy hidden treasures;
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 169

ST. MATTHEW.

ANGELUS. L.M. SCHEFFLER'S "Geistliche Hirtenlieder."


1. Be - hold, the Mas - ter pass - eth by! Oh, seest thou not His
plead - ing eye? With low sad voice He call - eth thee,
"Leave this vain world, and fol - low Me." A - men.

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

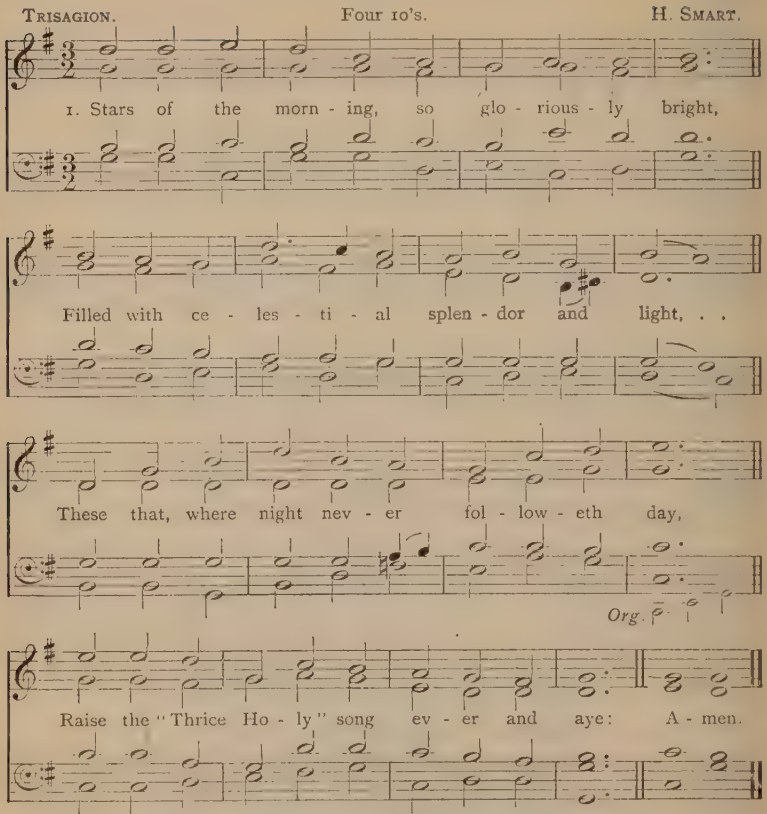
5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven and endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

## 170 ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

TRISAGION. Four 10's. H. SMART.


1. Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright,
Filled with ce - les - ti - al splen - dor and light, . .
These that, where night nev - er fol - low - eth day,
Org.
Raise the "Thrice Ho - ly" song ev - er and aye: A - men.

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

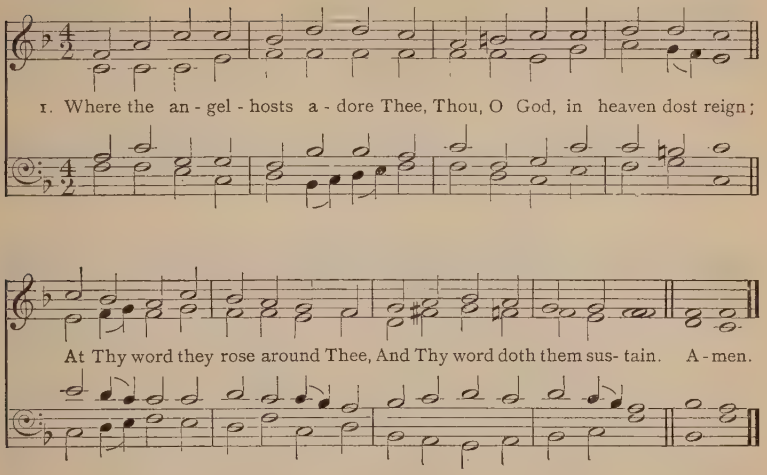
3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

171

MERTON. 8.7.8.7. W. H. MONK.


1. Where the an - gel - hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign;
At Thy word they rose around Thee, And Thy word doth them sus- tain. A - men.

2.

Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay;
Flames of fire in strength excelling,
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

3.

Fashioned in a wondrous order,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;
Grant that in our cares and dangers
They may timely succor bring.

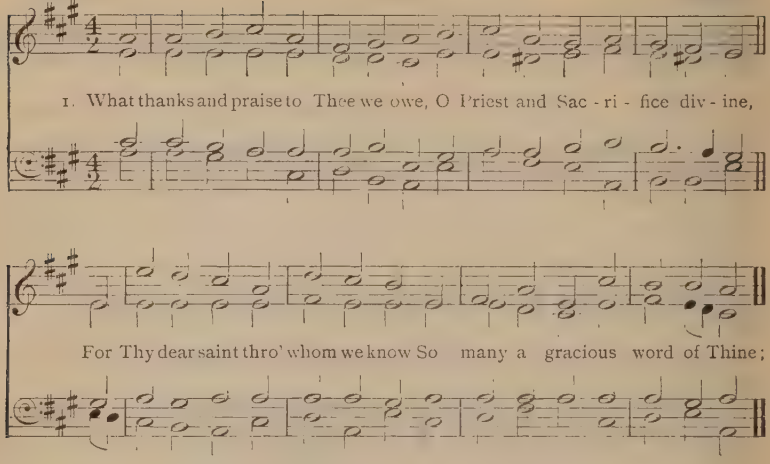
4.

Praise to Thee Who hast created
Earth and heaven with all their host;
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

*Tr.* I. WILLIAMS.

## 172 ST. LUKE.

ELY. L.M. T. TURTON.


1. What thanks and praise to Thee we owe, O Priest and Sac - ri - fice div - ine,
For Thy dear saint thro' whom we know So many a gracious word of Thine;

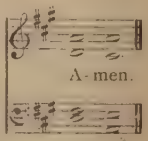
2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

3 And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

5 The witness of the Saviour's life,
The great apostle's chosen friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end.

6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

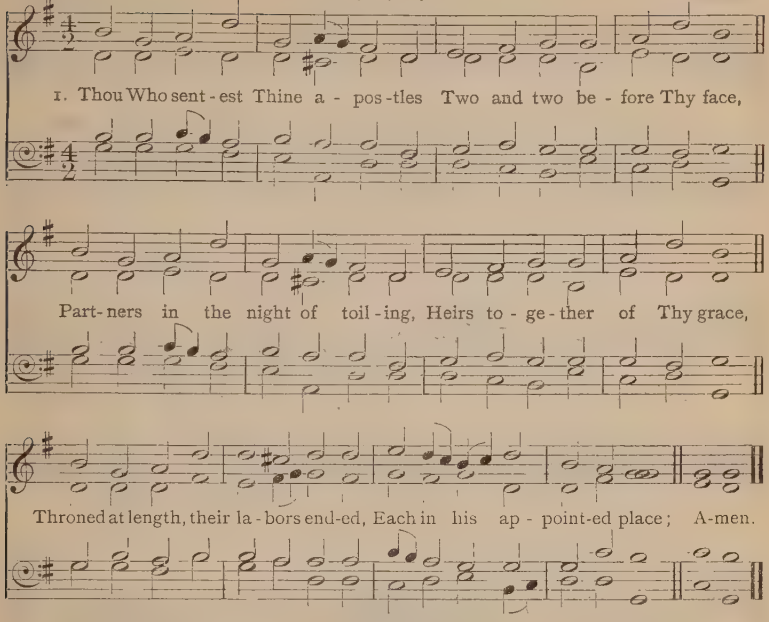



W. D. MACLAGAN.

173

## ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

BAMBERG. 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.


1. Thou Who sent - est Thine a - pos - tles Two and two be - fore Thy face,
Part - ners in the night of toil - ing, Heirs to - ge - ther of Thy grace,
Throned at length, their la - bors end-ed, Each in his ap - point-ed place; A-men.

2.

Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened
Burned anew with nobler flame;
One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

3.

Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them
Spake in love, and wrought in power;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour;
Heard in tones of sternest warning
When the storms began to lower.

4.

Once again those storms are breaking;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:
Save us, Lord, our one Salvation;
Save the faith revealed of old.

5.

Call the erring by Thy pity;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear;
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near:

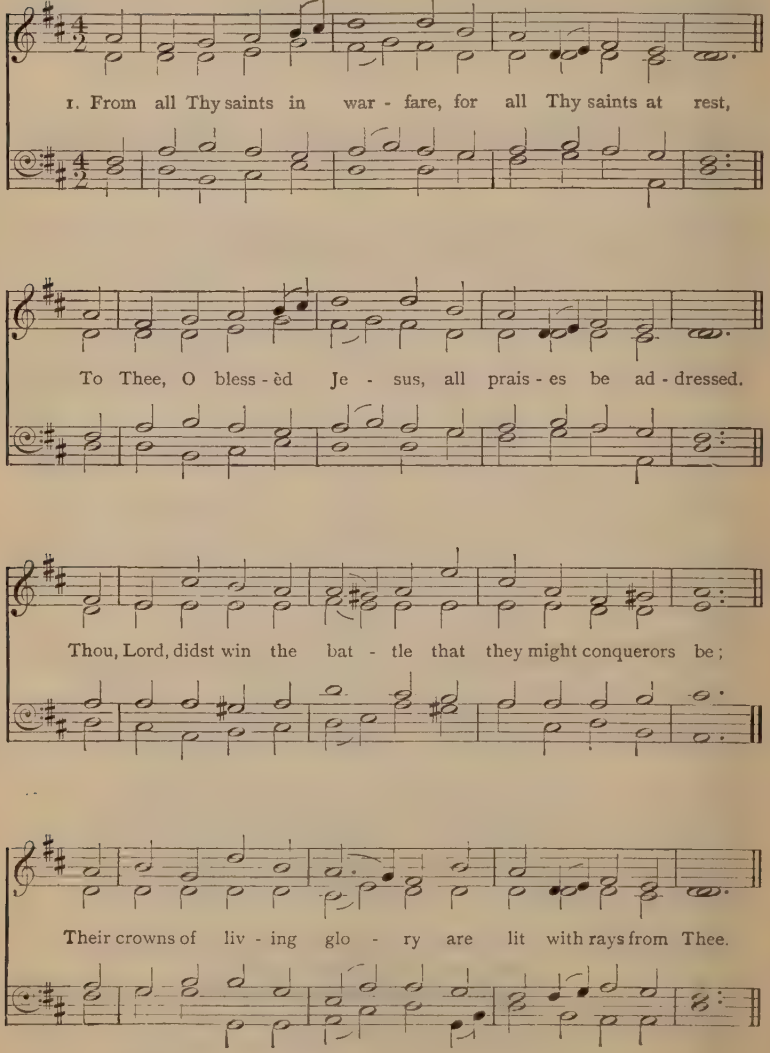
6.

Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed
And the lifelong conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 174 GENERAL FOR SAINT'S DAYS.

PÆAN. 7.6.7.6. D. F. A. VON WEBER.


1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O bless - èd Je - sus, all prais - es be ad - dressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.

St. Andrew.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

St. Thomas.

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

St. Stephen.

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

St. John the Evangelist.

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy Godhead bore,
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed.
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

The Holy Innocents.

6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

St. Matthias.

8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

St. Mark.

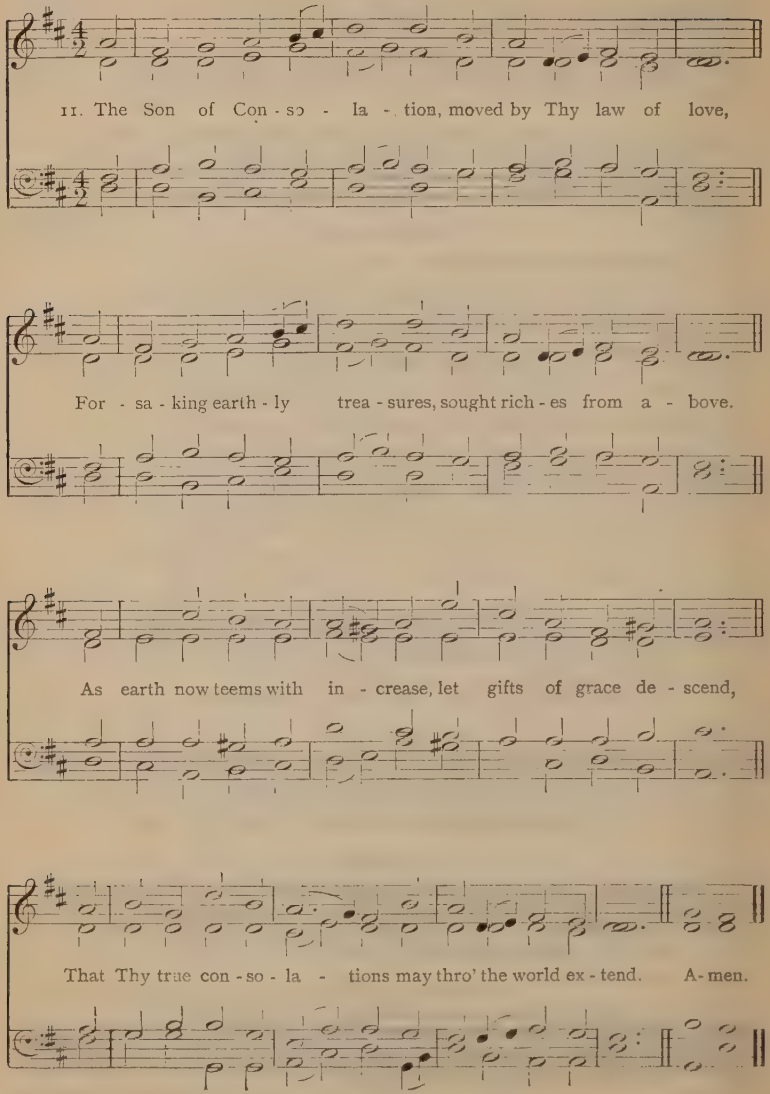
9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

St. Philip and St. James.

10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

[*For continuation see next page.*

**174** (*continued.*) ST. BARNABAS.


11. The Son of Con - so - la - tion, moved by Thy law of love,
For - sa - king earth - ly trea - sures, sought rich - es from a - bove.
As earth now teems with in - crease, let gifts of grace de - scend,
That Thy true con - so - la - tions may thro' the world ex - tend. A - men.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray:
Make us the rather blessèd, who love Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.

13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, oh, give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.

17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

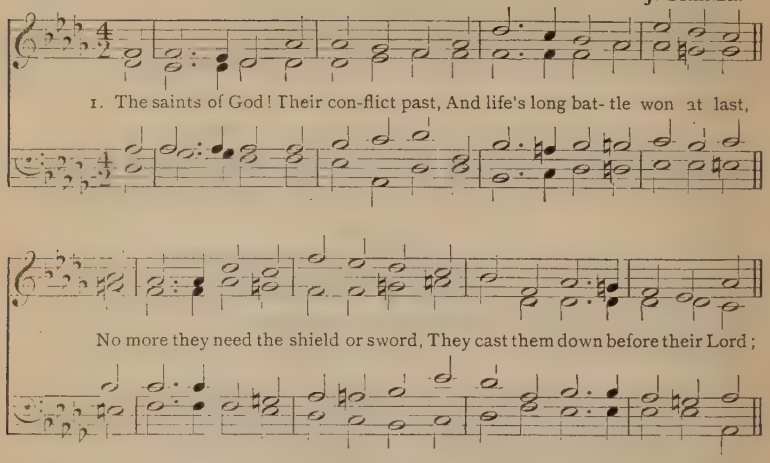
20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.

H. NELSON.

# All Saints.

175

REST. Six 8's. J. STAINER.


1. The saints of God! Their con-flict past, And life's long bat- tle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down before their Lord;
Voices in Unison.
Harmony.
O hap-py saints for - ev - er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest! A-men.

2.

The saints of God! Their wanderings done.
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appall:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3.

The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

4.

The saints of God their vigil keep,
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5.

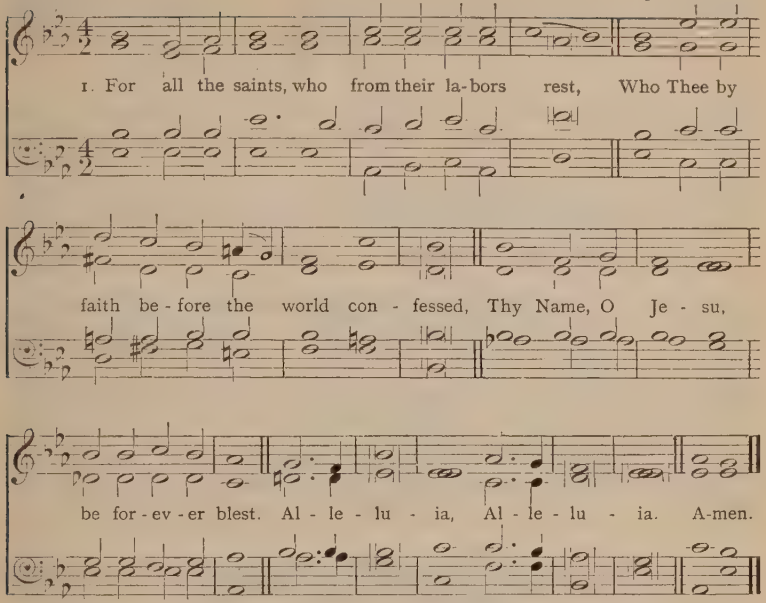
O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!
Amen.

W. D. MACLAGAN.

# All Saints.

176

SARUM. 10.10.10.4. J. BARNBY.


1. For all the saints, who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-su,
be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. A-men.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west; [rest;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; [array;
The saints triumphant rise in bright
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

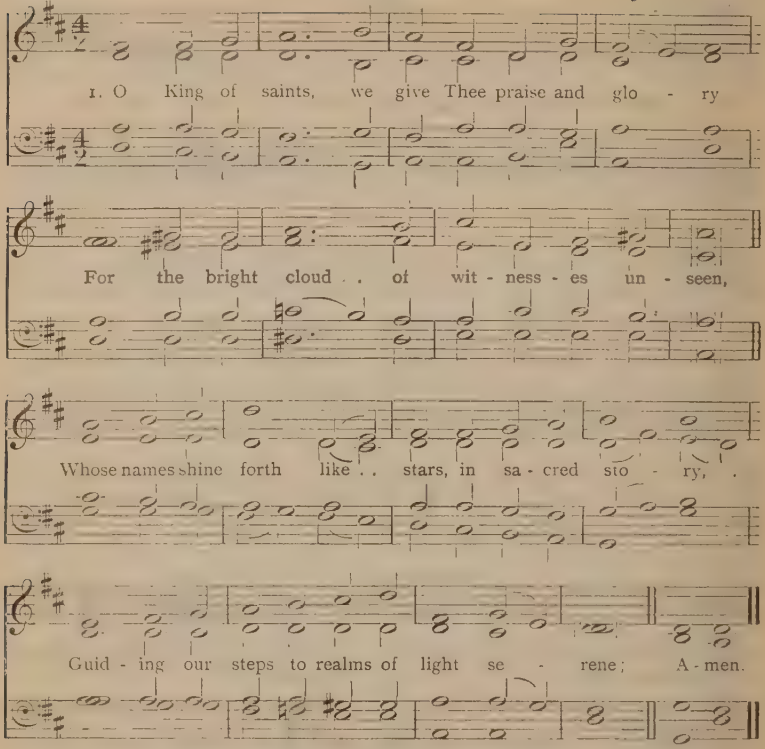
8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

177

# All Saints.

STRENGTH AND STAY. 11.10.11.10. J. B. DYKES.


1. O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glo - ry
For the bright cloud . . of wit - ness - es un - seen,
Whose names shine forth like . . stars, in sa - cred sto - ry, .
Guid - ing our steps to realms of light se - rene; A - men.

2 And for Thy hidden saints, our praise adoring,
Fount of all sanctity, to Thee we yield,
Who in Thy treasure-house on high, art storing
Jewels whose lustre was, on earth, concealed.

3 Thine arm sustained them all in conflict mortal
With sin, the world, and all the powers of hell;
Thy hand hath oped for all, the shining portal
To realms where peace and joy forever dwell.

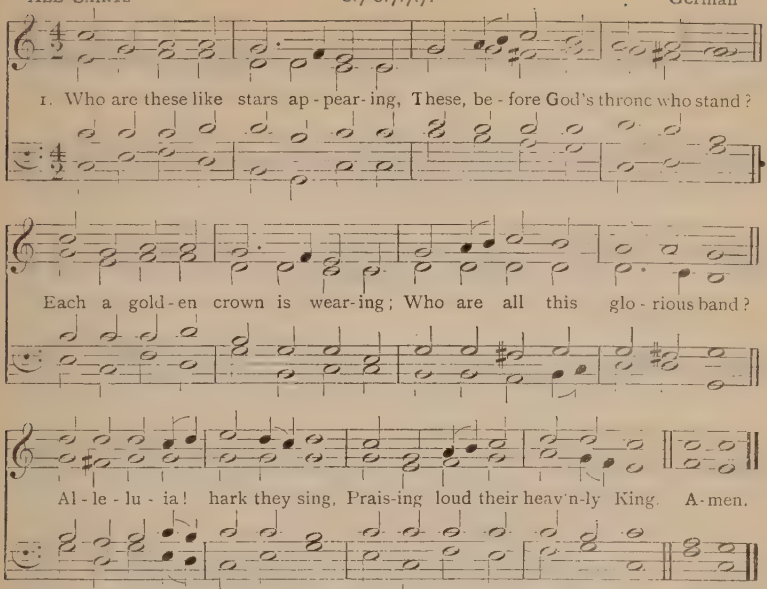
4 There are the throned and white-robed elders, casting
Before the King of kings, their crowns of gold;
And there are crowns and mansions everlasting,
And palms and harps for multitudes untold.

5 Though, in Thy service, we too oft have slumbered,
Like the ten virgins, foolish ones and wise;
Yet with Thy saints, may we at last be numbered,
And at Thy call with burning lamps arise. Amen.

MRS. M. A. THOMSON.

# 178 All Saints.

ALL SAINTS 8.7 8.7.7.7. German


1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be-fore God's throne who stand?
Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?
Al-le-lu-ia! hark they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

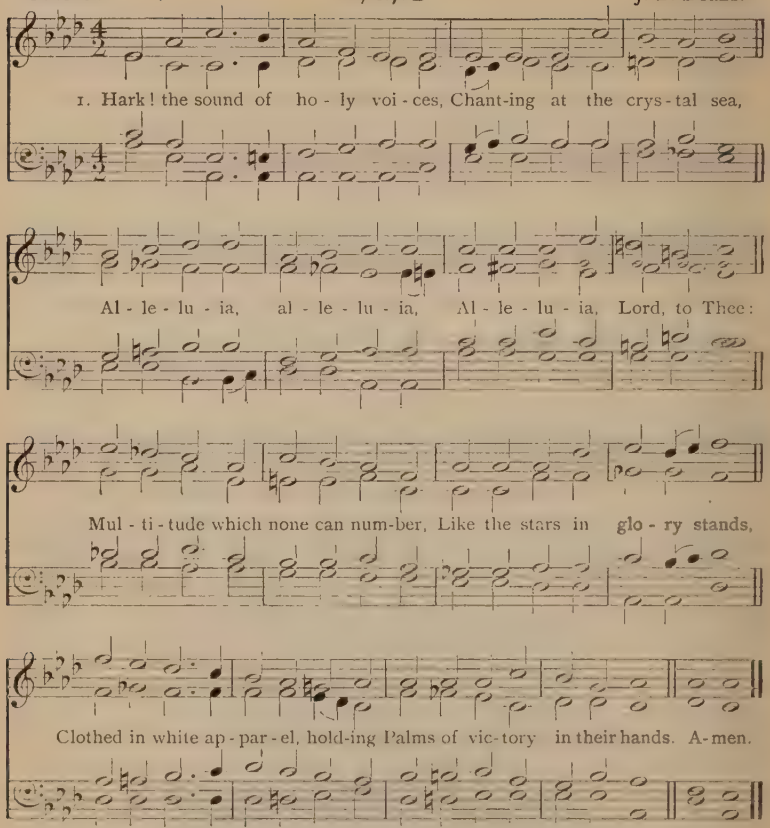
4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, like priests, have watched and waited
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

*Tr.* F. E. COX.

# 179 All Saints.

SANCTUARY 8 7.8.7. D J. B. DYKES.


1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:
Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic-tory in their hands. A-men.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

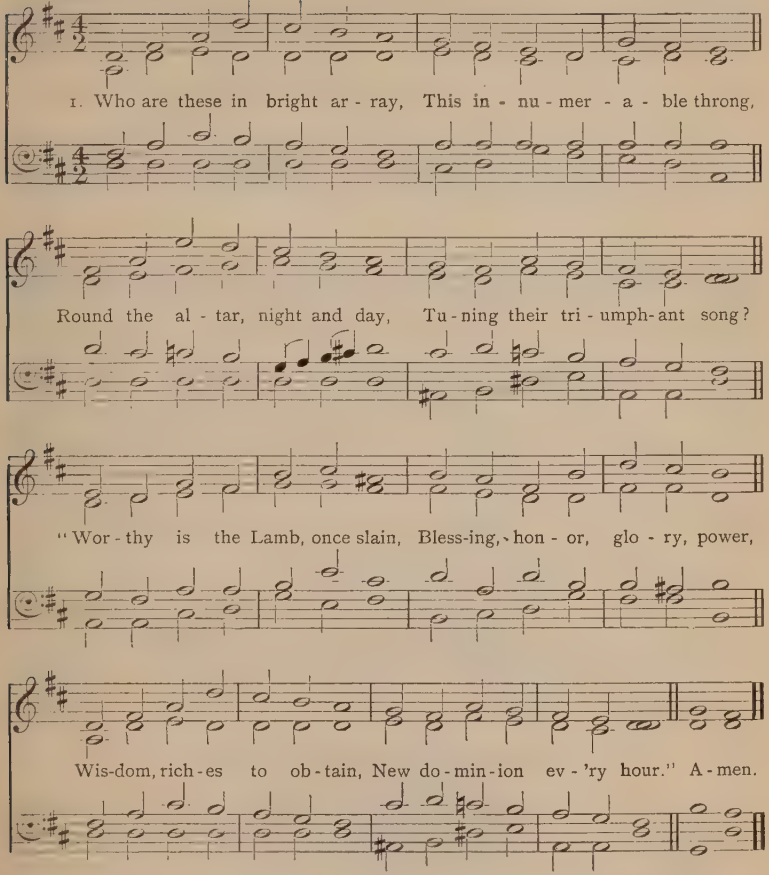
3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

# 180 All Saints.

HONITON. Eight 7's. E. FLOOD.


1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,
Round the al - tar, night and day, Tu - ning their tri - umph - ant song?
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,
Wis-dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour." A - men.

2.

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

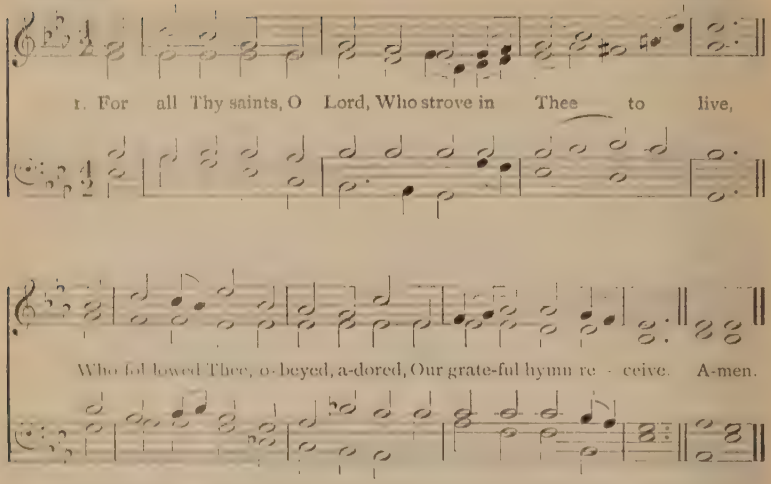
3.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Then the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY

# All Saints.

KESWICK S.M. HORATIO PARKER




2.

For Thy dear saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3.

Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4.

Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee. Amen

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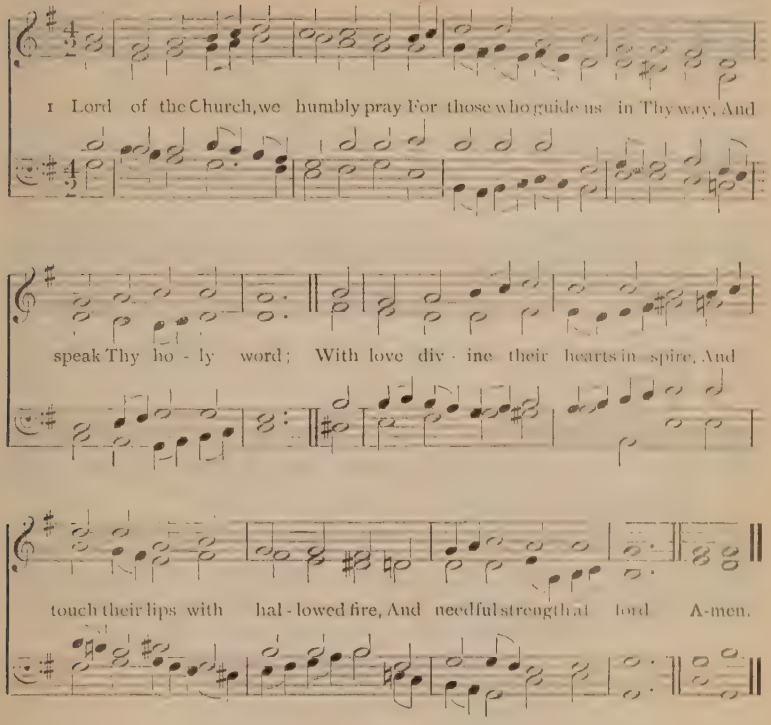
# Ember Days.

INNSBRUCK. 8.8.6.8.8.6. Harmonized by J. S. BACH.


1 Lord of the Church, we humbly pray For those who guide us in Thy way, And
speak Thy ho - ly word; With love div - ine their hearts in - spire, And
touch their lips with hal - lowed fire, And needful strength at last, Lord A-men.

2.

Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.

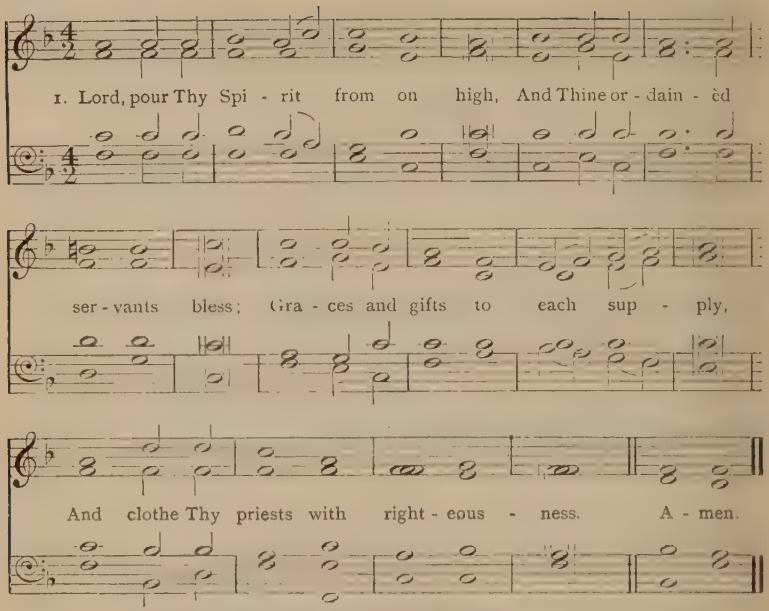
3.

So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love. Amen.

E. OSLER.

# Ember Days.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Lord, pour Thy Spi - rit from on high, And Thine or - dain - èd
ser - vants bless; Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply,
And clothe Thy priests with right - eous - ness. A - men.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.

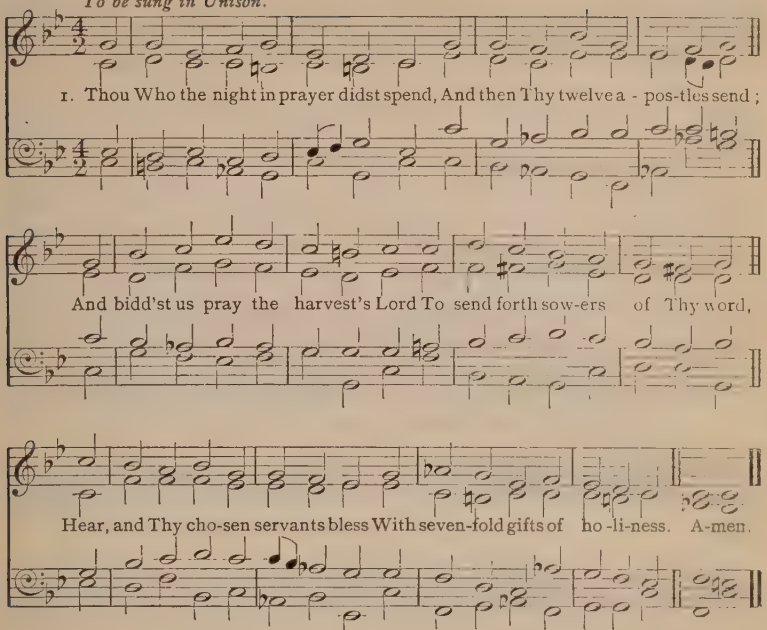
5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

# Ember Days.

THE OLD 112TH. Six 8's. J. S. BACH.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. Thou Who the night in prayer didst spend, And then Thy twelve a - pos-tles send;
And bidd'st us pray the harvest's Lord To send forth sow-ers of Thy word,
Hear, and Thy cho-sen servants bless With seven-fold gifts of ho-li-ness. A-men.

2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,
Not laboring for themselves, but Thee;
Give grace to feed with wholesome food
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood;
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love!

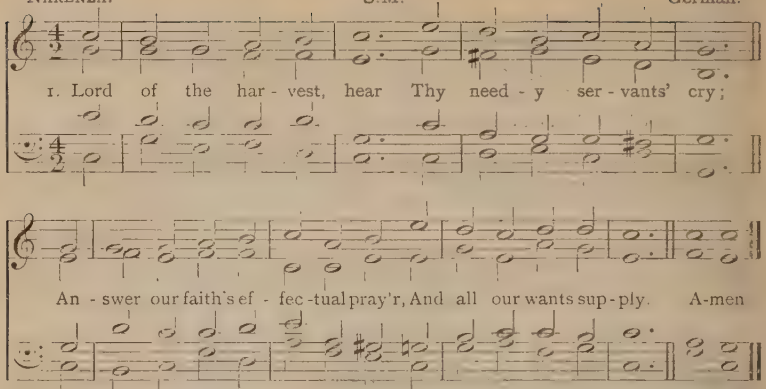
3 Oh, may Thy people faithful be,
And in Thy pastors honor Thee,
And with them work, and for them pray,
And gladly Thee in them obey;
Receive the prophet of the Lord,
And gain the prophet's own reward!

4 So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before the throne;
And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

## 185 Ember Days.

NARENZA. S.M. German.




2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view:
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The laborers are few.

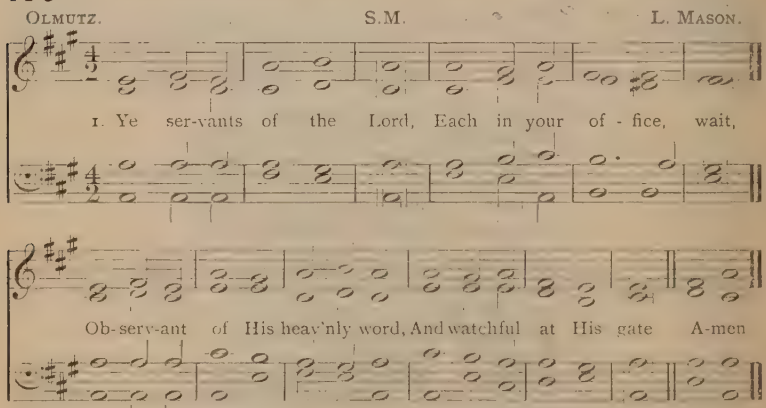
3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove:
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 186

OLMUTZ. S.M. L. MASON.



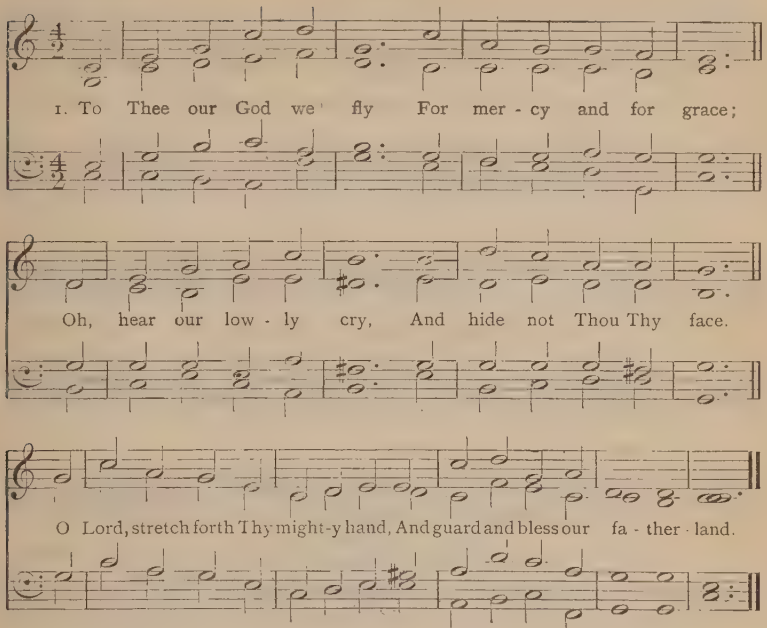

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. STEGGALL.


1. To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace;
Oh, hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy might-y hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land.

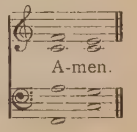
2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee,
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

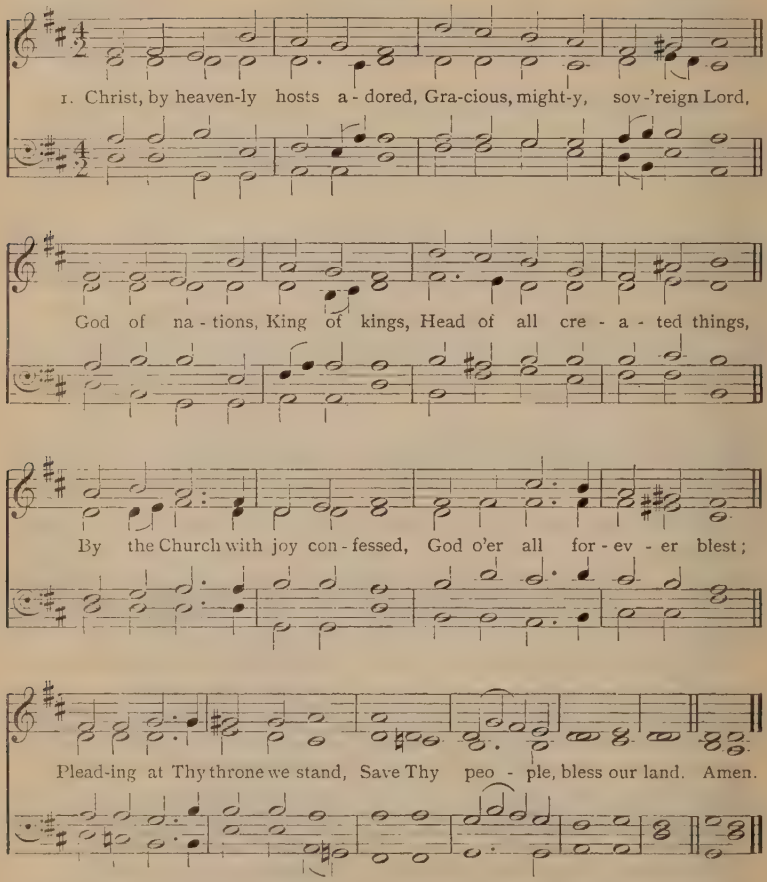
6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh, let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.




W. W. HOW.

# 188 Rogation Days.

EDMUND. Eight 7's. J. B. DYKES


1. Christ, by heaven-ly hosts a - dored, Gra-cious, might-y, sov-'reign Lord,
God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - a - ted things,
By the Church with joy con - fessed, God o'er all for - ev - er blest;
Plead-ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo - ple, bless our land. Amen.

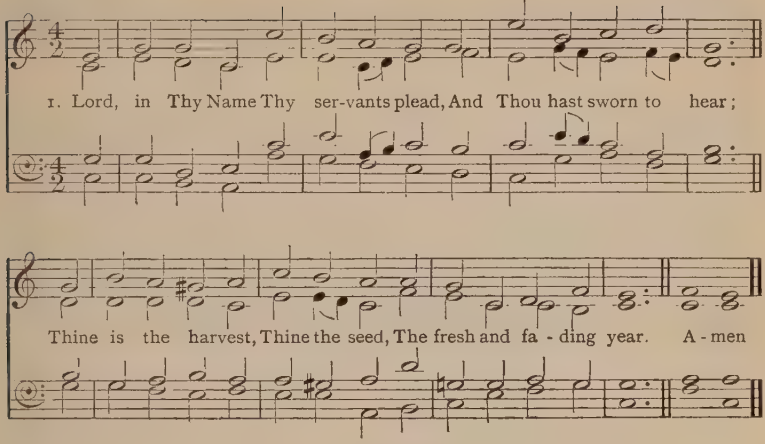
2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land. Amen.

H. HARBAUGH.

# Rogation Days.

WESTMINSTER. C.M J TURLE.


1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser-vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fa - ding year. A - men

2.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain.
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

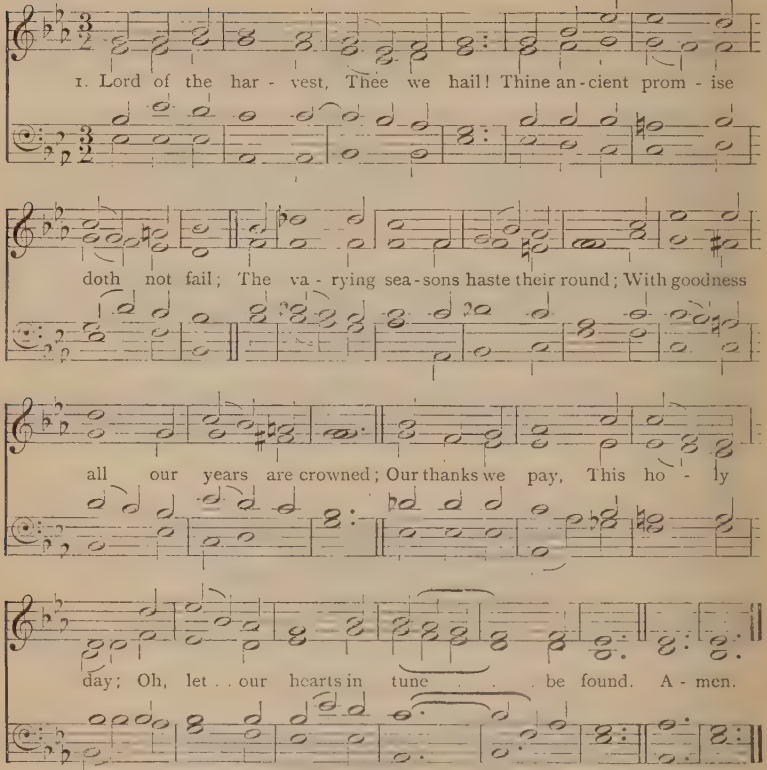
5.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heavens and earth
We never may forego. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

# Thanksgiving Day.

KILBECK. 8.8.8.8.4.4.8. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Lord of the har - vest, Thee we hail! Thine an - cient prom - ise
doth not fail; The va - rying sea - sons haste their round; With goodness
all our years are crowned; Our thanks we pay, This ho - ly
day; Oh, let . . our hearts in tune . . be found. A - men.

2.

When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King; [reign.
Through all their changes Thou dost

3.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fills the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.

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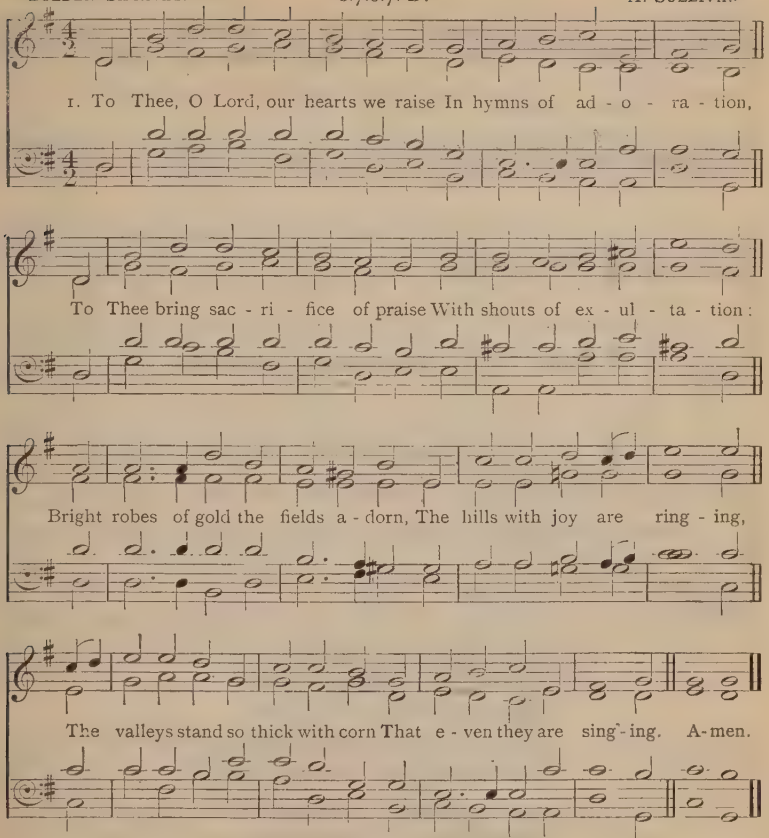
# Thanksgiving Day.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8.7.8.7. D. A. SULLIVAN


1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,
To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:
Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing. A - men.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

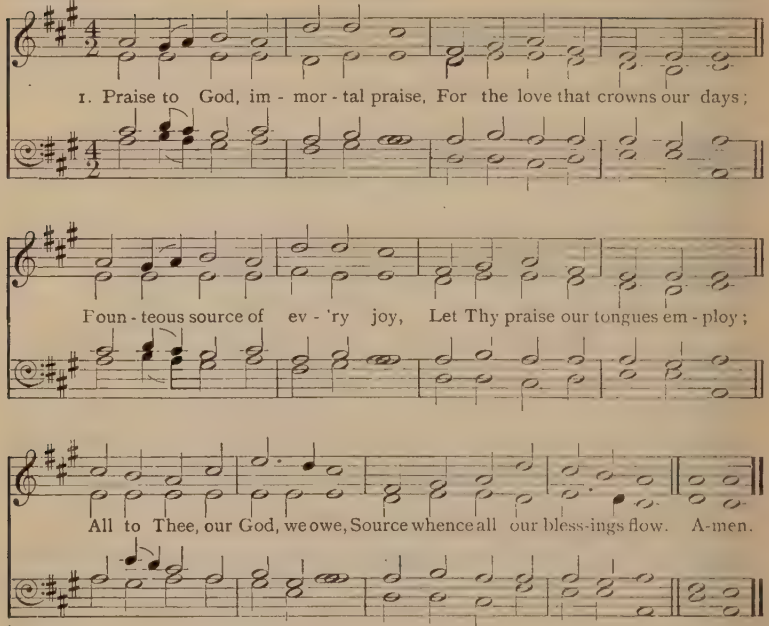
3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide forever; [broad,
Where golden fields spread fair and
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With our to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

# Thanksgiving Day.

DIX. Six 7's. C. KOCHER.


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Foun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-men.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

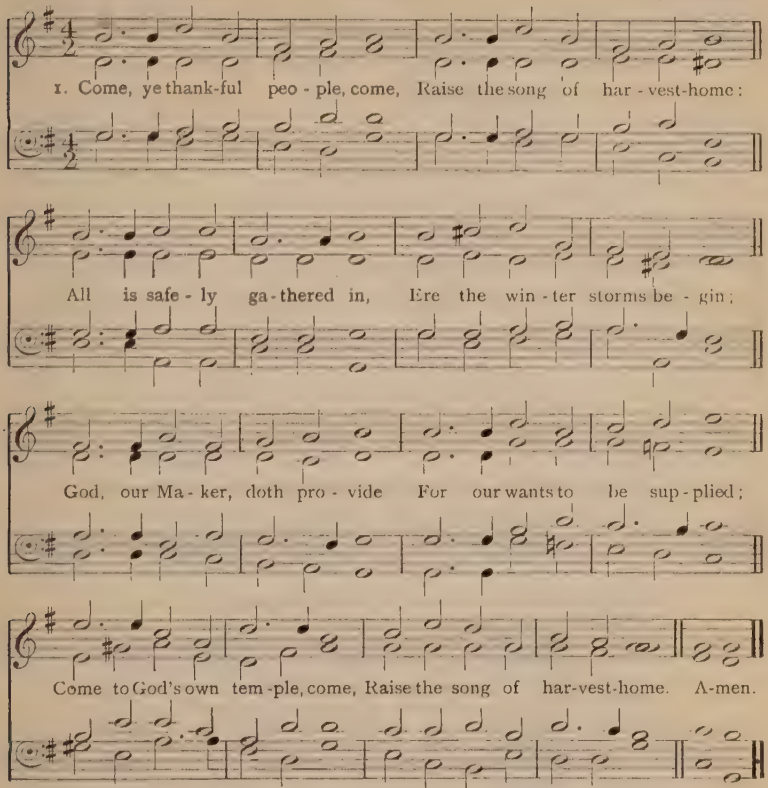
3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

A. L. BARBAULD.

# 193 Thanksgiving Day.

St. George's, Windsor. Eight 7's. G. J. Elvey.


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home:
All is safe - ly ga-thered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

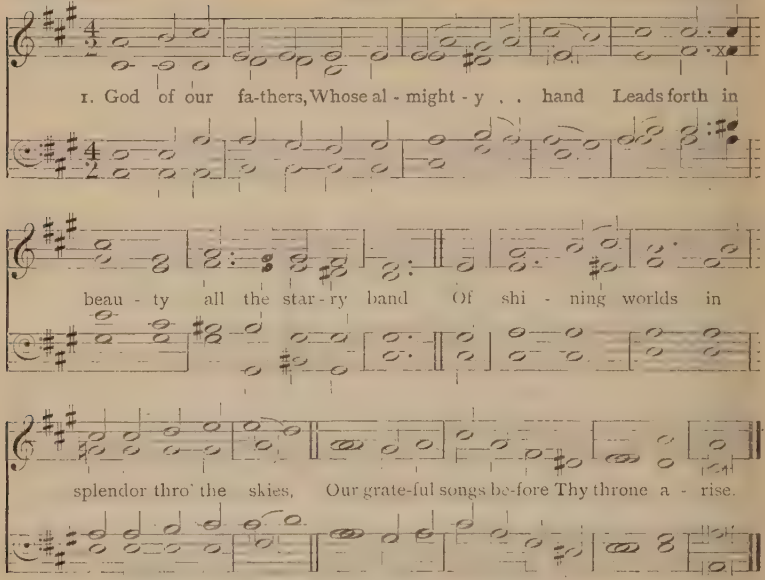
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angel, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.
Amen.

H. Alford.

## 194

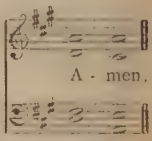
PRO PATRIA. Four 10's HORATIO PARKER.


1. God of our fa-thers, Whose al - might - y . . hand Leads forth in
beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shi - ning worlds in
splendor thro' the skies, Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a - rise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

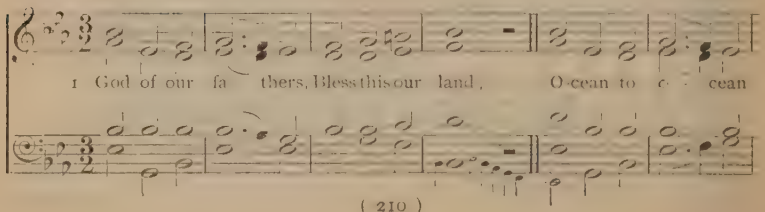
4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

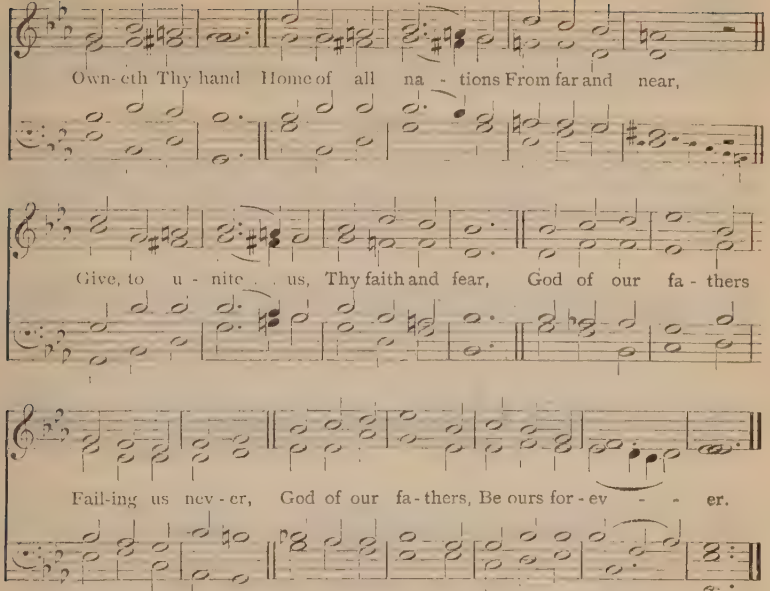



D. C. ROBERTS.

## 195

SABAOTH P.M J. H. HOPKINS.

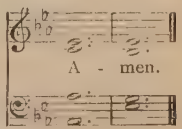



Own-eth Thy hand Home of all na - tions From far and near,
Give, to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear, God of our fa - thers
Fail-ing us nev-er, God of our fa-thers, Be ours for-ev - er.

2 Lord God of Sabaoth,
Mighty in war,
Boundless and numberless
Thine armies are.
Thy right hand conquereth
All that oppose;
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,
Smite down our foes;
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Failing us never,
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Fight for us ever.

3 Lord God our Saviour,
Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness
Bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty
Makest us free,
Knowing no master,
No king, but Thee;
Lord God our Saviour,
Failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour,
Reign Thou forever.

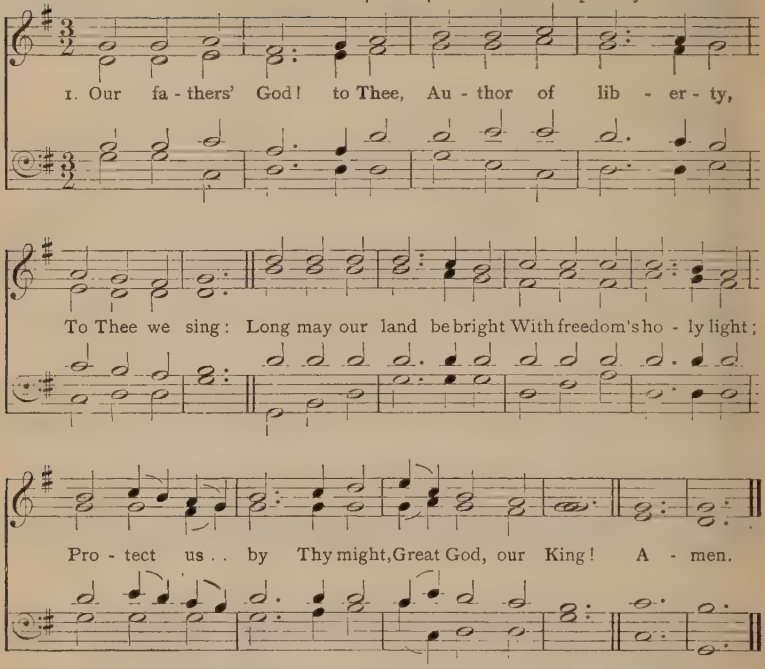
4 Spirit of unity,
Crown of all kings,
Find us a resting place
Under Thy wings:
By Thine own presence
Thy will be done,
Millions of free men
Banded as one,
Lord God almighty,
Failing us never,
Thine be the glory,
Now and forever.




J. H. HOPKINS.

NOTE.—The slurs must occasionally be disregarded.

AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.4. Adapted by H. CAREY.

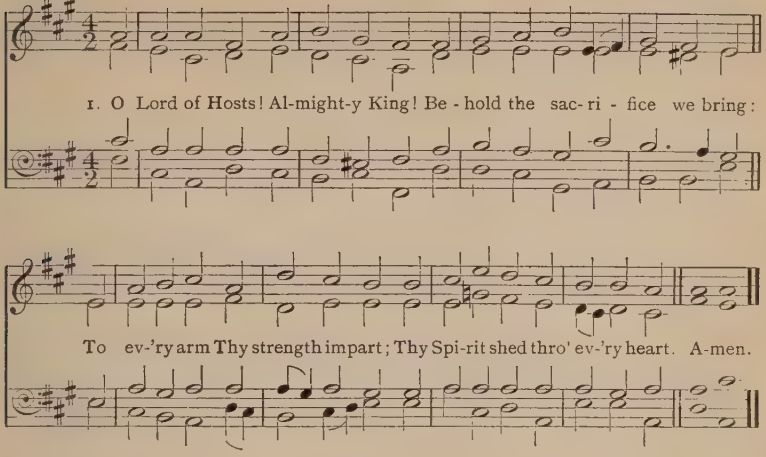

1. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;
Pro - tect us . . by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - men.

2 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

3 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state! Amen.

S. F. SMITH; C. T. BROOKS; J. S. DWIGHT.

BRESLAU. L.M. German.


1. O Lord of Hosts! Al-might-y King! Be - hold the sac- ri - fice we bring:
To ev-'ry arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spi-rit shed thro' ev-'ry heart. A-men.

2.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free
To die for her is serving Thee.

3.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4.

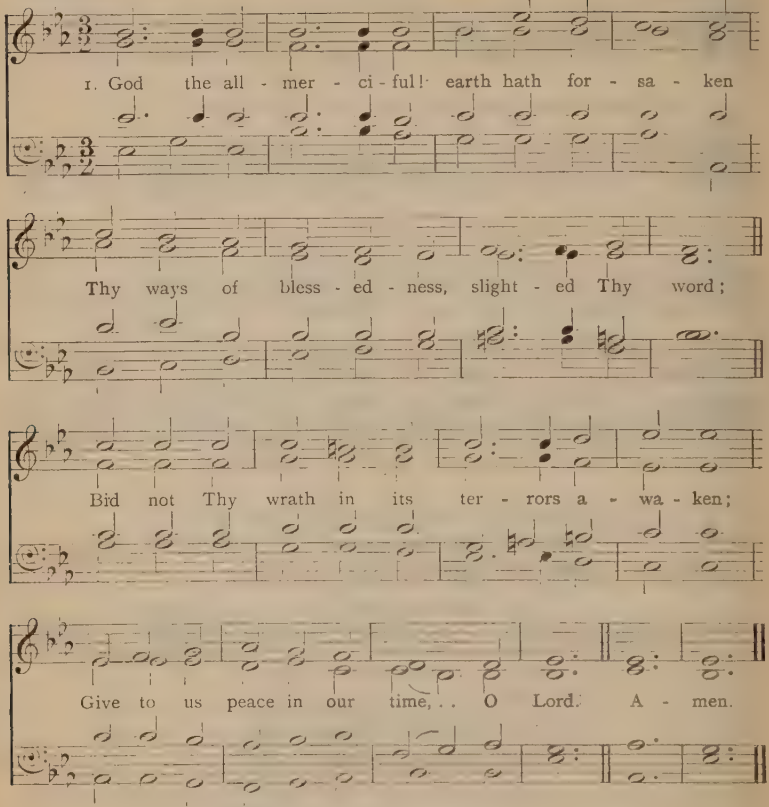
God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee! Amen.

O. W. HOLMES.

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS. 11.10.11.9. A. SULLIVAN.


1. God the all - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sa - ken
Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wa - ken;
Give to us peace in our time, . . O Lord. A - men.

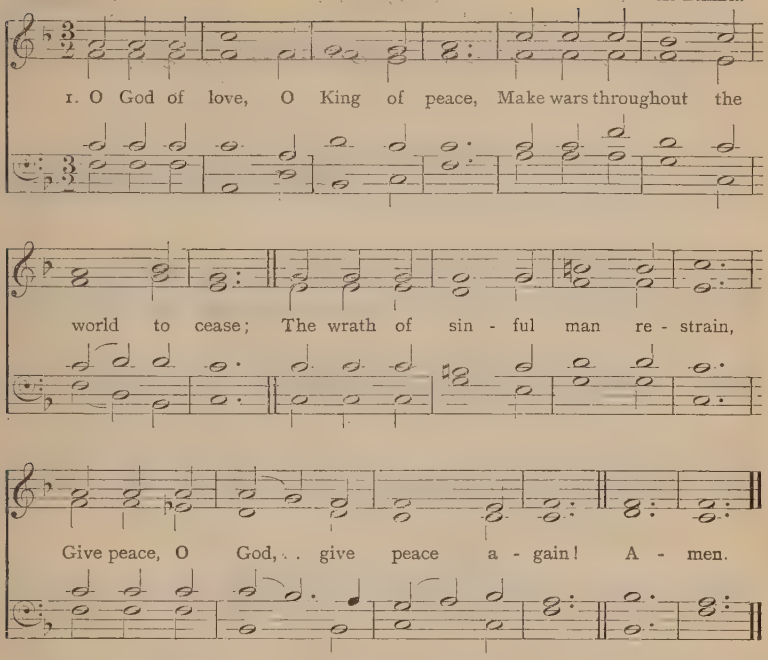
2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY. J. ELLERTON.

HESPERUS. L.M. H. BAKER.


1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the
world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful man re - strain,
Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A - men.

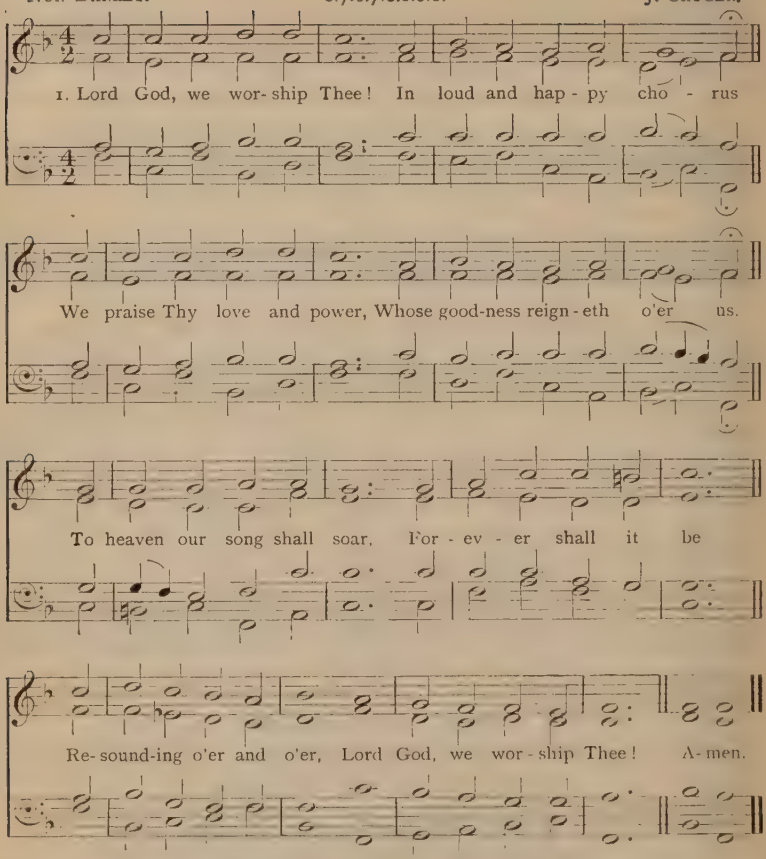
2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. J. CRÜGER.

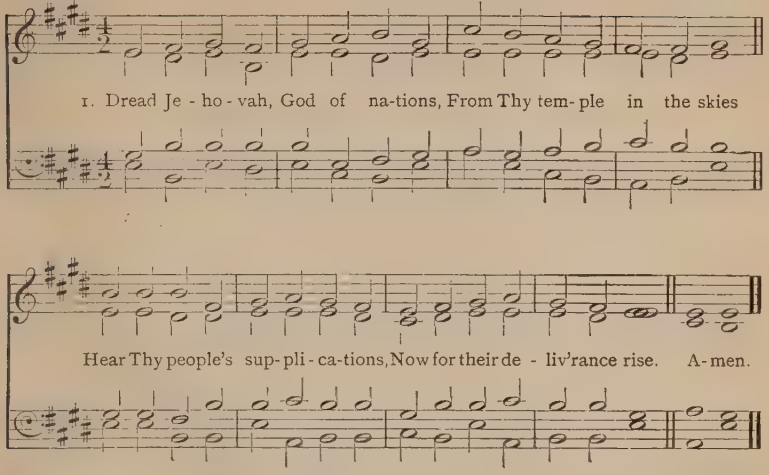

1. Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! In loud and hap-py cho-rus
We praise Thy love and power, Whose good-ness reign-eth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar, For-ev-er shall it be
Re-sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! A-men.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!
Amen.

*Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

BATTY. 8.7.8.7. German.


1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na-tions, From Thy tem- ple in the skies
Hear Thy people's sup- pli - ca-tions, Now for their de - liv'rance rise. A-men.

2.

Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4.

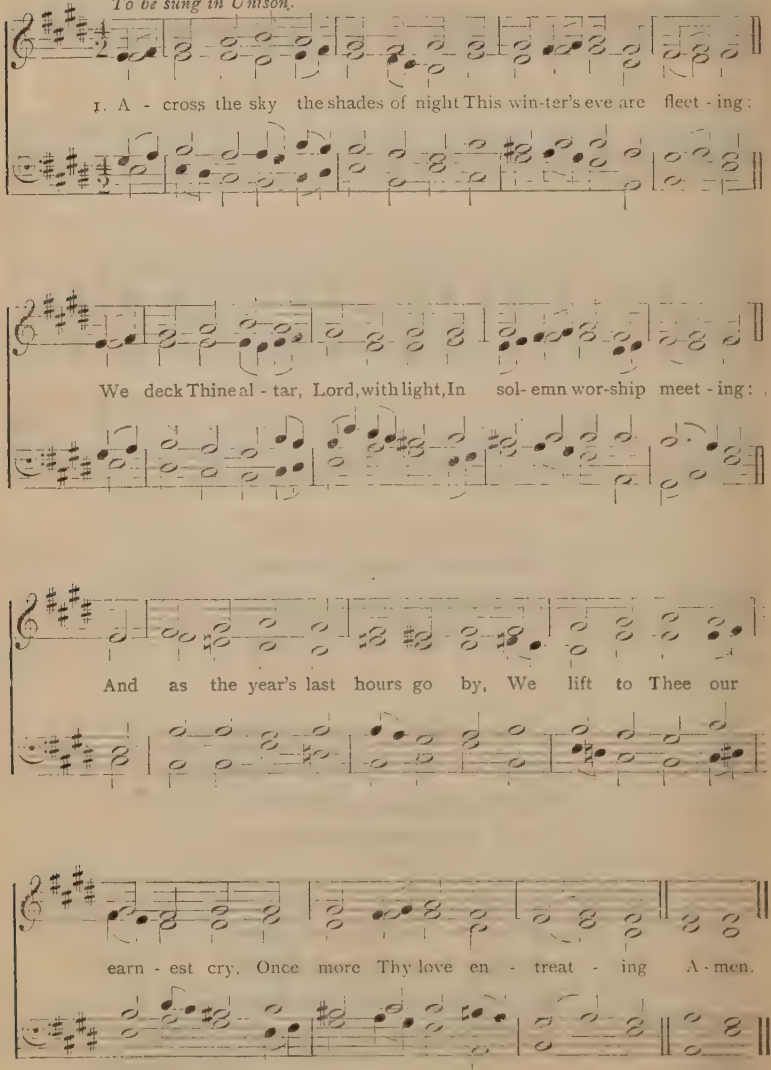
Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place. Amen.

*Author unknown.*

# The Old Year.

ATTOLLE. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. German.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. A - cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet - ing:
We deck Thine al - tar, Lord, with light, In sol- emn wor-ship meet - ing:
And as the year's last hours go by, We lift to Thee our
earn - est cry, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing A - men.

2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Whose peace descendeth o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies:
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our strength and stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

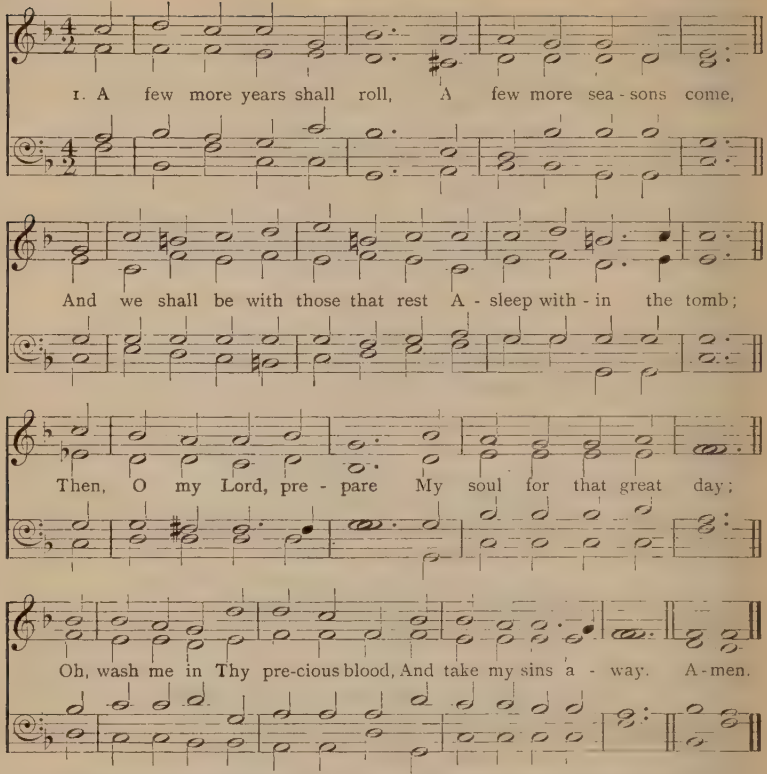
5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us:
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us. Amen.

J. HAMILTON.

# 203 The Old Year.

CHALVEY. S.M.D L. G. HAYNE.


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A-men.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

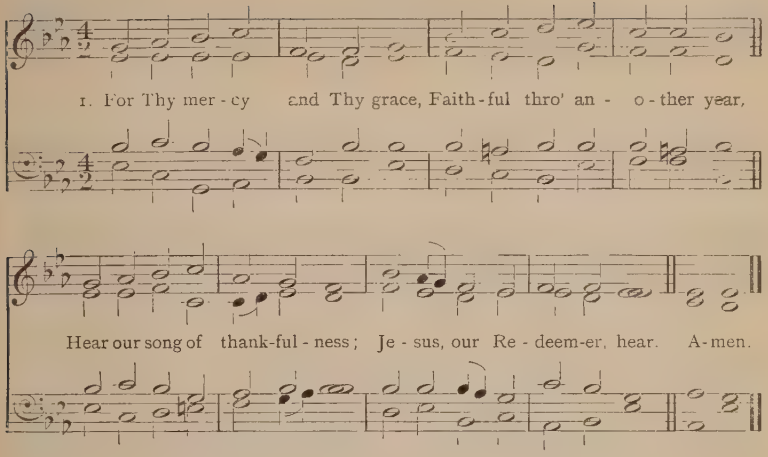
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

H. BONAR.

# The New Year.

GIBBONS. Four 7's. O. GIBBONS.




2.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

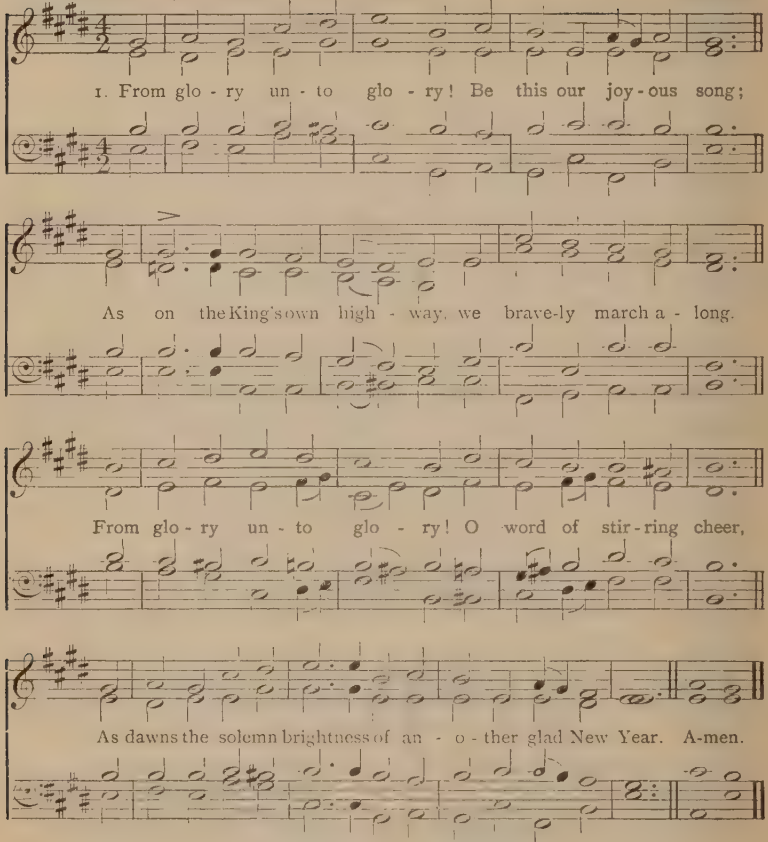
5.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings. Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

## 205

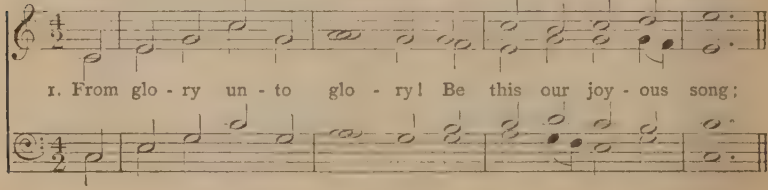
ST. MARGARET (*First Tune*). 13.13.13.14. G. C. MARTIN.


1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;
As on the King's own high - way, we brave-ly march a - long.
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of an - o - ther glad New Year. A-men.

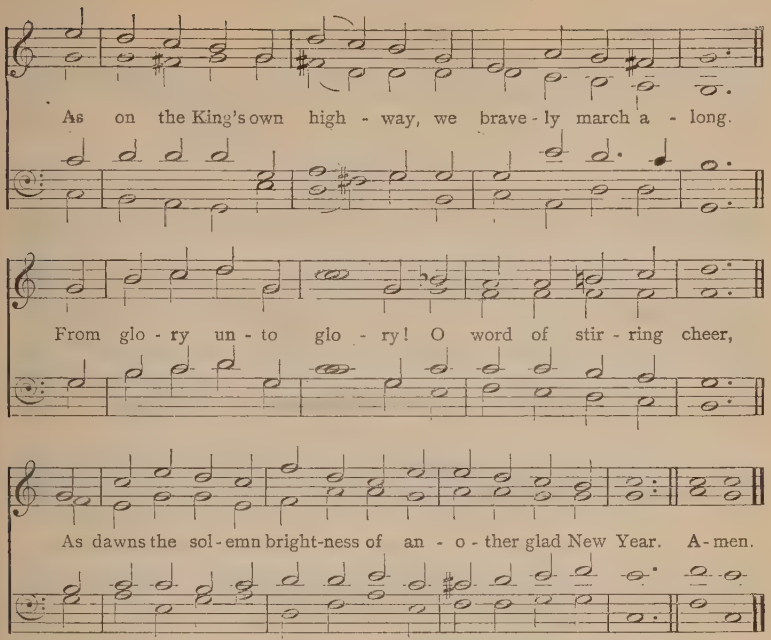
*Tune Copyright, 1902, by Novello and Company, Limited.*

## 205

ST. COLUMB (*Second Tune*). 13.13.13.14. W. S. HOYTE.



# The New Year.


As on the King's own high - way, we brave - ly march a - long.
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,
As dawns the sol - emn bright-ness of an - o - ther glad New Year. A - men.

2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which the Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

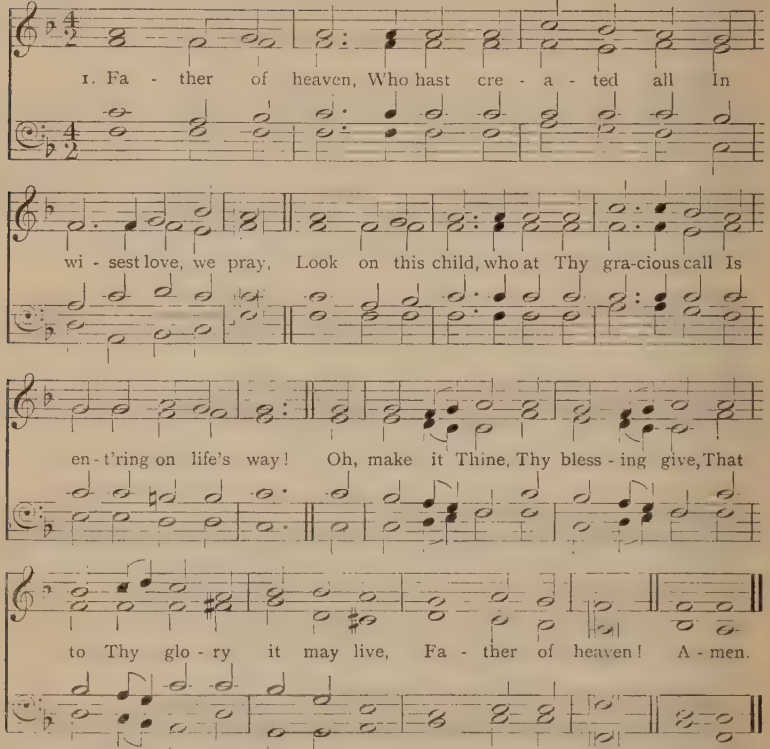
5 Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true:
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow.
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## 206 Holy Baptism.

ST. FRANCIS. 10.6.10.6 8.8.4. A. SULLIVAN.


1. Fa - ther of heaven, Who hast cre - a - ted all In
wi - sest love, we pray, Look on this child, who at Thy gra-cious call Is
en - t'ring on life's way! Oh, make it Thine, Thy bless - ing give, That
to Thy glo - ry it may live, Fa - ther of heaven! A - men.

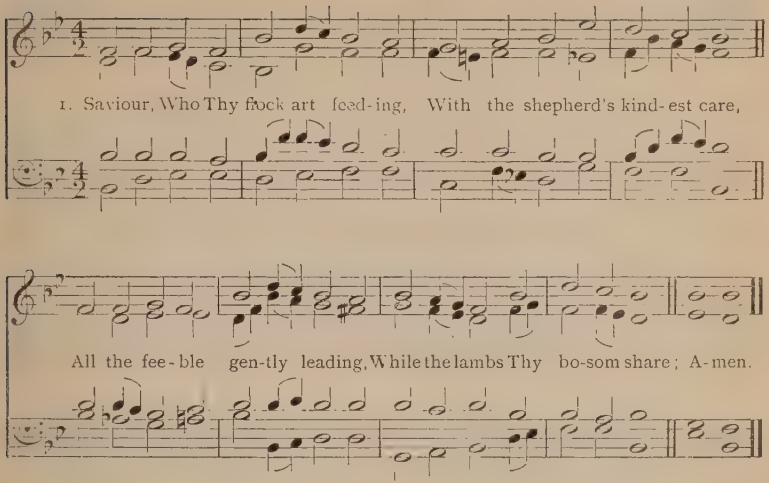
2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold
We bring this child to Thee;
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
Forever Thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it in the path of life,
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done;
We speak: but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on it Thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God. Amen.

A. KNAPP. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

TRUST. 8.7.8.7. MENDELSSOHN.


1. Saviour, Who Thy flock art feed-ing, With the shepherd's kind-est care,
All the fee-ble gen-tly leading, While the lambs Thy bo-som share; A-men.

2.

Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm:
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3.

Never from Thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4.

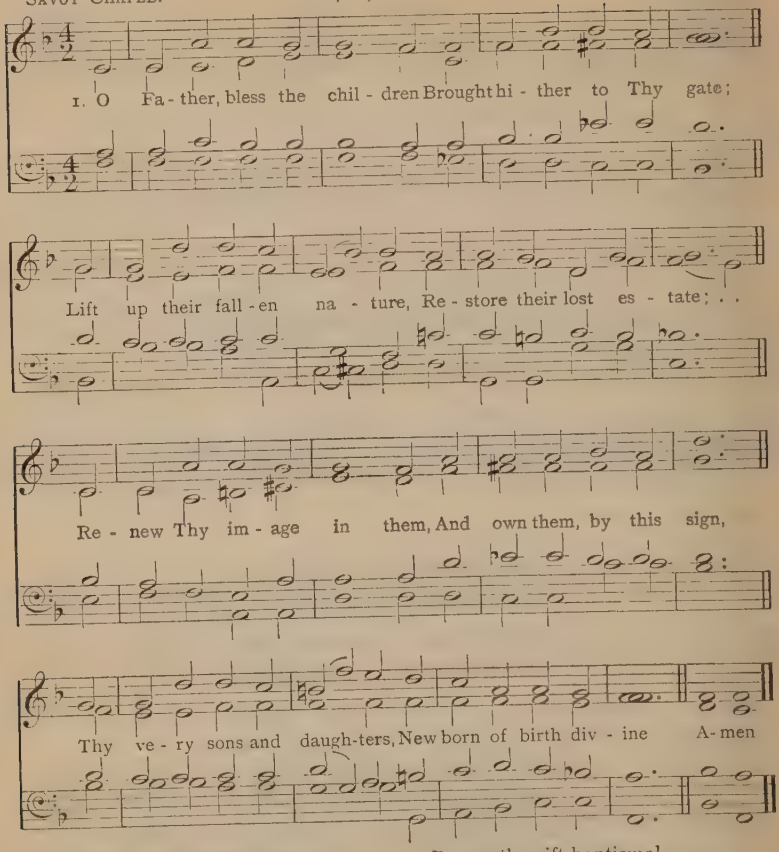
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

W. A. MÜHLENBERG.

# Holy Baptism.

**208**

SAVOY CHAPEL. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. CALKIN


1. O Fa - ther, bless the chil - dren Brought hi - ther to Thy gate;
Lift up their fall - en na - ture, Re - store their lost es - tate; . .
Re - new Thy im - age in them, And own them, by this sign,
Thy ve - ry sons and daugh-ters, New born of birth div - ine A-men

2 O Jesu, Lord, receive them;
Thy loving arms of old
Were opened wide to welcome
The children to Thy fold;
Let these, baptized, and dying,
Then rising from the dead,
Henceforth be living members
Of Thee, their living Head.

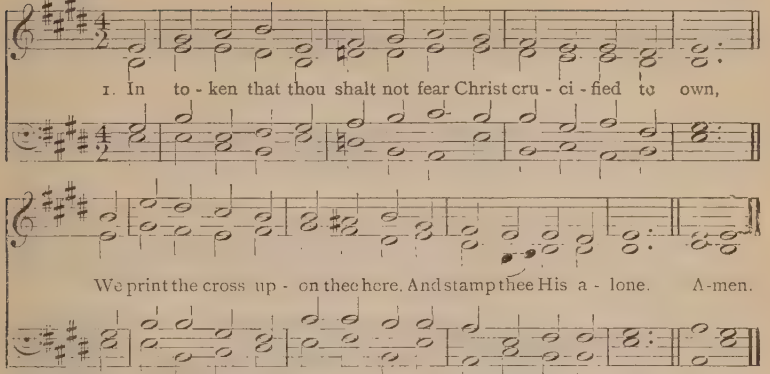
3 O Holy Spirit, keep them;
Dwell with them to the last.
Till all the fight is ended,
And all the storms are past.
Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each,
The troublous waves o'ercoming,
The land of life shall reach.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour!
We name upon the children
The Threefold Name divine;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 209 Holy Baptism.

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*




2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon Thy front
His glory and His shame.

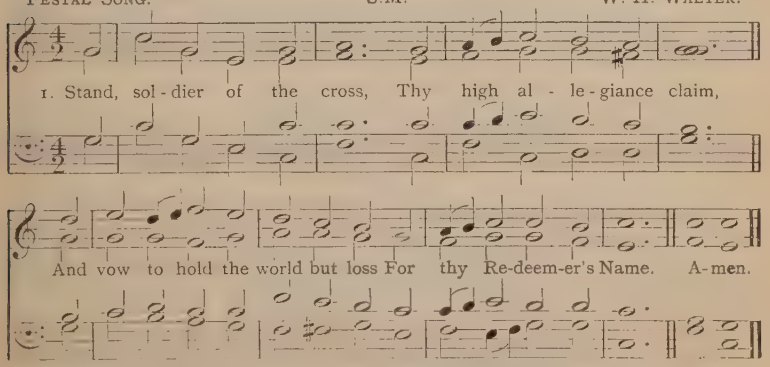
3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

H. ALFORD.

## 210 (ADULTS.)

FESTAL SONG. S.M. W. H. WALTER.




2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 Thine is our country now,
Our Lord and Master thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His Passion's awful sign.

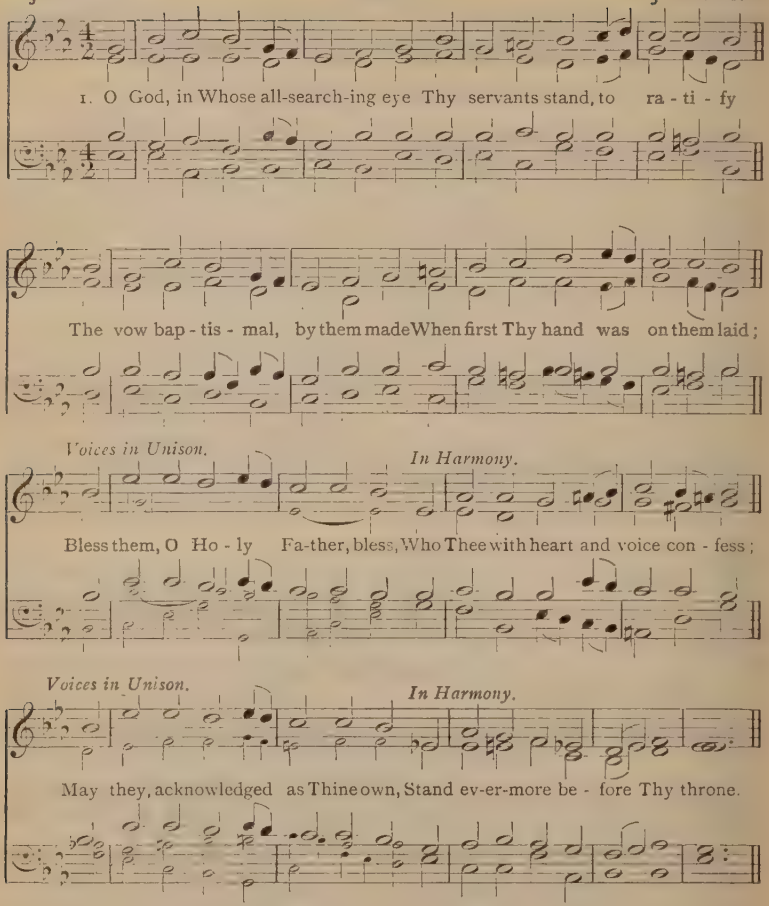
4 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled.

5 Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

# Confirmation.

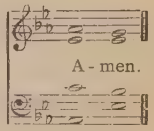
JORDAN. L. M. D. J. BARNBY.


1. O God, in Whose all-search-ing eye Thy servants stand, to ra - ti - fy
The vow bap - tis - mal, by them made When first Thy hand was on them laid;
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Bless them, O Ho - ly Fa-ther, bless, Who Thee with heart and voice con - fess;
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
May they, acknowledged as Thine own, Stand ev-er-more be - fore Thy throne.

2 O Christ, Who didst at Pentecost
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost;
And at Samaria baptize
Those whom Thou didst evangelize;
And then on Thy baptized confer
The best of gifts, the Comforter,
By apostolic hands, and prayer;
Be with us now, as Thou wert there.

3 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

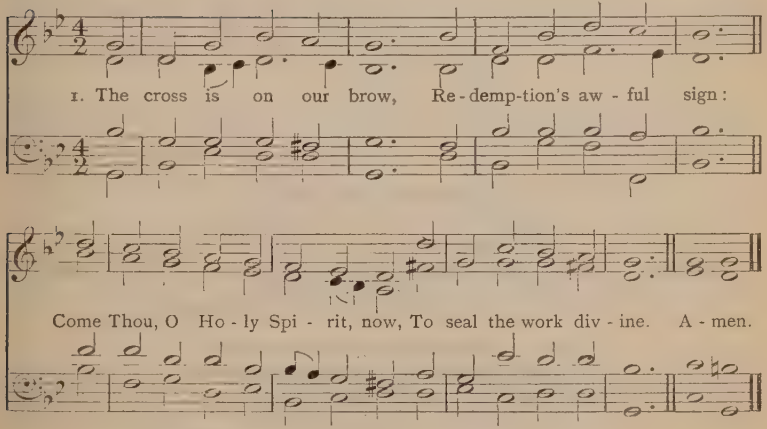
4 Come, ever blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be.
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.




C. WORDSWORTH.

## 212

ST. BRIDE. S.M. S. HOWARD.




2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

3 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel:
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.

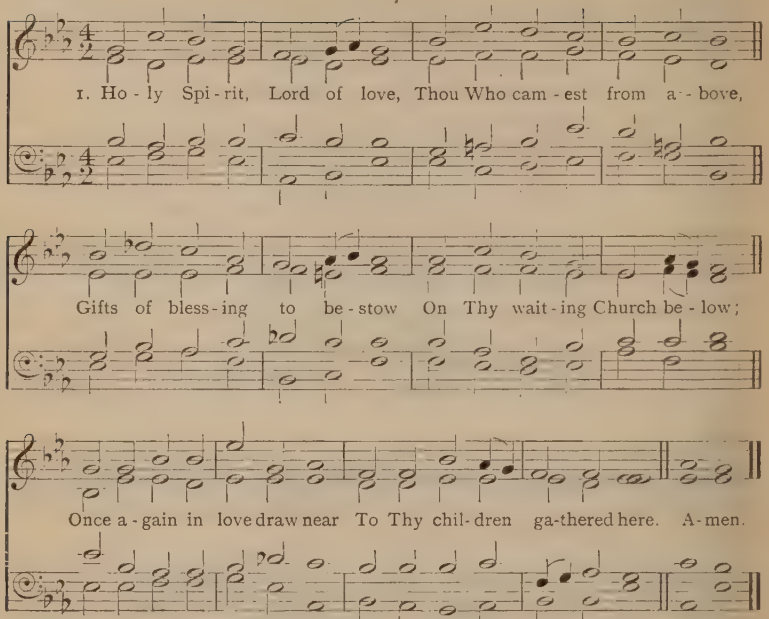
4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought:
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

5 No earth-forged arms we bear:
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity divine. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

# Confirmation.

CONFIRMATION. Six 7's. A. S. COOPER.


1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord of love, Thou Who cam - est from a - bove,
Gifts of bless - ing to be - stow On Thy wait - ing Church be - low;
Once a - gain in love draw near To Thy chil - dren ga - thered here. A - men.

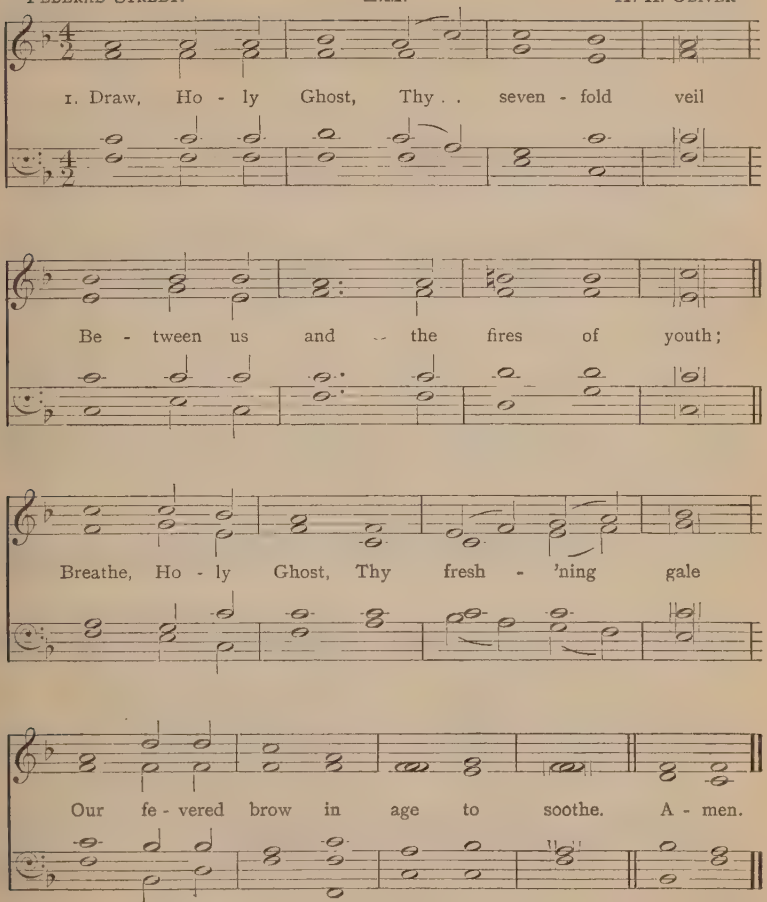
2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their friend.

3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home. Amen.

W. D. MACLAGAN.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M. H. K. OLIVER


1. Draw, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy . . seven - fold veil
Be - tween us and -- the fires of youth;
Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy fresh - 'ning gale
Our fe - vered brow in age to soothe. A - men.

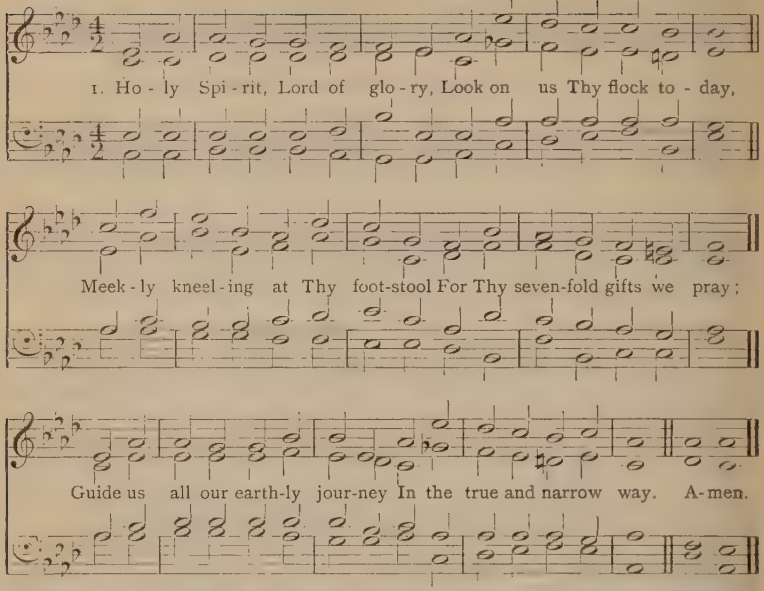
2 Forever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

## Confirmation.

**215**

VERONA 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. H. DEANE.


1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord of glo - ry, Look on us Thy flock to - day,
Meek - ly kneel - ing at Thy foot-stool For Thy seven-fold gifts we pray;
Guide us all our earth-ly jour-ney In the true and narrow way. A-men.

2 Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armor;
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesus, draw Thou near us,
As before Thy cross we bow;
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now.

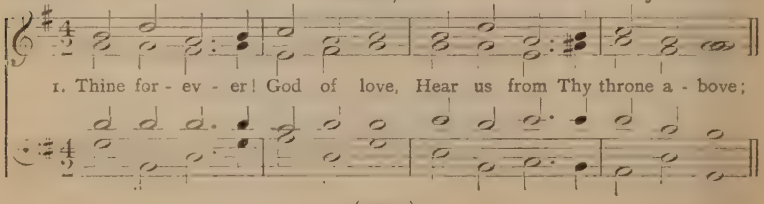
4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste, with danger rife;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,
From the living well of life.

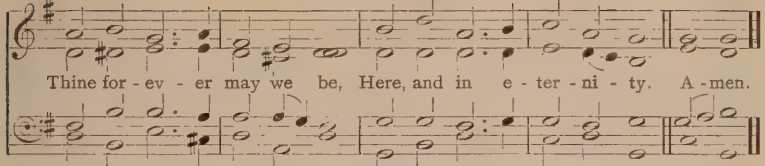
5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that He has trod,
Till we dwell with Him forever
In the Paradise of God. Amen.

R. H. BAYNES.

**216**

PLEYEL'S HYMN. Four 7's. I. J. PLEYEL.






2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

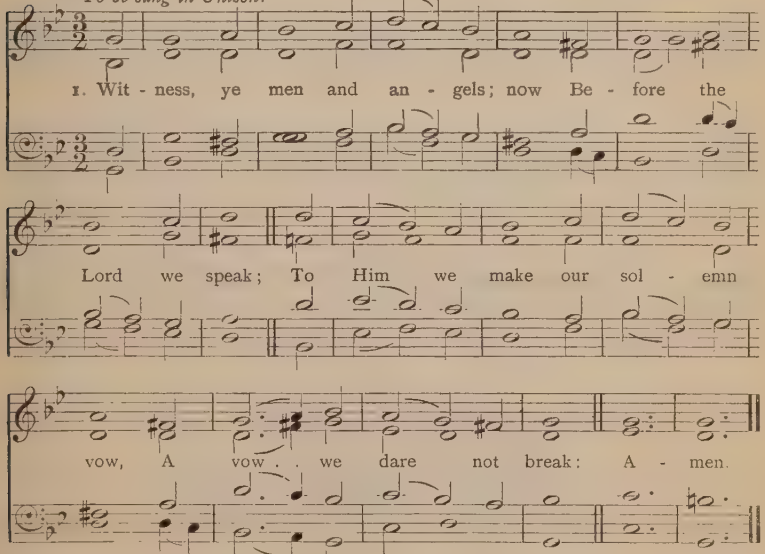
4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let them all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

MRS. M. F. H. MAUDE.

## 217

BURFORD. *To be sung in Unison.* C.M. H. PURCELL.




2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

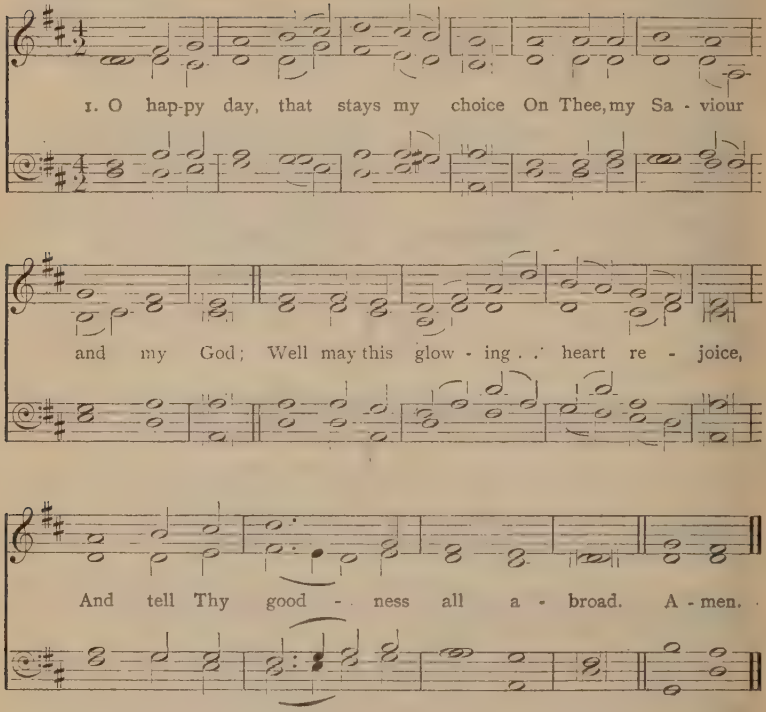
3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.
Amen.

B. BEDDOME.

# Confirmation.

DUKE STREET. L.M. J. HATTON


1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sa - viour
and my God; Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice,
And tell Thy good - ness all a - broad. A - men.

2.

Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When called on angels' food to feast?

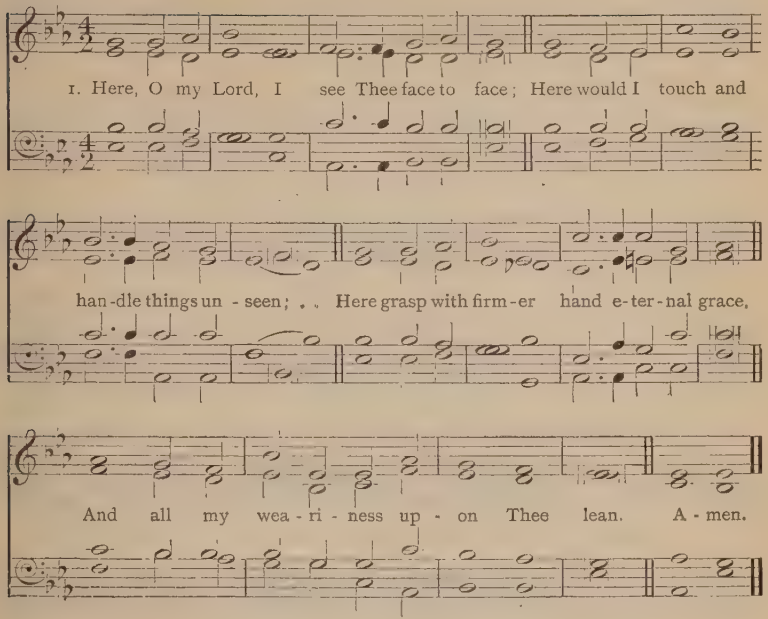
3.

High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. **Amen.**

P. DODDRIDGE.

# Holy Communion.

PENITENTIA. Four 10's. E. DEARLE.


1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and
han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er hand e-ter-nal grace,
And all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean. A-men.

2.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Hear would I lay aside each earthly load,
Hear taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3.

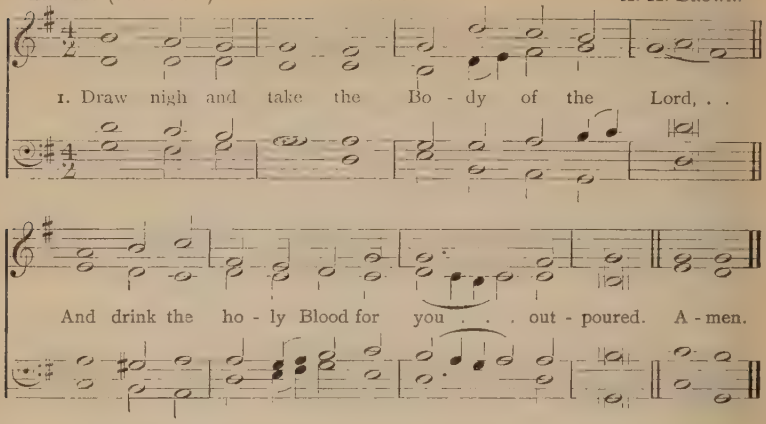
I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4.

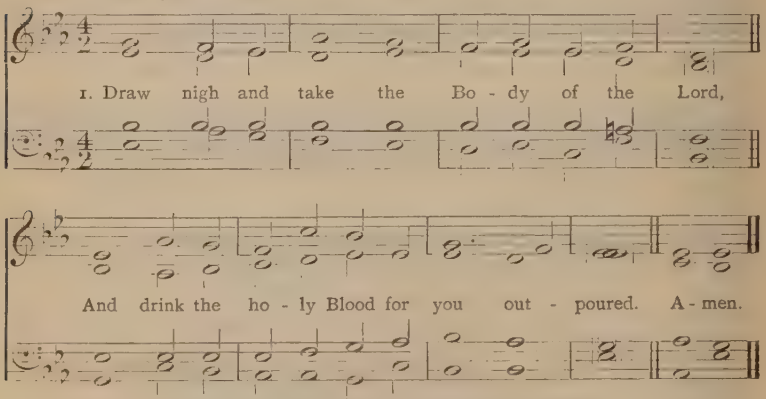
Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God! Amen.

H. BONAR.

LAMMAS (*First Tune*). 10.10. A. H. BROWN.




CŒNA DOMINI (*Second Tune*). 10.10. A. SULLIVAN.




2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

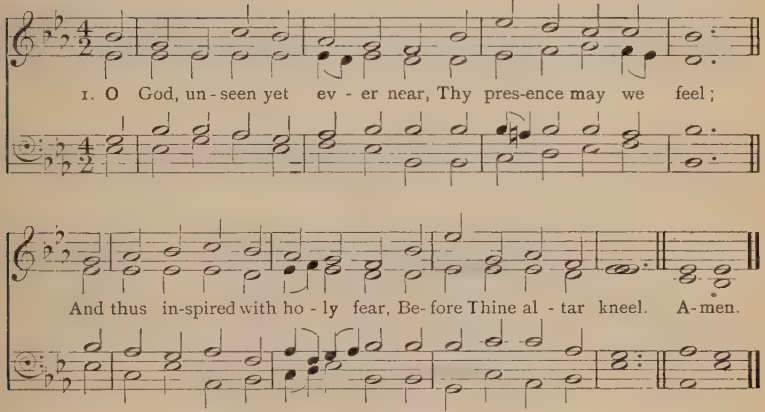
9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

## 221

BEDFORD. C.M. W. WHEALL.



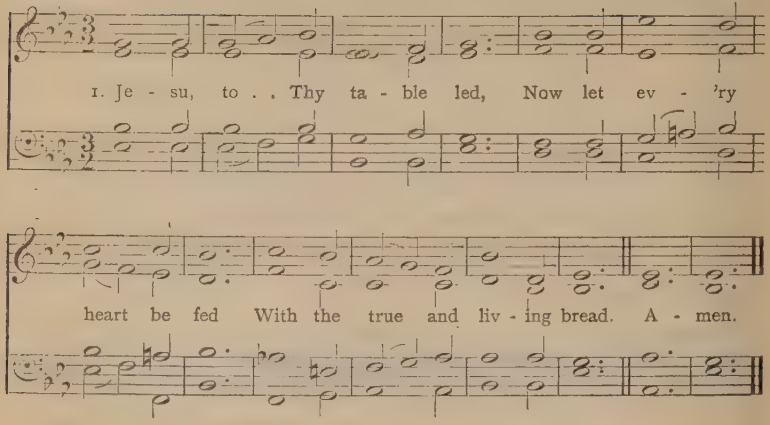

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

E. OSLER.

LACRYMÆ. 7·7·7· A. SULLIVAN.




2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

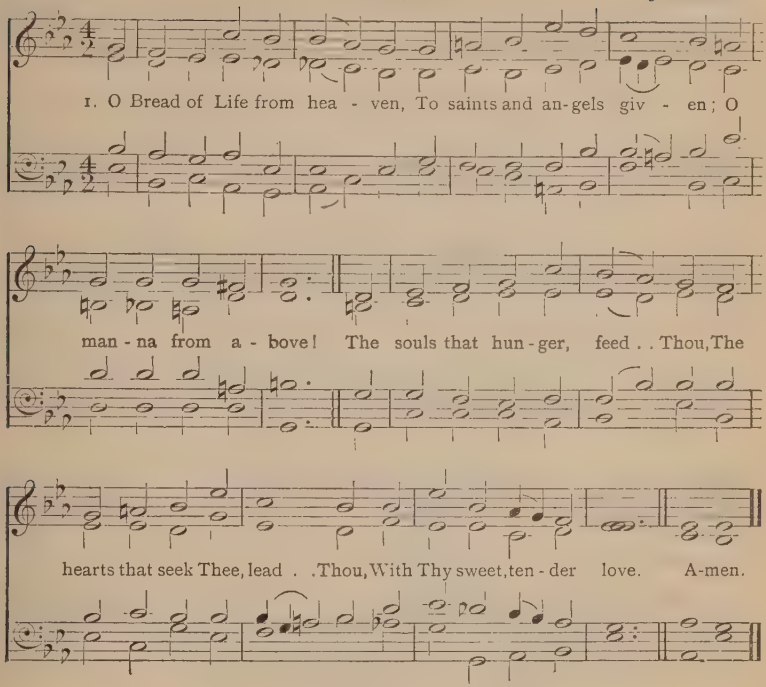
5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land. Amen.

R. H. BAYNES.

ESCA. 7.7.6.7.7.6. J. BARNBY.


1. O Bread of Life from hea - ven, To saints and an-gels giv - en; O
man - na from a - bove! The souls that hun - ger, feed . . Thou, The
hearts that seek Thee, lead . . Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love. A-men.

2.

O fount of grace redeeming,
O river ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side!
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

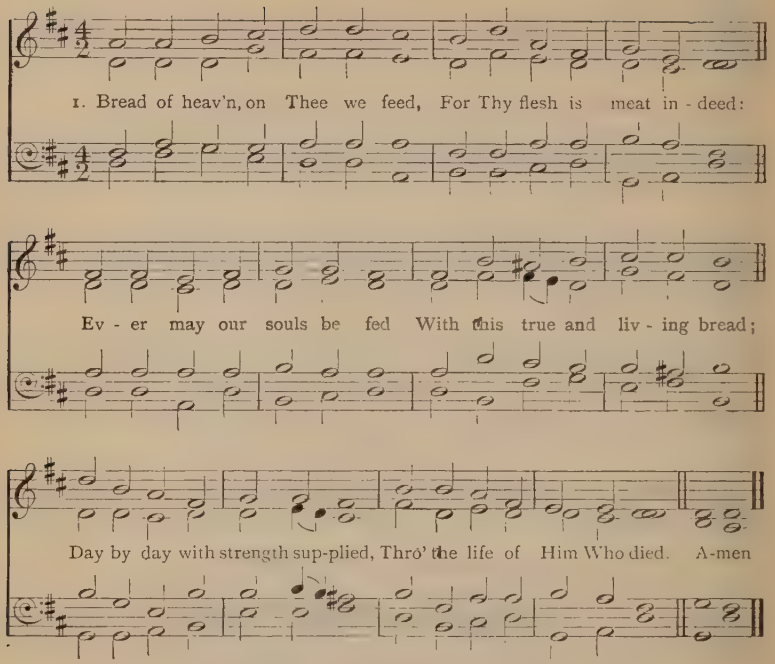
3.

Jesu, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore;
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore. Amen.

*Tr.* P. SCHAFF.

## 224

RATISBON. Six 7's. German.

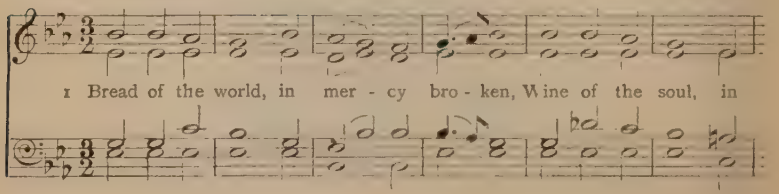

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:
Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread;
Day by day with strength sup-plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died. A-men

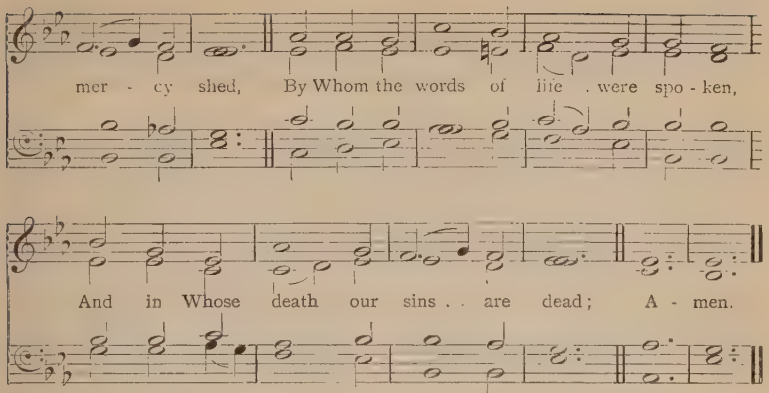
2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

J. CONDER.

## 225

EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9.8.9.8 J. S. B HODGES.



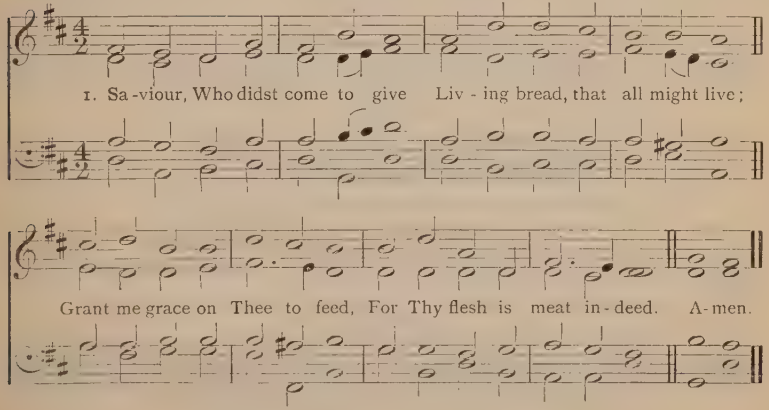



2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

R. HEBER.

## 226

SANDRINGHAM. Four 7's. J. TURLE.

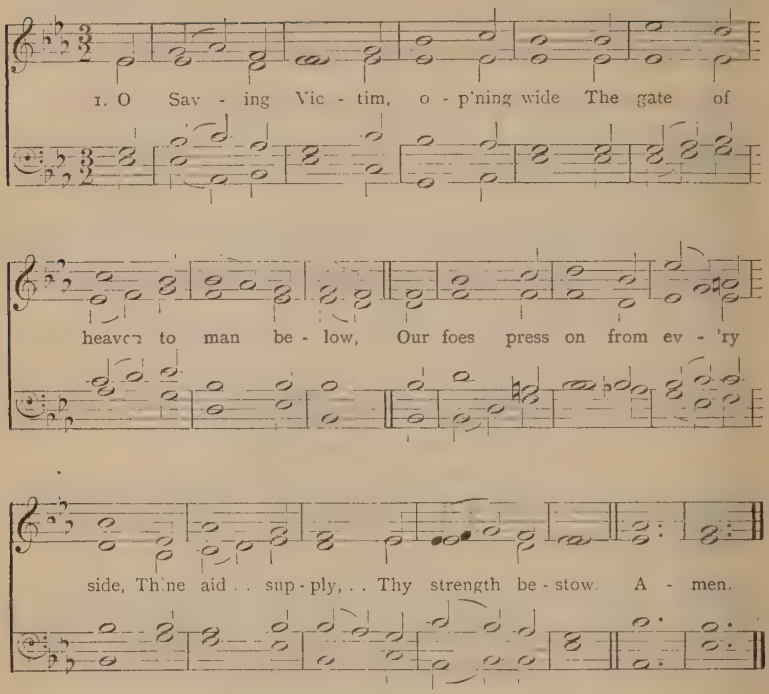

1. Sa-viour, Who didst come to give Liv - ing bread, that all might live;
Grant me grace on Thee to feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed. A - men.

2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,
Help me on the heavenward way;
Vine of strength, supply my need,
For Thy blood is drink indeed. Amen.

F. W. BARTLETT.

## 227

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER.

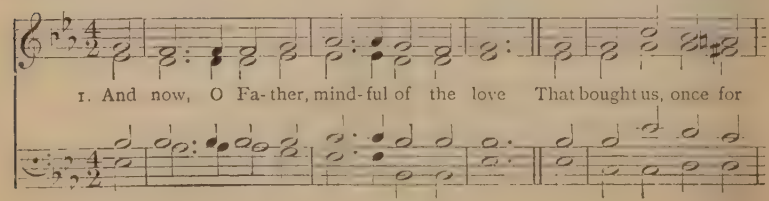

1. O Sav - ing Vic - tim, o - p'ning wide The gate of
heaven to man be - low, Our foes press on from ev - 'ry
side, Thine aid . . sup - ply, . . Thy strength be - stow. A - men.

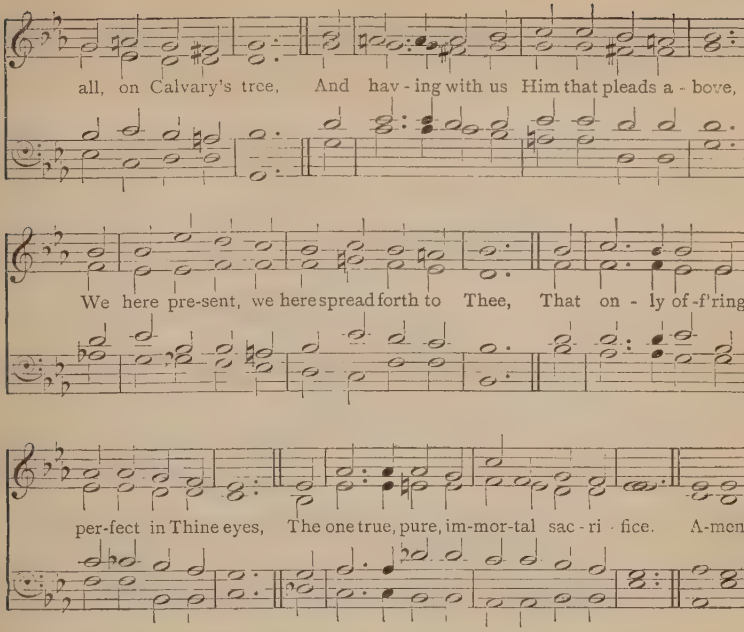
2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three;
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

## 228

DONUM DEI Six 10's. C. VINCENT.




all, on Calvary's tree, And hav - ing with us Him that pleads a - bove,
We here pre-sent, we here spread forth to Thee, That on - ly of-f'ring
per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure, im-mor-tal sac - ri - fice. A-men

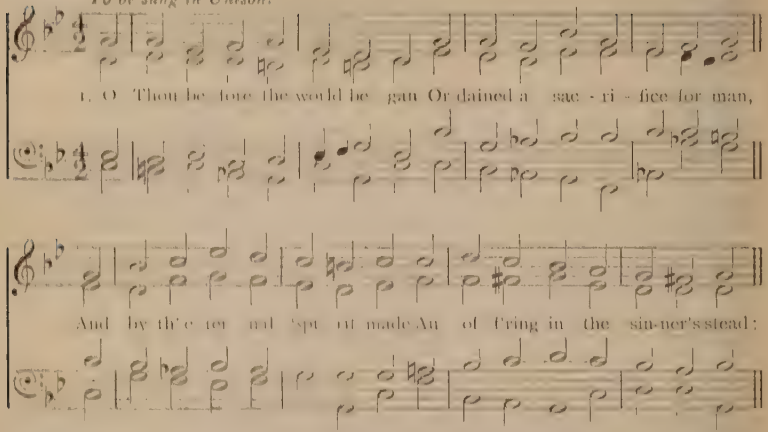
2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; oh, draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee. Amen.

W. BRIGHT.

THE OLD 112TH. *To be sung in Unison.* Six 8's. J. S. BACH.


1. O Thou be fore the world be gun Or dained a sac - ri - fice for man,
And by th'e ter nal Spi rit made An of fring in the sin-ner's stead:
Our ev er last ing Priest art Thou Pleading Thy death for sinners now A men

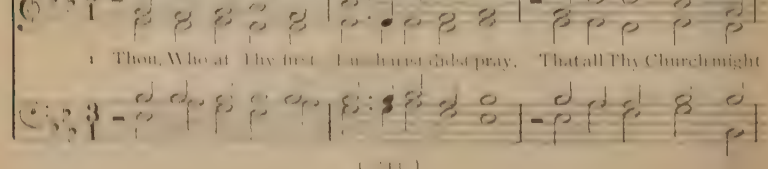
2 Thy offering still continues new
Before the righteous Father's view;
Thyself the Lamb for ever slain,
Thy priesthood doth unchanged re main;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

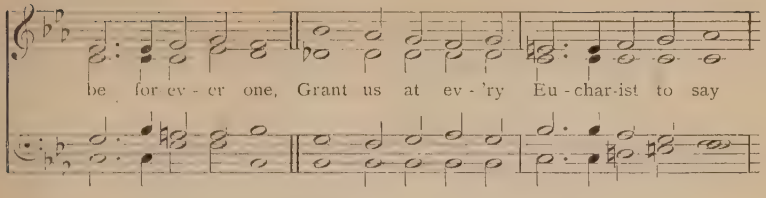
3 Oh, that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love!
Since evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
My Lord, my God, Who dies for me.
Amen.

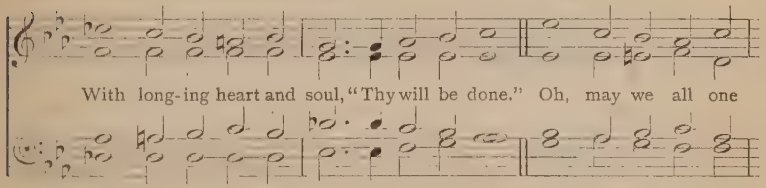
C. WESLEY.

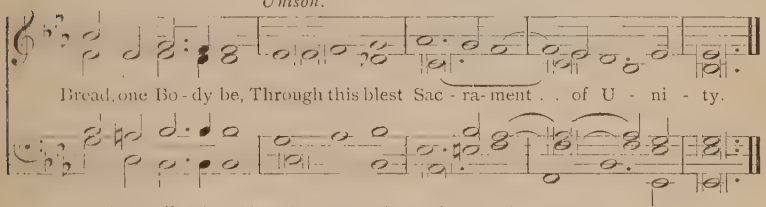
## 230

SACRAMENTUM. Six 10's. C. H. LLOYD.





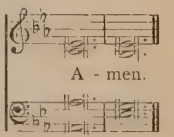




2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

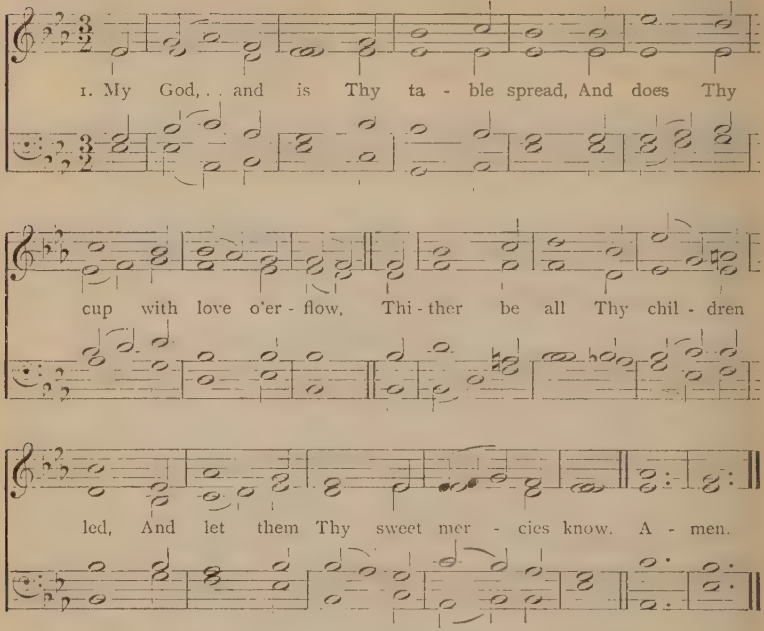
3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold;
Oh, bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessèd still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.




W. H. TURTON.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER.


1. My God, . . and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy
cup with love o'er - flow, Thi - ther be all Thy chil - dren
led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know. A - men.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

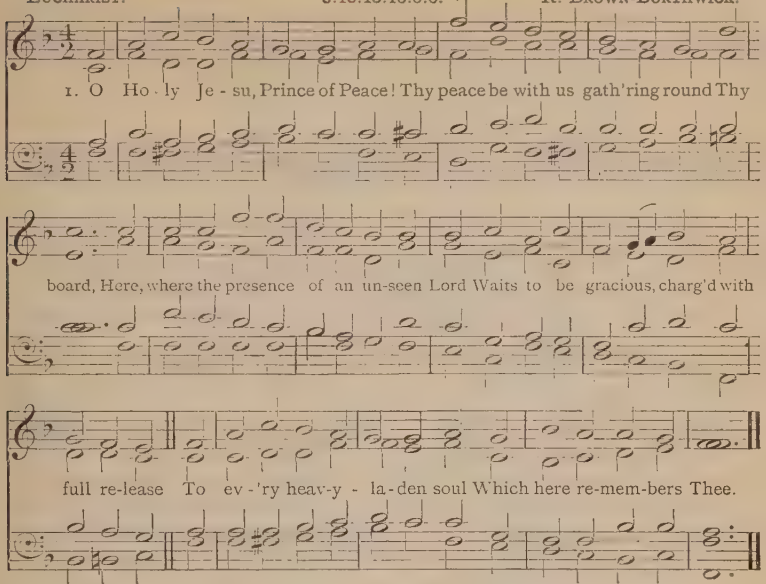
3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

EUCHARIST. 8.10.10.10.8.6. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.


1. O Ho - ly Je - su, Prince of Peace! Thy peace be with us gath'ring round Thy
board, Here, where the presence of an un-seen Lord Waits to be gracious, charg'd with
full re-lease To ev - 'ry heav-y - la-den soul Which here re-mem-bers Thee.

2.

Once more, as in that upper room,
Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,
Thou Whose dear voice to every sorrow-[ing friend
Spoke the great promise through the deepening gloom,
Thou bidd'st us, Master of the feast,
To-day remember Thee!

3.

And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,
Thy dying testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,
A fount of grace and life to all;
We do remember Thee!

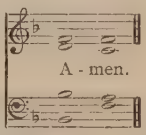
4.

Ours is the bond of love divine,
Which knits us each to all and all to each;
That love whose ever-lengthening cords [can reach
From the white choir around Thy heavenly shrine
To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

5.

Thy banquet over, as we go,
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,
Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee!

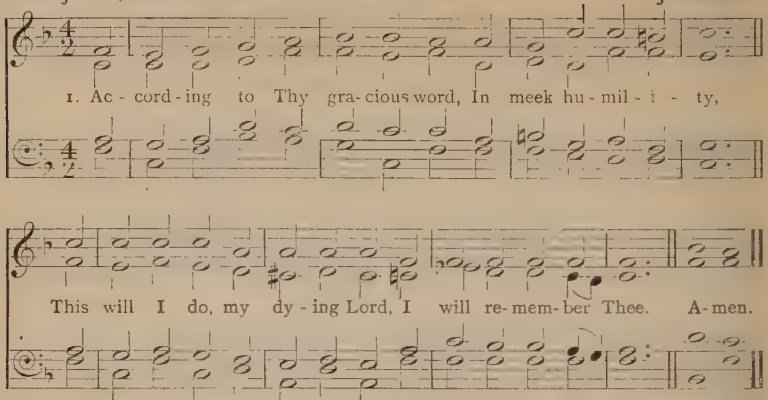
R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.




The author of this hymn says that it "is not a congregational hymn, but a meditation, to be read while non-communicants are retiring, or to be sung by the choir alone, anthem-wise kneeling."

## 233

St. John's, Westminster C M. J. Turle




2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

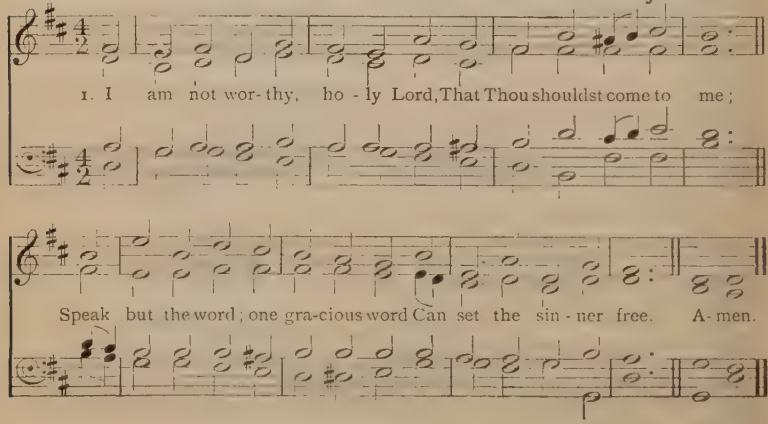
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 234

Faithful unto death. C.M. J. Stainer.



2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

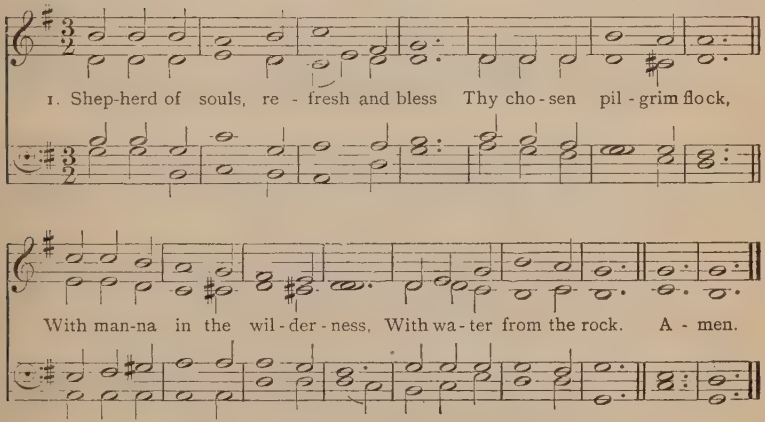
3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

## 235

ST. AGNES. C.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Shep-herd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,
With man-na in the wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock. A - men.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

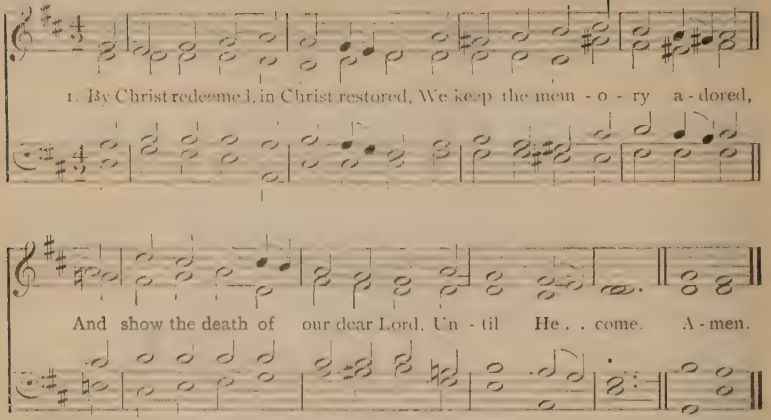
3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE RADIANT MORN. 8 8 8 4. C.F. GOUNOD.




2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

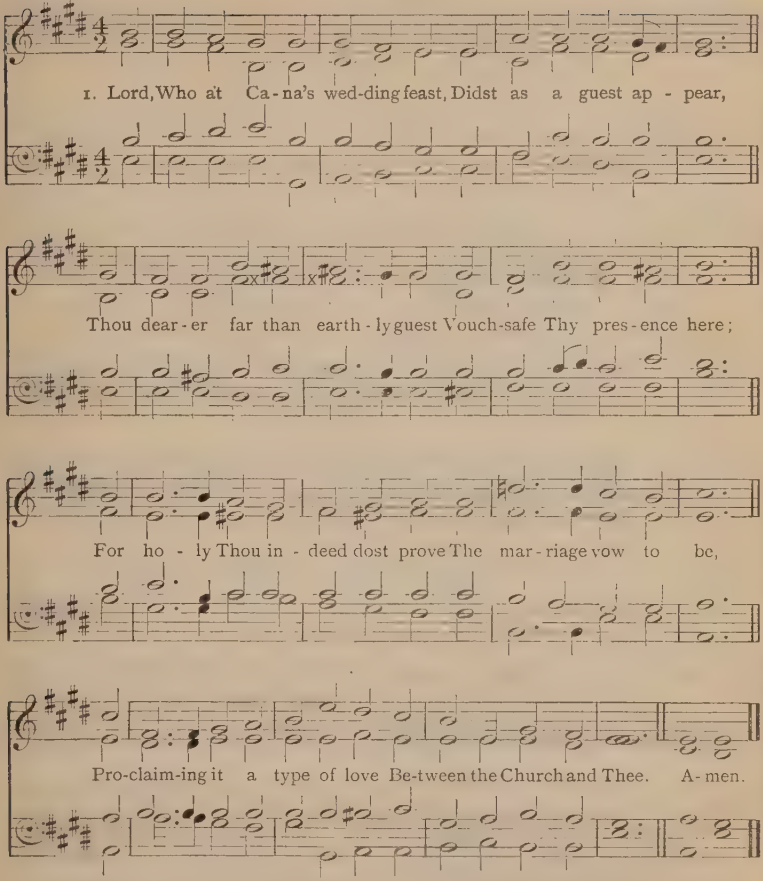
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come! Amen.

G. RAWSON.

# 237 Holy Matrimony.

ROSEATE HUES. C.M. D. J. BARNBY.


1. Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed-ding feast, Didst as a guest ap - pear,
Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres - ence here;
For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar - riage vow to be,
Pro-claim-ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A - men.

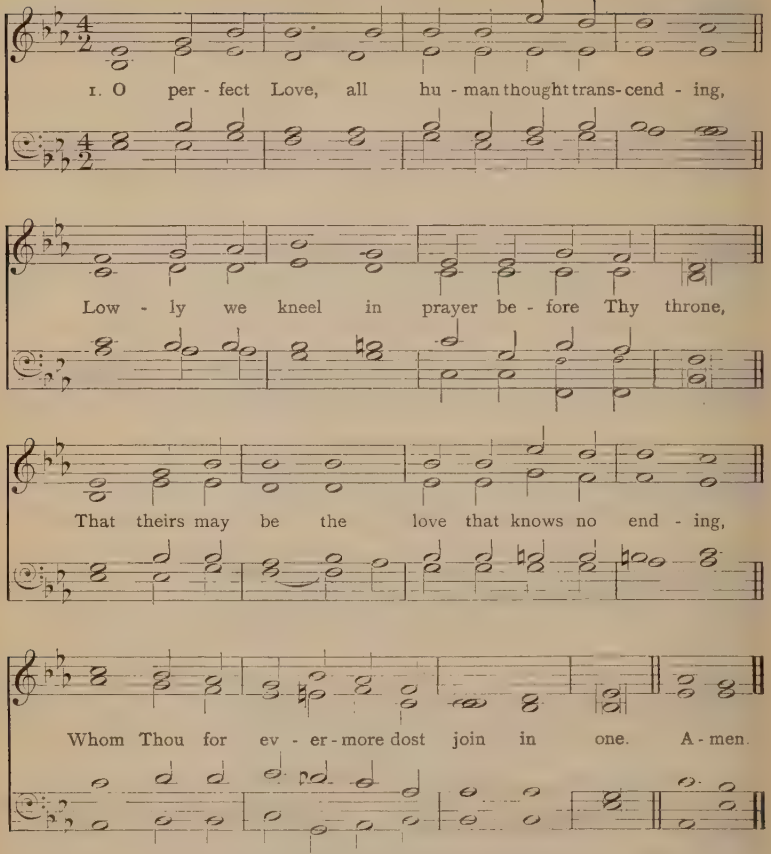
2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care di-vides,
And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above! Amen.

A. THRUPP.

# 238 Holy Matrimony.

FIFE. 11.10.11.10 J. BARNBY.


1. O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought trans-cend - ing,
Low - ly we kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no end - ing,
Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one. A - men.

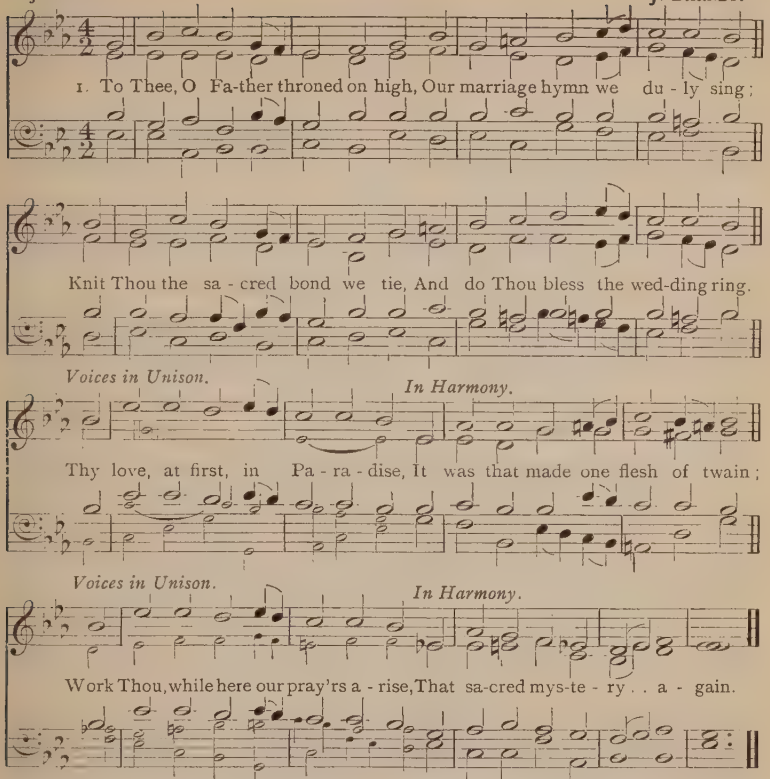
2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

D. F. BLOMFIELD.

# 239 Holy Matrimony.

JORDAN. L. M. D. J. BARNBY.

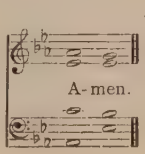

1. To Thee, O Fa-ther throned on high, Our marriage hymn we du - ly sing;
Knit Thou the sa - cred bond we tie, And do Thou bless the wed-ding ring.
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Thy love, at first, in Pa - ra - dise, It was that made one flesh of twain;
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Work Thou, while here our pray'rs a - rise, That sa-cred mys-te - ry . . a - gain.

2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside
Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;
True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,
With all Thy human love, draw nigh.
Our human nature, Thy divine
Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,
As Cana's water turned to wine,
Its lost godlikeness is restored.

3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Thee too we worship, God and Lord,
And honor Thee, with praises meet,
One with the Father and the Word.
Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,
Come, sanctify, and bless, and guide,
Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,
The life of bridegroom and of bride.

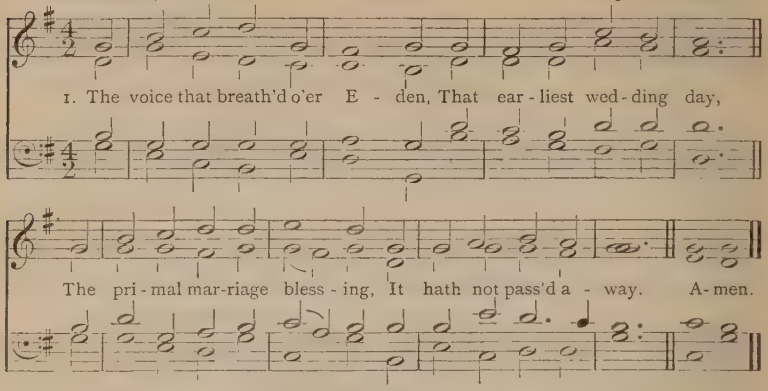
4 O God Triune, Whom heaven's host
Adores, with sweet and ceaseless
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost, [song;
To Whom all worship doth belong;
Hear, in these echoes faint and dim
Of chant and prayer and holy psalm,
Their songs, the heavenly feast who
hymn,
The marriage supper of the Lamb.
Amen.

W. C. DOANE.

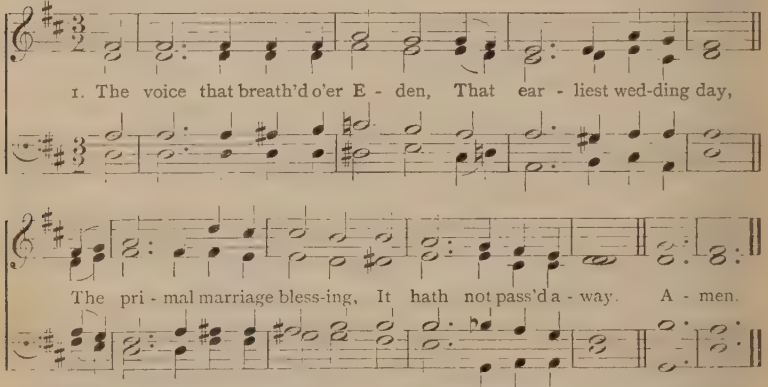


# Holy Matrimony.

ST. ALPHEGE (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6. H. J GAUNTLETT




EDEN (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6. *St. Alban's Tune Book.*




2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us.
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

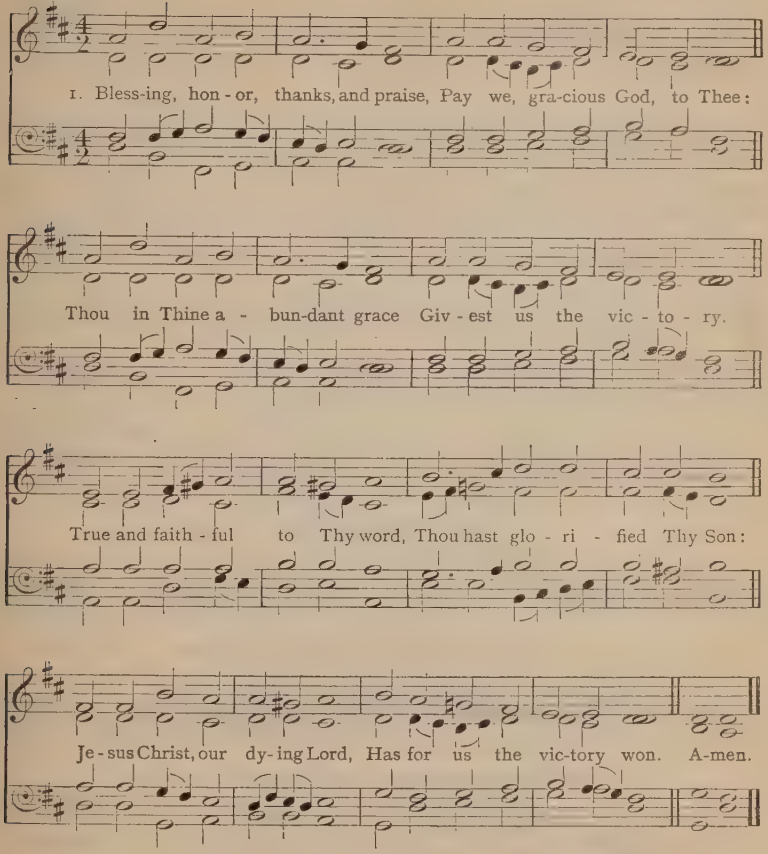
6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

7 To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise
Amen.

J. KEBLE.

# Burial of the Dead.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. J. ROSENMÜLLER.


1. Bless-ing, hon-or, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gra-cious God, to Thee:
Thou in Thine a-bun-dant grace Giv-est us the vic-to-ry.
True and faith-ful to Thy word, Thou hast glo-ri-fied Thy Son:
Je-sus Christ, our dy-ing Lord, Has for us the vic-tory won. A-men.

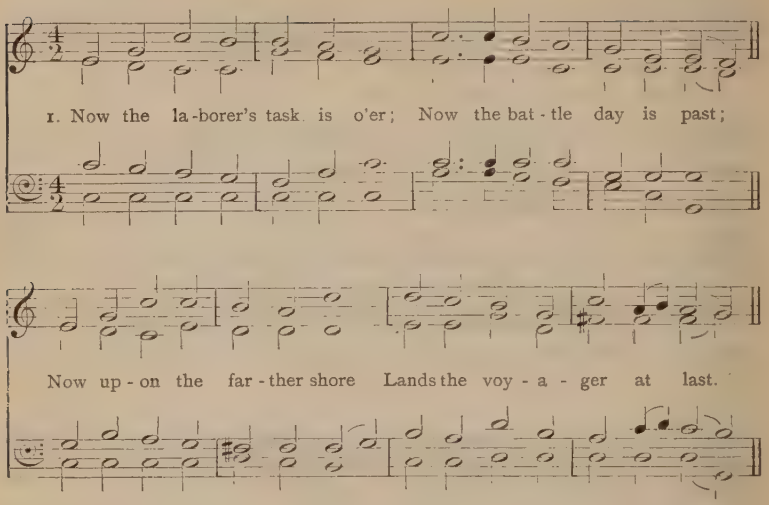
2 Happy are the faithful dead,
Blessèd who in Jesus die;
They from all their toils are freed,
In God's keeping safely lie.
These the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest,
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song;
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

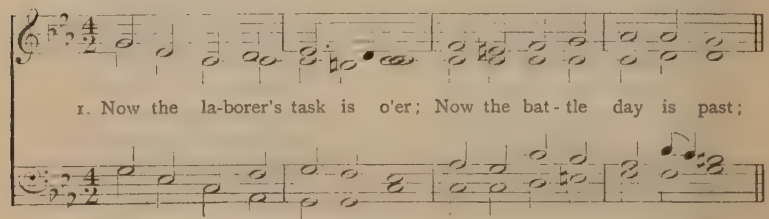
# Burial of the Dead.

REQUIESCAT (*First Tune*). 7.7.7.7.8.8. J. B. DYKES.

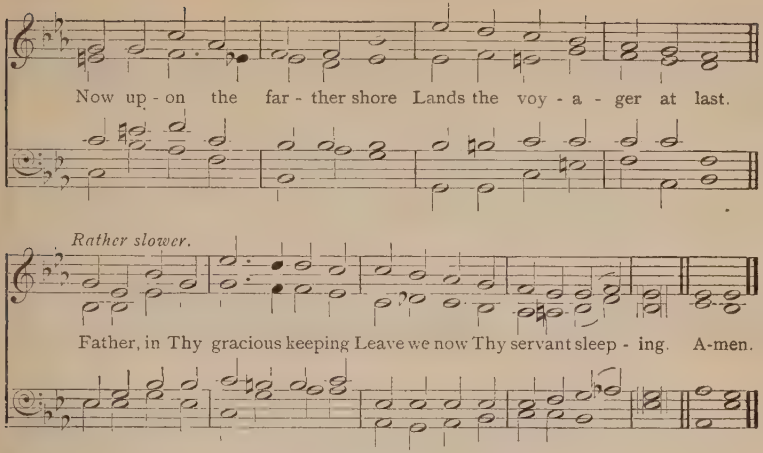

1. Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;
Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last.
*Growing slower.*
Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleep-ing. Amen.

* If there is no accompaniment, the small notes must be sung.

HEBRON (*Second Tune*). 7.7.7.7.8.8. J. BARNBY.



# Burial of the Dead.


Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last.
Rather slower.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleep - ing. A-men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

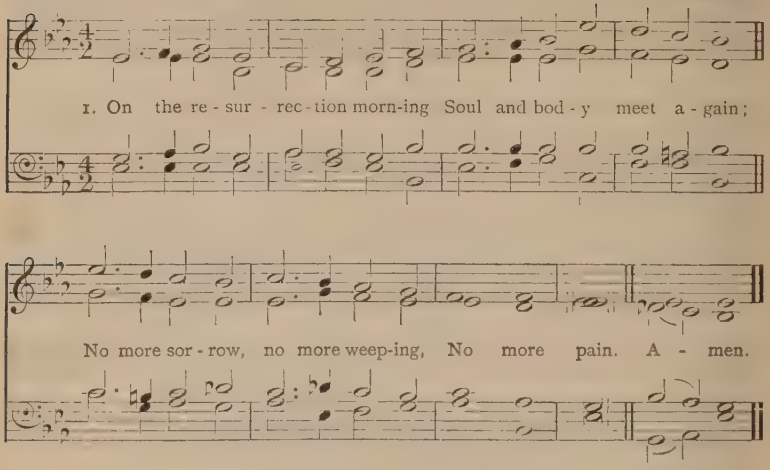
3 There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

RESURRECTION MORNING. 8.7.8.3. G. W. WARREN.




2.

Hear awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

5.

Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

6.

Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

7.

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

8.

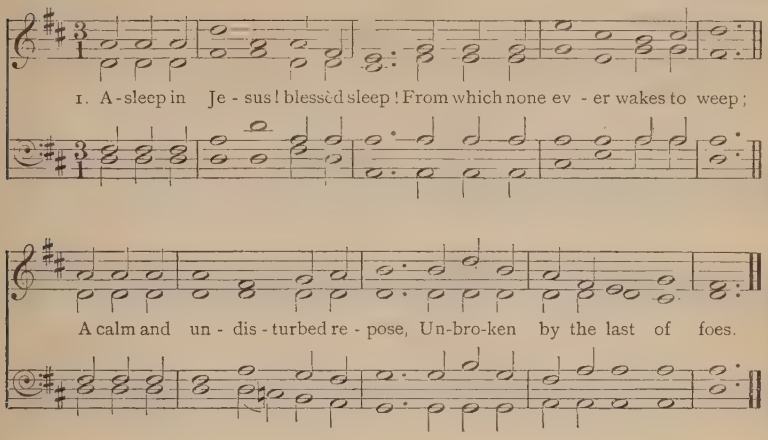
To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Tune from "Hymns and Tunes." *Copyright, 1888, by Harper and Bros.*

# Burial of the Dead.

REST. L.M. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessèd sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3.

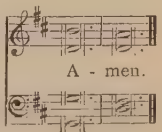
Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.




MRS. M. MACKAY.

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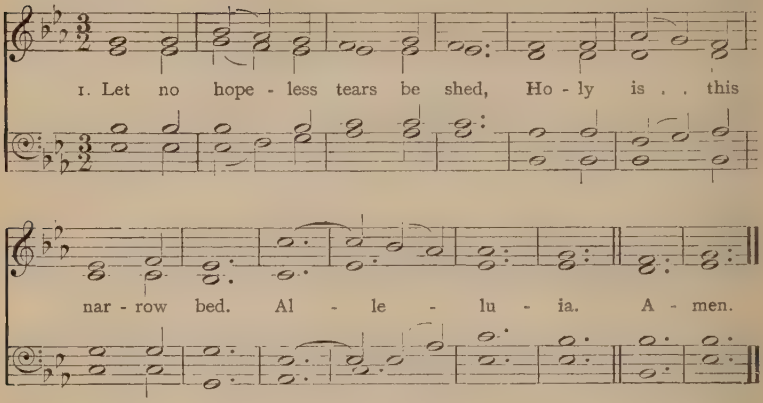
FOR A CHILD.

ST. MILLICENT 7·7·4· A. SULLIVAN.




2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws.
Alleluia.

3 And no peril waits at last
*Him* who now away hath past.
Alleluia.

4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed for race well run:
Alleluia.

5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia.

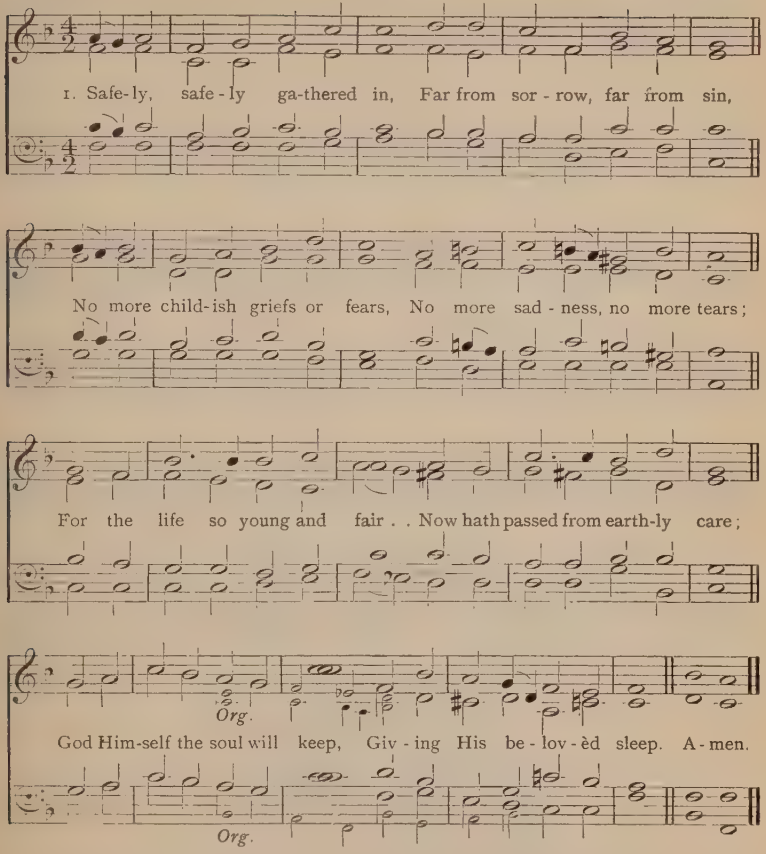
6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia.

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one,
Alleluia.

8 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia. Amen.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

HEAVENLY MANSIONS. Eight 7's. J. BARNBY.


1. Safe-ly, safe-ly ga-thered in, Far from sor-row, far from sin,
No more child-ish griefs or fears, No more sad-ness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair . . Now hath passed from earth-ly care;
Org.
God Him-self the soul will keep, Giv-ing His be-lov-èd sleep. A-men.
Org.

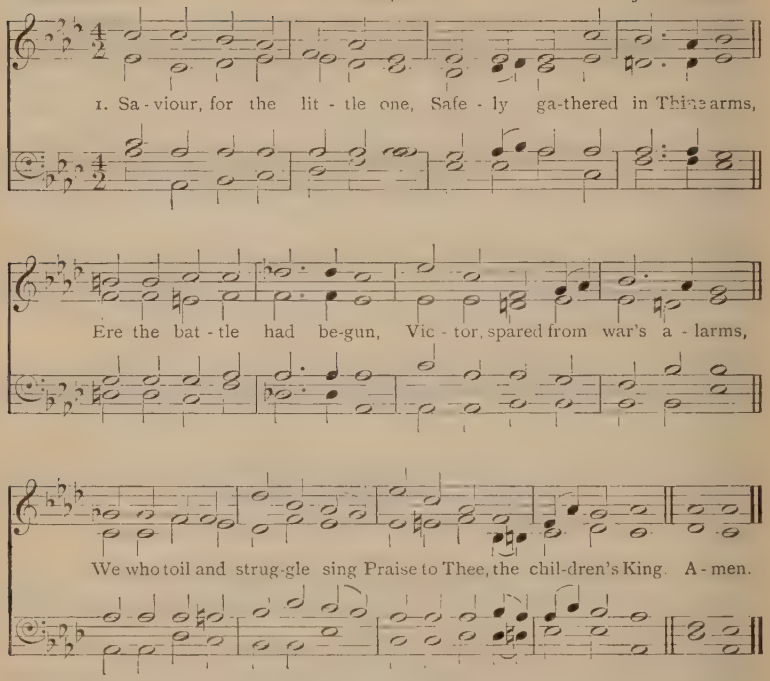
2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
For our loss we may not weep,
Nor our loved ones long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring, at Thy feet. Amen.

MRS. H. O. DE L. DOBREE.

# Burial of the Dead.

GLASTONBURY. Six 7's J. B. DYKES.


1. Sa - viour, for the lit - tle one, Safe - ly ga-thered in Thine arms,
Ere the bat - tle had be-gun, Vic - tor, spared from war's a - larms,
We who toil and strug-gle sing Praise to Thee, the chil-dren's King. A - men.

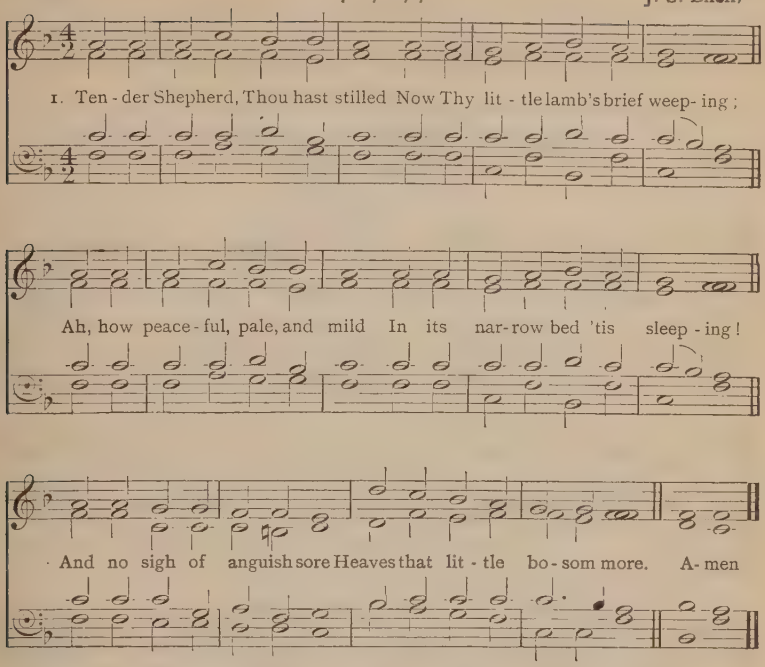
2 First of all Thy martyr-band,
Infants for Thy sake were slain;
Day by day, from every land,
Infants swell the guileless train,
Who, this vale of tears untrod,
Stand before the throne of God.

3 Thou dost give and take away,
Full of love, in all Thy ways:
Be each mourner's heart to-day
Full of loving trust and praise,
In the midst of grief to bring
Thanks to Thee, the children's King. Amen.

MRS. M. A. THOMSON.

# Burial of the Dead.

MEINHOLD. 7.8.7.8.7.7. J. S. BACH.

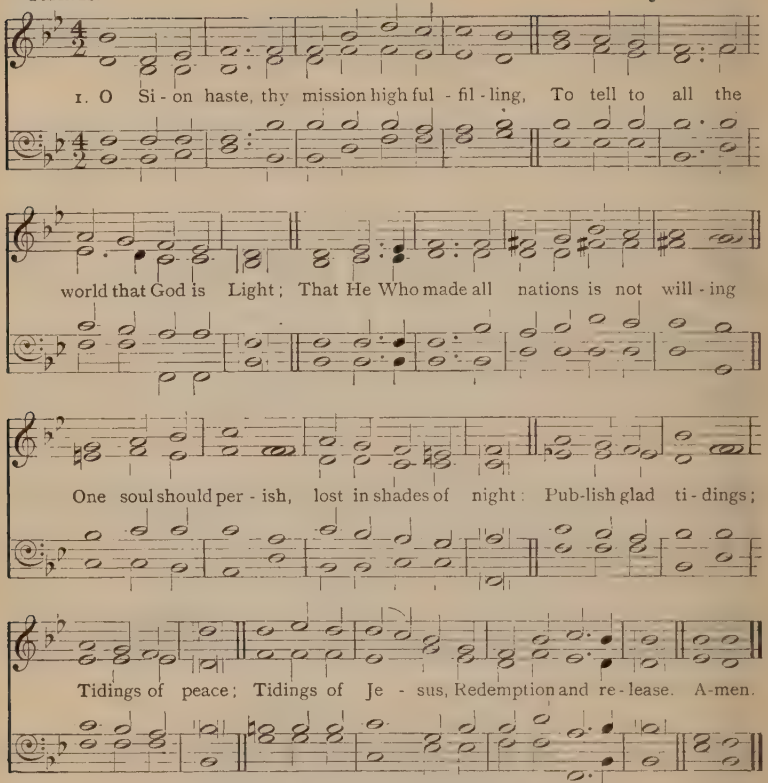

1. Ten - der Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep- ing;
Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild In its nar- row bed 'tis sleep - ing!
And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more. A- men

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

J. W. MEINHOLD. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

TIDINGS. P.M. J. WALCH.


1. O Si - on haste, thy mission high ful - fil - ling, To tell to all the
world that God is Light; That He Who made all nations is not will - ing
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub-lish glad ti - dings;
Tidings of peace; Tidings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease. A-men.

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish, etc.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
Publish, etc.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move, is love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
Publish, etc.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
Publish, etc.

6 He comes again—O Sion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
Publish glad tidings;
Tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus,
Redemption and release. Amen.

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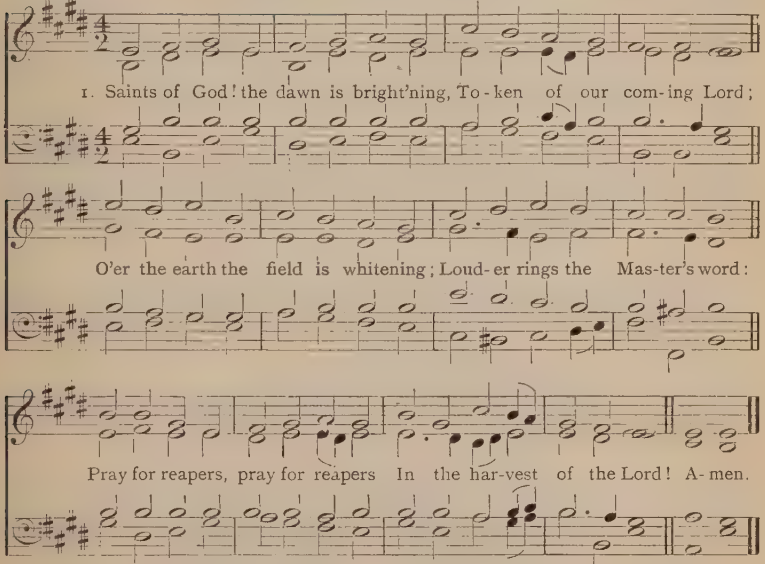
MRS. M. A. THOMSON.

ST. THOMAS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. S. WEBBE.


1. Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening; Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word:
Pray for reapers, pray for reapers In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.

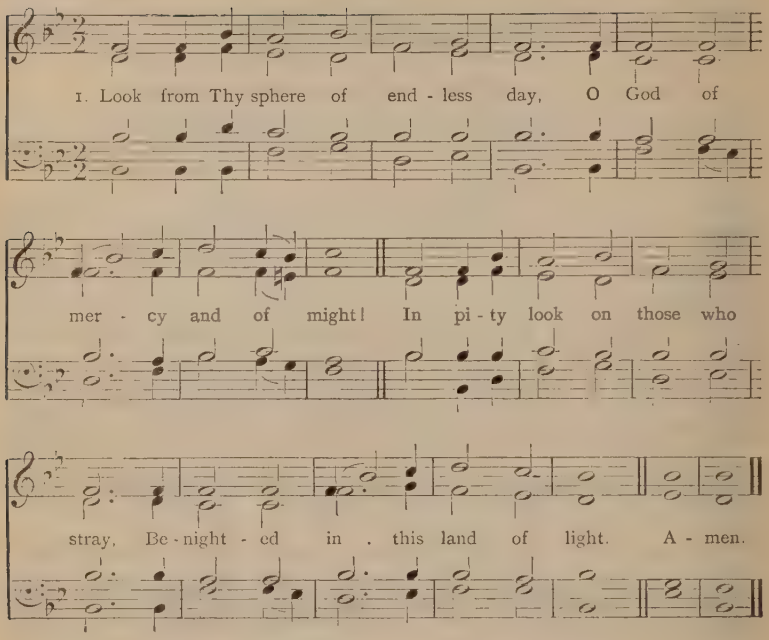
2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest Home. Amen.

M. H. MAXWELL. (?)

WARD. L.M. *Scotch Melody.*


1. Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of
mer - cy and of might! In pi - ty look on those who
stray, Be - night - ed in . this land of light. A - men.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

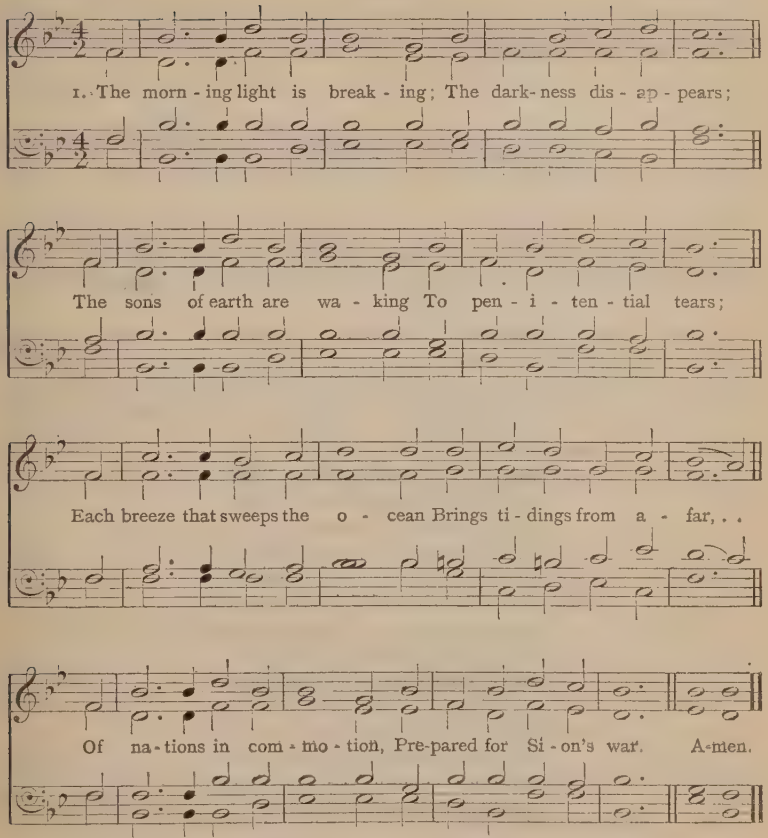
3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6. D. G. J. WEBB.

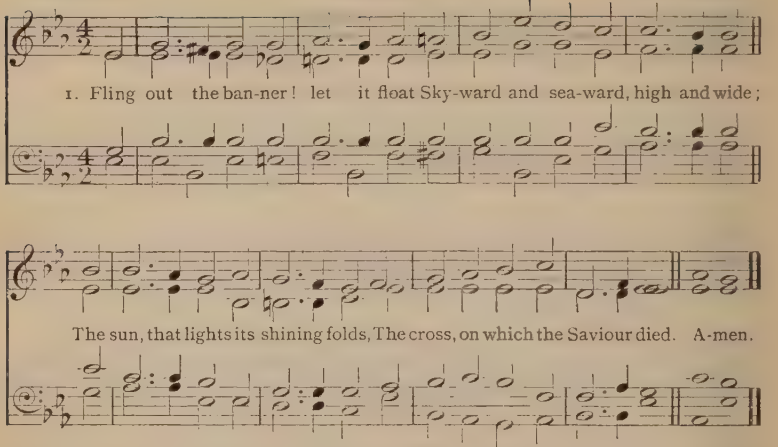

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wa - king To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, . .
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Si - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"
Amen.

S. F. SMITH.

WALTHAM. L. M. J. B. CALKIN.


1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died. A-men.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign:
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

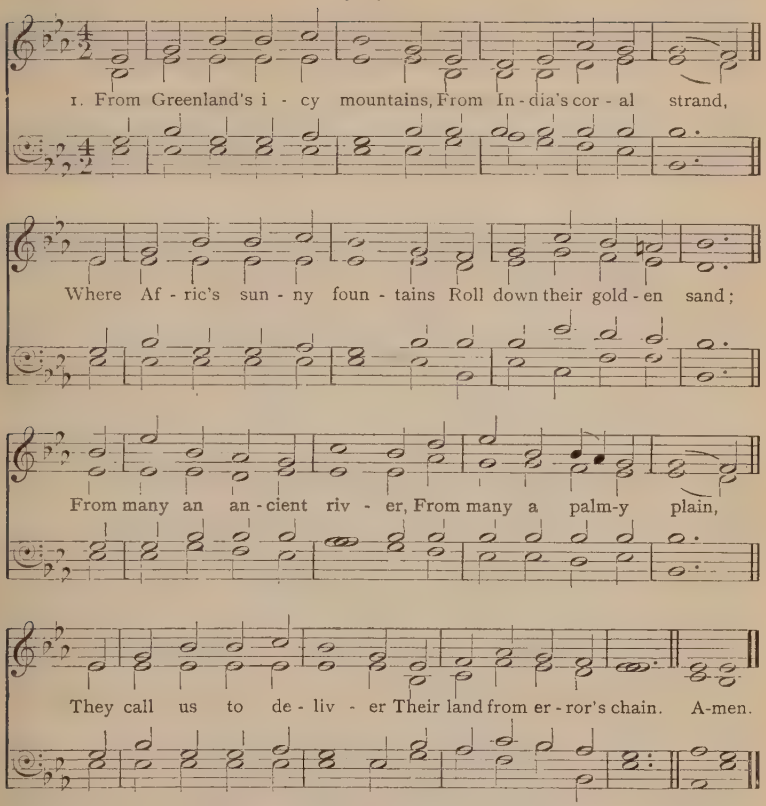
4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner; let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

G. W. DOANE.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6.7.6 D L. MASON


1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

R. HEBER.

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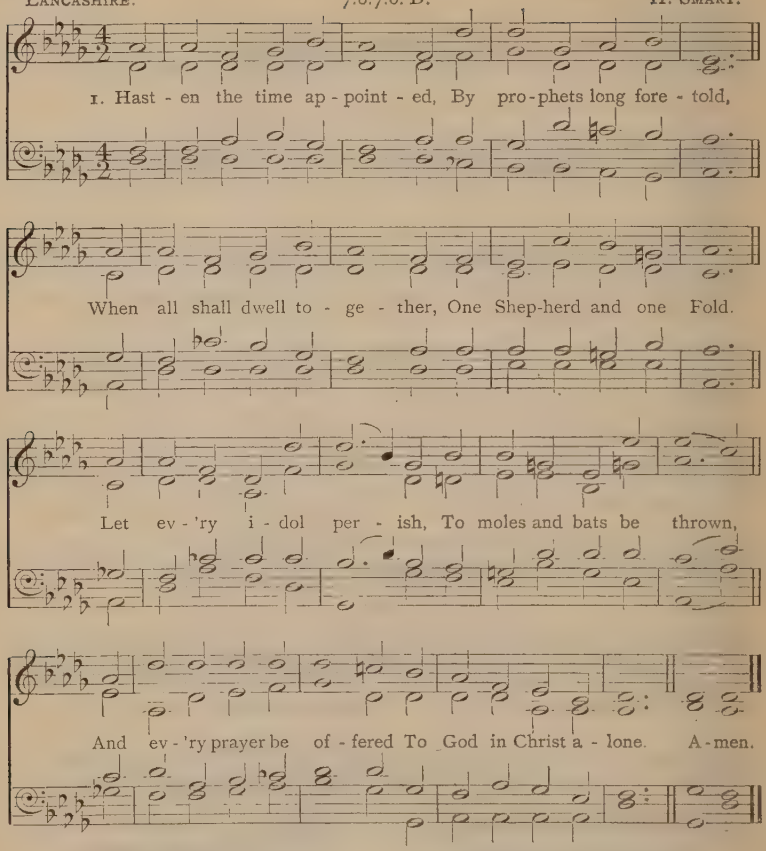
LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. SMART.


1. Hast - en the time ap - point - ed, By pro - phets long fore - told,
When all shall dwell to - ge - ther, One Shep-herd and one Fold.
Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone. A - men.

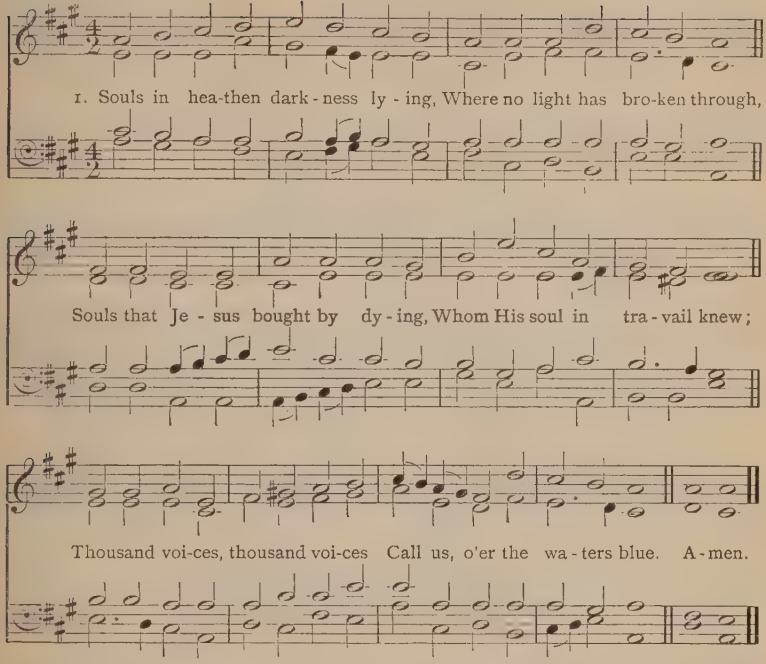
2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.
Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone. Amen.

*Authorship uncertain.*

DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.4.7. S. WEBBE.


1. Souls in hea-then dark-ness ly-ing, Where no light has bro-ken through,
Souls that Je-sus bought by dy-ing, Whom His soul in tra-vail knew;
Thousand voi-ces, thousand voi-ces Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue. A-men.

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

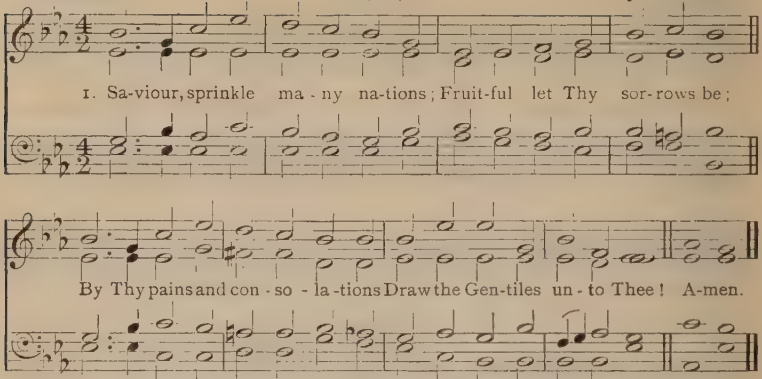
3 Haste, Oh haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten:
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

## 257

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.


1. Sa-viour, sprinkle ma - ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee! A-men.

2 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

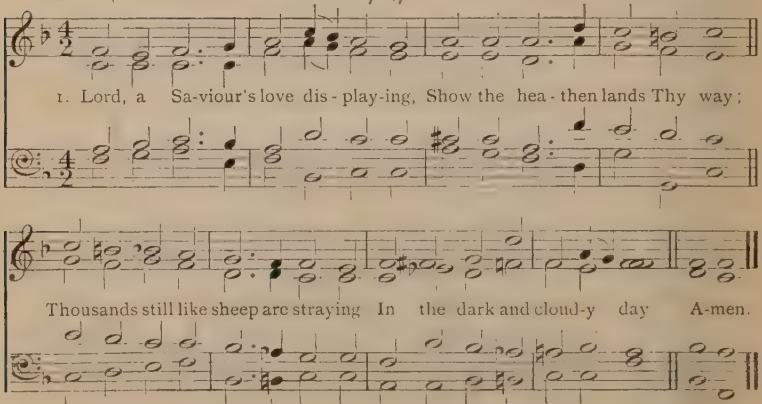
5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

A. C. COXE.

## 258

SARDIS. 8.7.8.7. From BEETHOVEN.


1. Lord, a Sa-viour's love dis - play-ing, Show the hea - then lands Thy way;
Thousands still like sheep are straying In the dark and cloud-y day A-men.

2.

Shades of death are gathering o'er them.
Lord, they perish from Thy sight!
Let Thine angel go before them;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

3.

Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

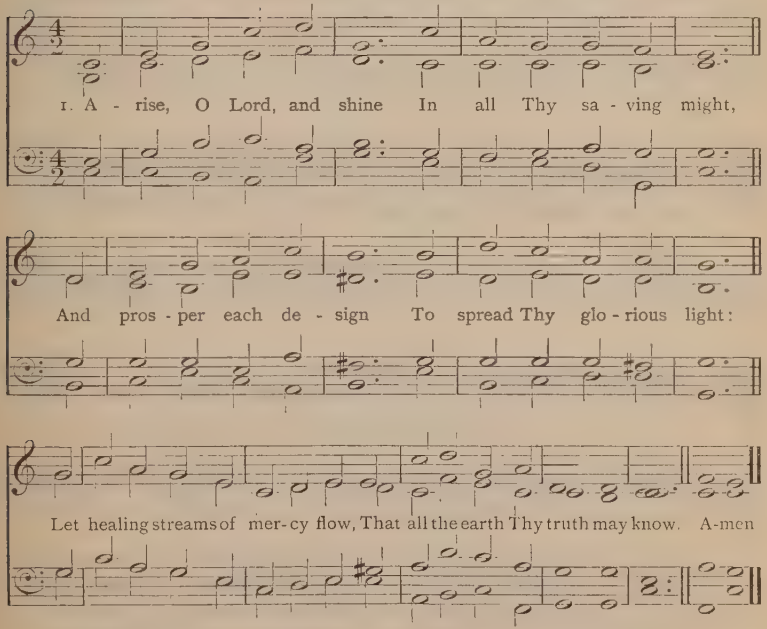
4.

Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold;
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the one true fold. Amen.

E. HAWKINS.

## 259

CHRISTCHURCH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. STEGGALL.

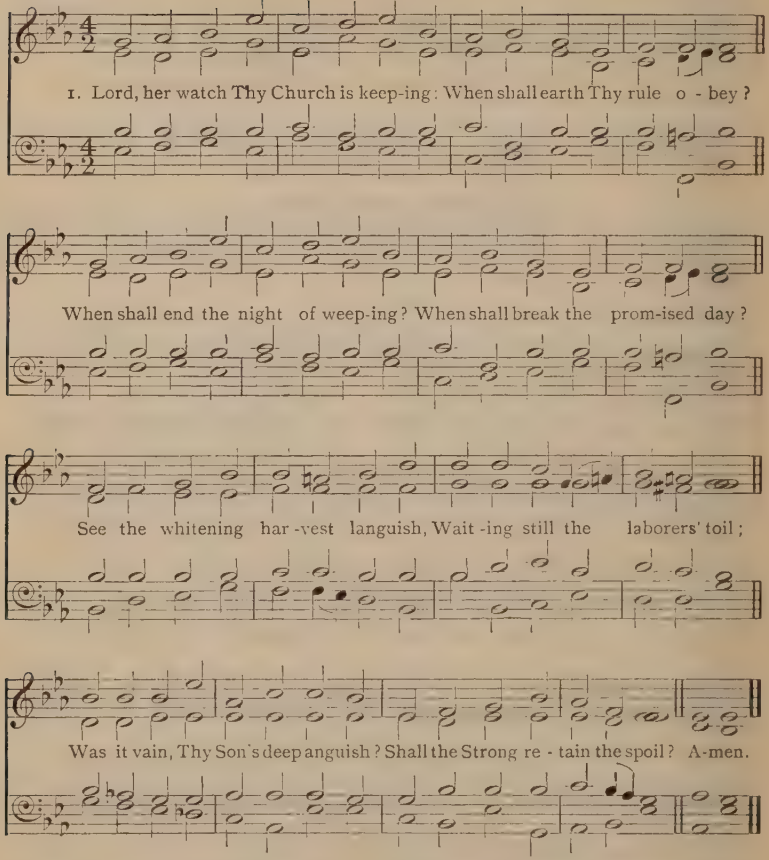

1. A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sa - ving might,
And pros - per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light:
Let healing streams of mer-cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know. A-men

2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee: [bless,
God, our own God, His Church shall
And earth be filled with righteousness.
Amen.

W. HURN.

EVERTON. 8.7.8.7. D H. SMART

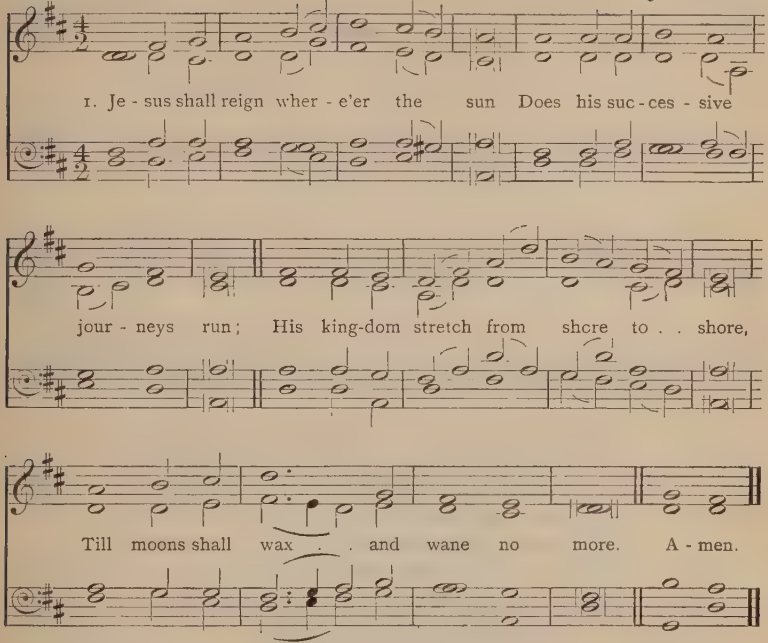

1. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keep-ing: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey?
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?
See the whitening har-vest languish, Wait-ing still the laborers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the Strong re - tain the spoil? A-men.

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord almighty, give the word!
Give the word! in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone forever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!
Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

DUKE STREET. L.M. J. HATTON.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
jour - neys run; His king-dom stretch from shore to . . shore,
Till moons shall wax . . and wane no more. A - men.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

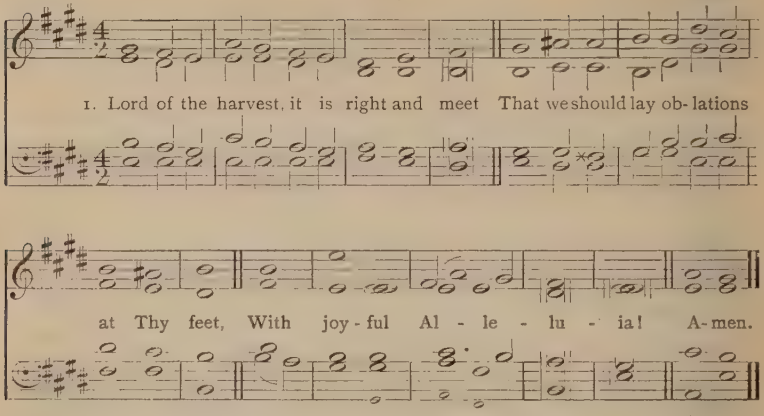
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ALLELUIA 10.10.7. HORATIO PARKER.




2 Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia!

3 We toiled and prayed and Thou hast heard on high;
Hast cheered our hearts and changed our suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia!

4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia!

5 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia!

6 O Christ, Who in the wide world's fallow lea,
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia!

7 To Thee, O Holy Ghost, Whose gracious rain
And living breath hath fed the ghostly grain,
We sing our Alleluia!

8 Yea, West and East, the Harvest men went forth;
"We come" has sounded to the South and North.
At morn sing Alleluia!

9 In fields of home, in fields the far away,
Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.
At noon sing Alleluia!

10 The winds of God have blown with living breath,
His dews have fallen on the plains of death.
At eve sing Alleluia.

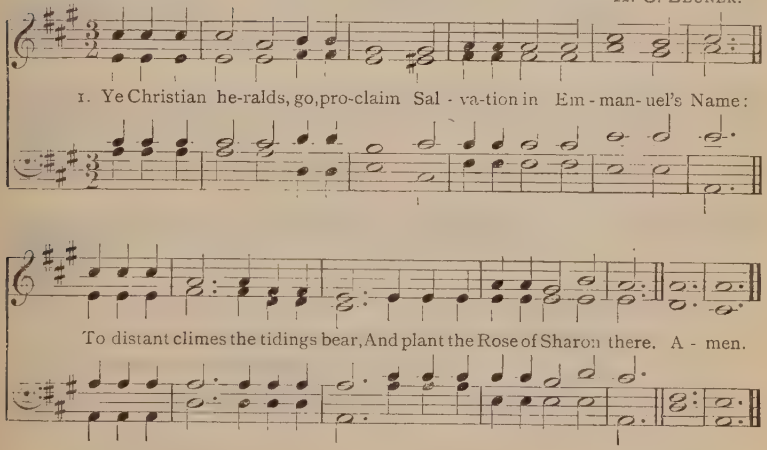
11 Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
Adoring Alleluia.

12 Glory to God! the Church in patience cries;
Glory to God! the Church in bliss replies,
With endless Alleluia! Amen.

S. J. STONE.

## 263

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M. H. C. ZEUNER.


1. Ye Christian he-ralds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion in Em - man-uel's Name:
To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there. A - men.

2.

God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

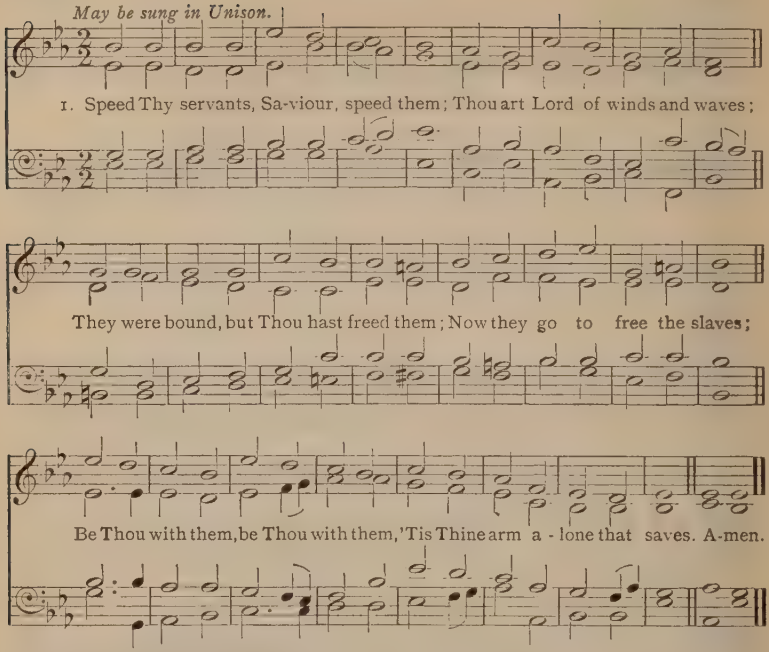
3.

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

B. H. DRAPER.

BENEDIC ANIMA. 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. GOSS.

*May be sung in Unison.*


1. Speed Thy servants, Sa-viour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them, be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves. A-men.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
Oh, be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

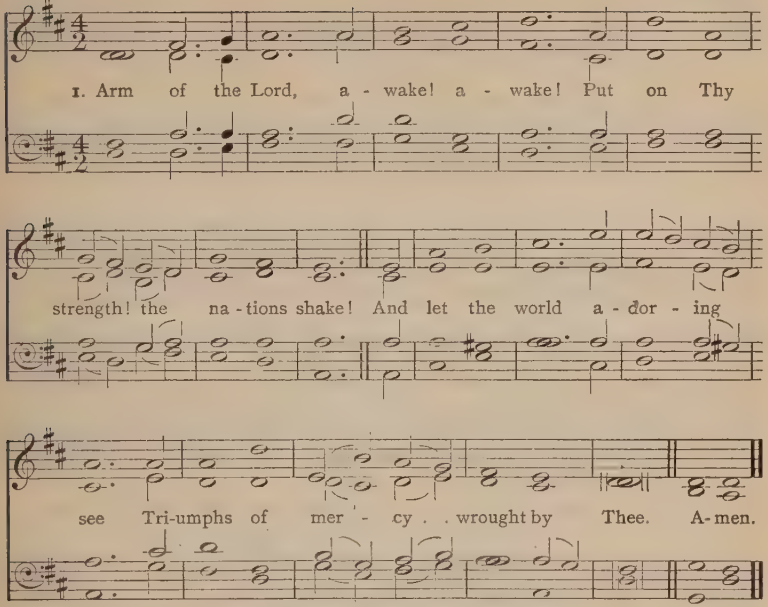
4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain;
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see:

6 There to reap in joy forever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone. Amen.

T. KELLY.

TRURO. L.M. C. BURNEY.


1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a - wake! Put on Thy
strength! the na - tions shake! And let the world a - dor - ing
see Tri-umphs of mer - cy . . wrought by Thee. A-men.

2.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3.

Let Sion's time of favor come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

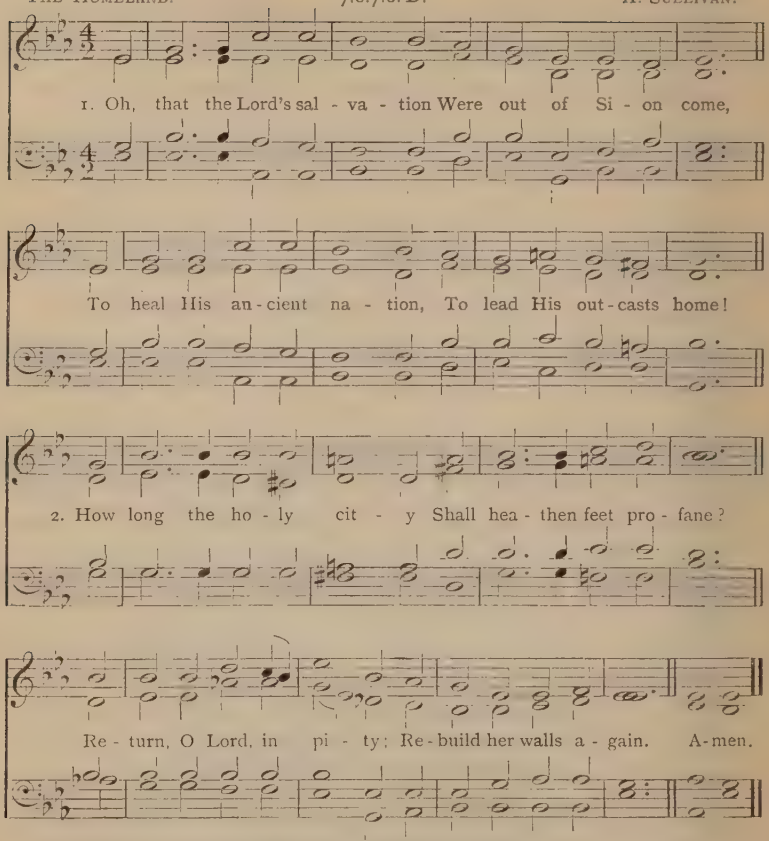
4.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

266 FOR THE JEWS.

THE HOMELAND. 7.6.7.6. D. A. SULLIVAN.

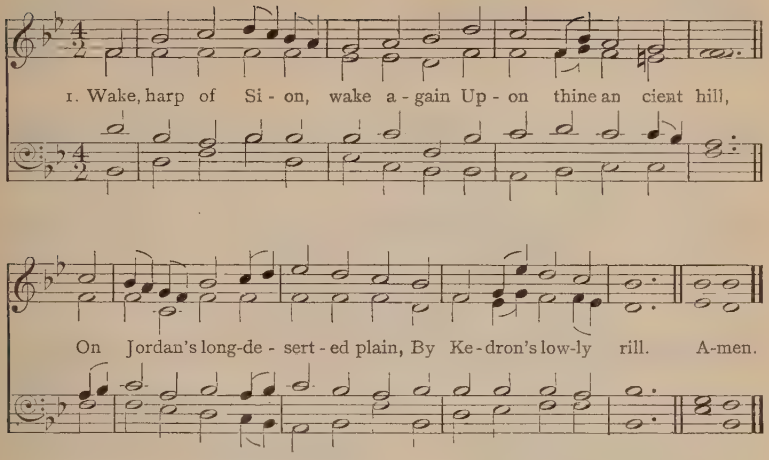

1. Oh, that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Si - on come,
To heal His an - cient na - tion, To lead His out - casts home!
2. How long the ho - ly cit - y Shall hea - then feet pro - fane?
Re - turn, O Lord, in pi - ty; Re - build her walls a - gain. A - men.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

TIVERTON. C.M. T. GRIGG.




2.

The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

3.

For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

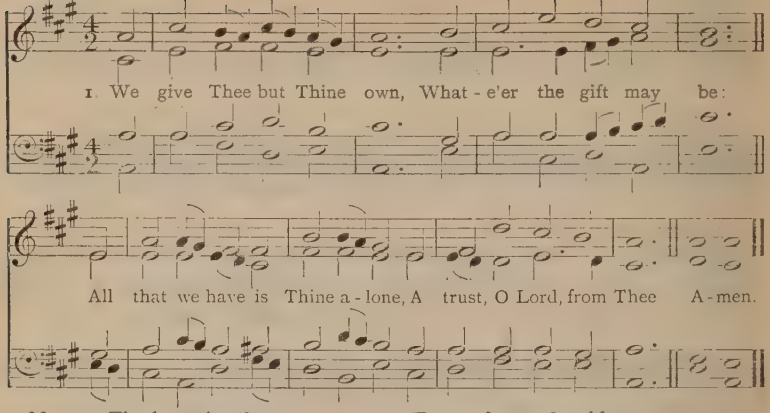
4.

Oh, hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice! Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

## 268 Almsgiving.

CAMBRIDGE. S.M R. HARRISON.




2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the Fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and Fatherless
Is angels' work below.

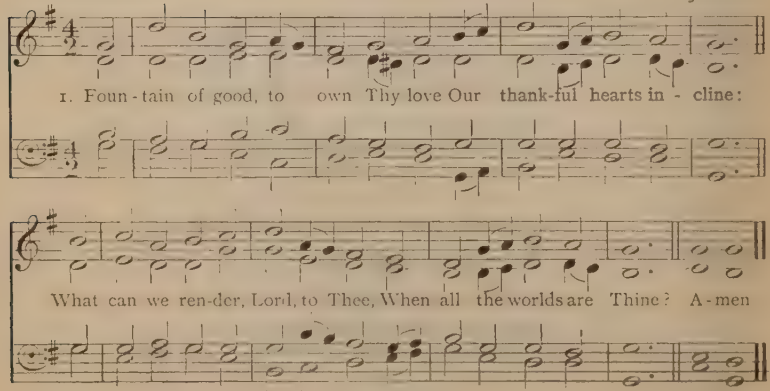
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

## 269

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. W. JONES.


1. Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline:
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-men

2.

But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3.

In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4.

Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5.

Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

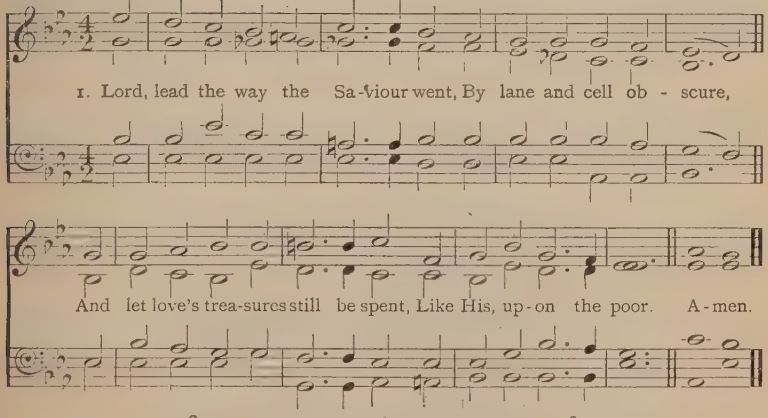
6.

Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE. *Alt. by* E. OSLER.

## 270

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY.


1. Lord, lead the way the Sa-viour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
And let love's trea-sures still be spent, Like His, up-on the poor. A-men.

2.

Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3.

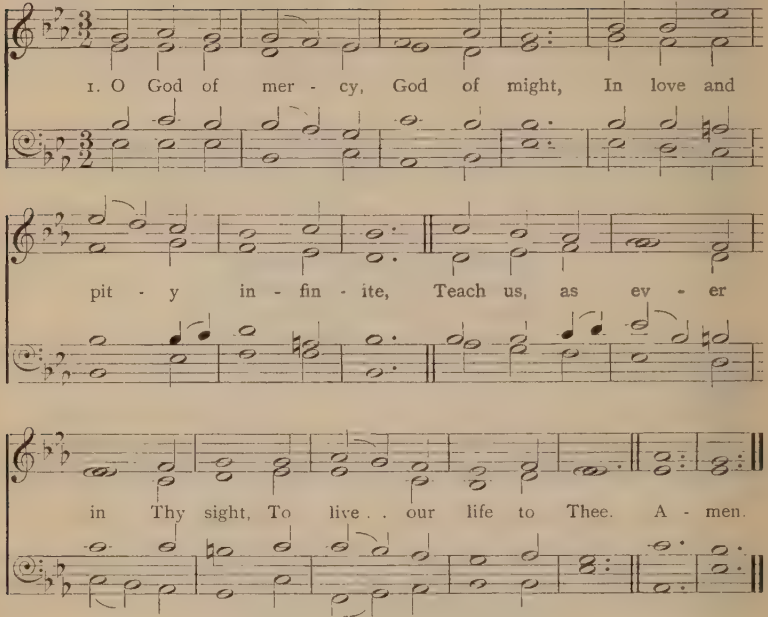
For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4.

Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward. Amen.

W. CROSWELL.

LOVE. 8.8.8.6. G. W. TORRANCE.




2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

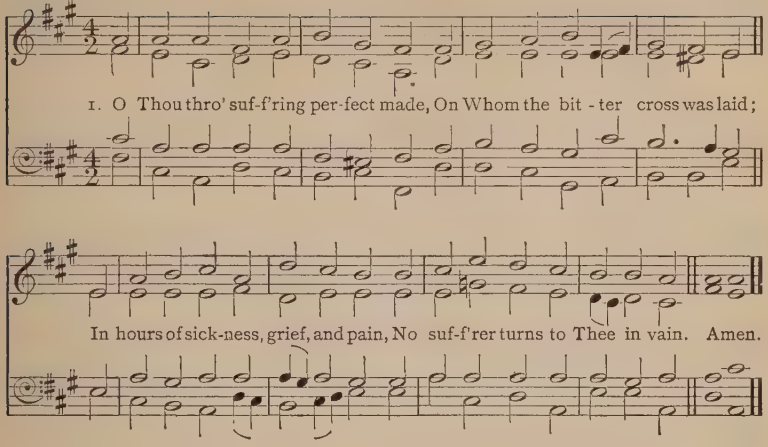
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. Amen.

G. THRING.

# Charities.

BRESLAU. L.M. German.


1. O Thou thro' suf-f'ring per-fect made, On Whom the bit - ter cross was laid;
In hours of sick-ness, grief, and pain, No suf-f'rer turns to Thee in vain. Amen.

2.

The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3.

O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4.

But, oh, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God!

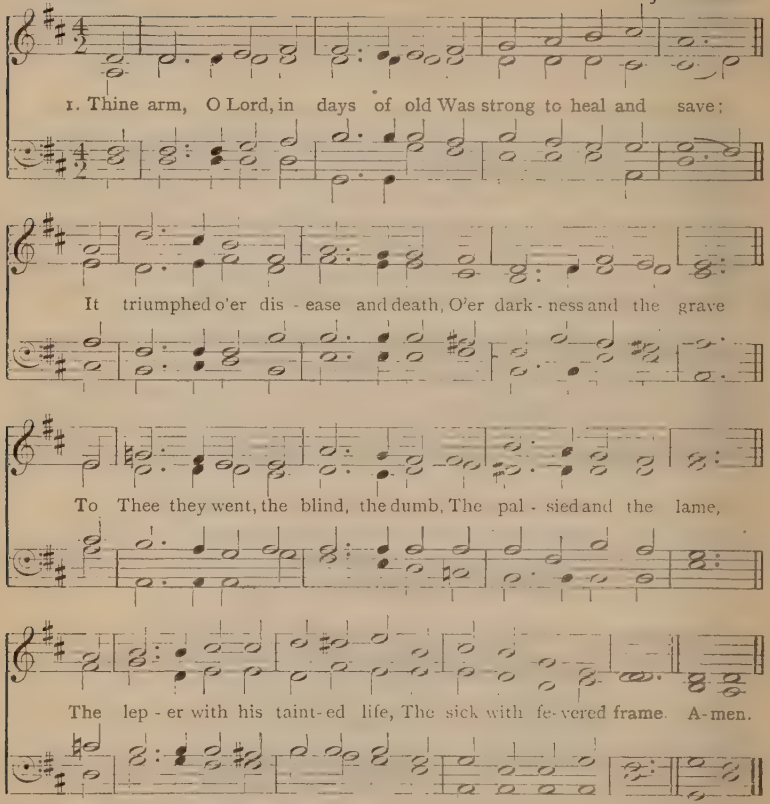
5.

Oh, heal the bruisèd heart within!
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin!
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

# Charities.

ST. LUKE C.M.D. J. BARNBY.


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame. A - men.

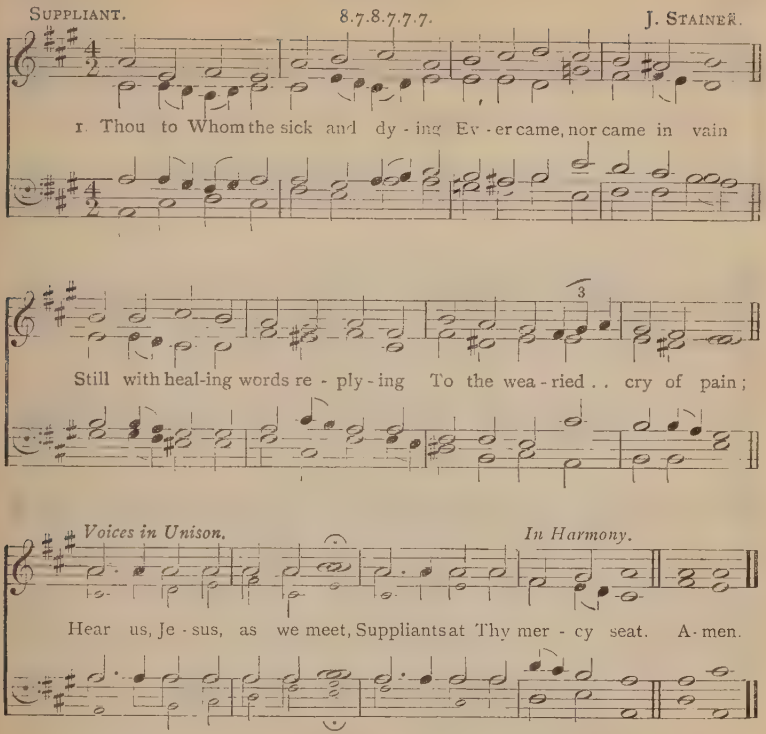
2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look; [read
Though they who do Thy work must
Thy laws in nature's book:
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
And strength, where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

SUPPLIANT. 8.7.8.7.7.7. J. STAINER.


1. Thou to Whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain
Still with heal-ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried . . cry of pain;
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy seat. A - men.

2.

Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4.

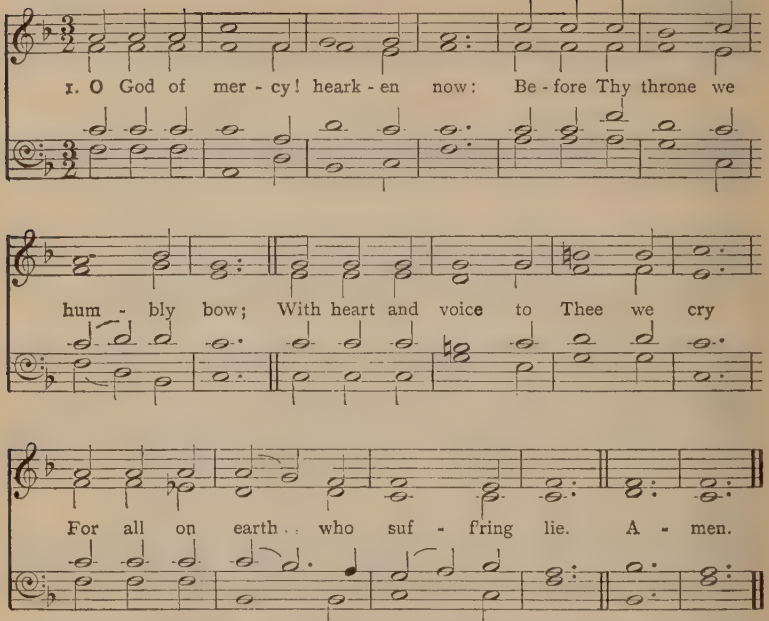
May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.
Amen.

G. THRING.

HESPERUS. L.M. H. BAKER.


1. O God of mer - cy! heark - en now: Be - fore Thy throne we
hum - bly bow; With heart and voice to Thee we cry
For all on earth who suf - fring lie. A - men.

2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,
Beyond the glittering, starry sky:
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below
Beside the beds of want and woe.

3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send Thou the help we cannot give;
Bid dying souls arise and live.

4 Oh, let the healing waters spring,
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing;
With quickening power new strength impart
To palsied will, to withered heart.

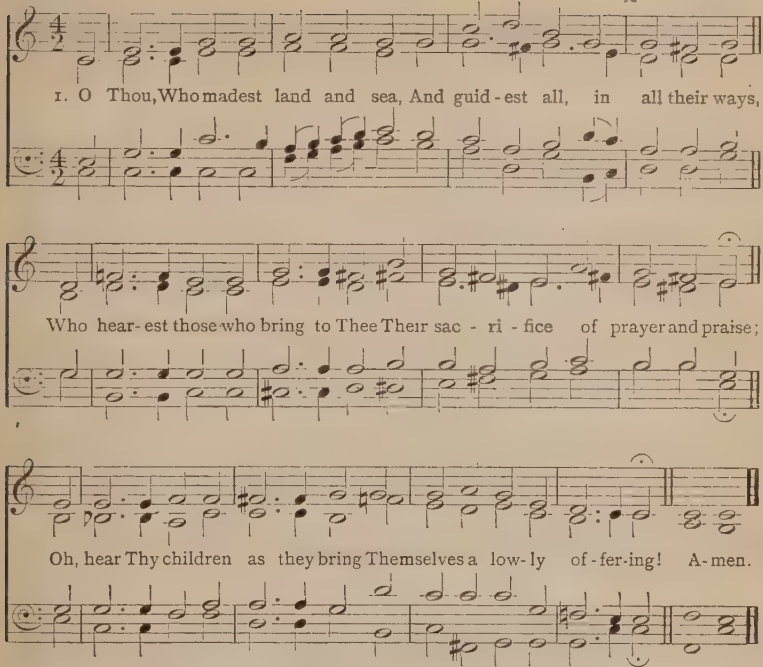
5 Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suffering children cry,
Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.

6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth confest!
Echo Thy praise from every shore
Forever and for evermore. Amen.

E. V. CLARK.

# 276 Orphans.

MELITA. Six 8's. J. B. DYKES.


1. O Thou, Who madest land and sea, And guid - est all, in all their ways,
Who hear - est those who bring to Thee Their sac - ri - fice of prayer and praise;
Oh, hear Thy children as they bring Themselves a low - ly of - fer - ing! A - men.

2 Great God, Who with a Father's love
Dost watch o'er all created things,
And gatherest all, below, above,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,
Thy listening ear doth heed on high,
And hearken to the raven's call;
Then, heavenly Father, hear and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

4 Come, heavenly Father, come to-day,
For we Thy children come to Thee,
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,
If come we in humility;
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

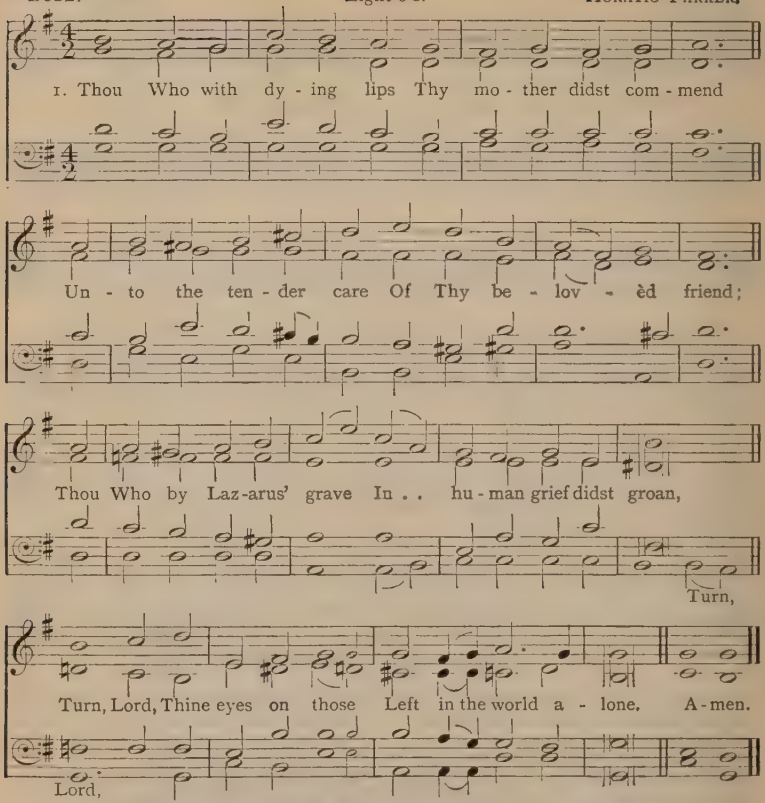
5 Cast forth upon the barren strand
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;
In faith and hope, we fain would stand
Beneath Thy sheltering arm for aye;
Stretch forth Thine hand, and pitying bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

6 And may we all with joyful mind
Our hearts as living offerings bring,
The first-fruits of our life, to find
A Father in our heavenly King;
And learn in life and death to bless
Thee, "Father of the fatherless." Amen.

G. THRING.

# 277 Orphans.

BUDE. Eight 6's. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Thou Who with dy - ing lips Thy mo - ther didst com - mend
Un - to the ten - der care Of Thy be - lov - èd friend;
Thou Who by Laz-arus' grave In . . hu - man grief didst groan,
Turn,
Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those Left in the world a - lone. A - men.
Lord,

2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve
Their home and friends to leave,
And in Thy kingdom all,
Yea, more than all, receive,
To those bereft of all,
Thy pitying love extend,
And let them find in Thee
Father, and home, and friend.

3 Thou Who didst say of old,
"Thine orphans lend to Me;
Unto the fatherless
I will a Father be,"
Thy promises are sure;
Help us to trust Thee still;
To those who need Thee sore,
That faithful word fulfil.

4 Thou Who in Thy still rest
Our dear ones safe dost keep;
Thou Who shalt bring them back
One day from their long sleep,
Oh, keep us by Thy grace,
That we at last may be,
When that bright morning dawns,
At home with them and Thee.
Amen.

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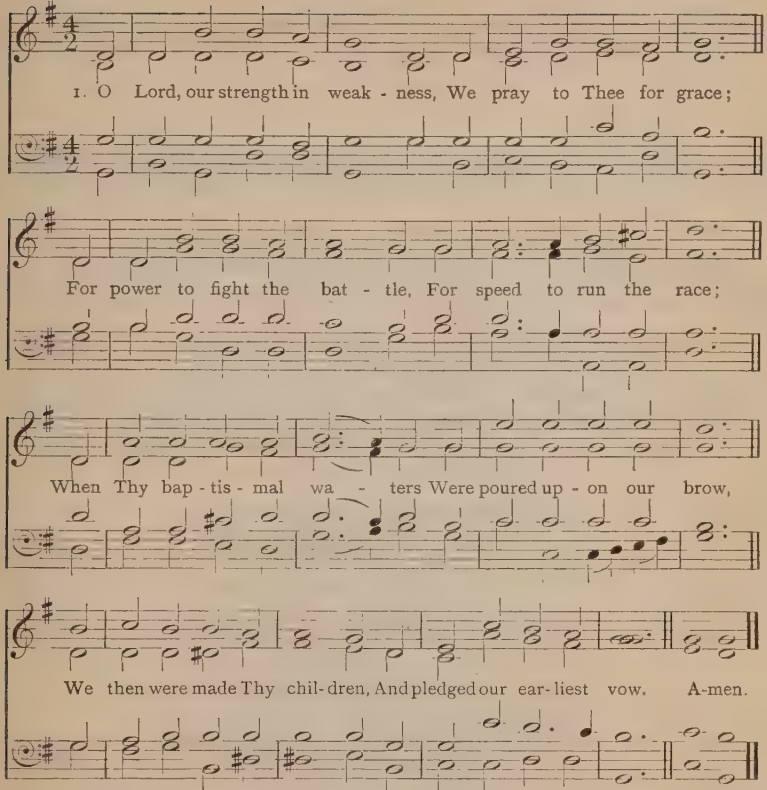
E. WIGLESWORTH.

# 278 Temperance.

CHENIES. 7.6.7.6. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.


1. O Lord, our strength in weak - ness, We pray to Thee for grace;
For power to fight the bat - tle, For speed to run the race;
When Thy bap - tis - mal wa - ters Were poured up - on our brow,
We then were made Thy chil - dren, And pledged our ear - liest vow. A-men.

2 We then were sealed and hallowed
By Thy life-giving word;
Were made the Spirit's temples,
And members of the Lord;
With His own blood He bought us,
And made the purchase sure;
His are we: may He keep us
Sober, and chaste, and pure.

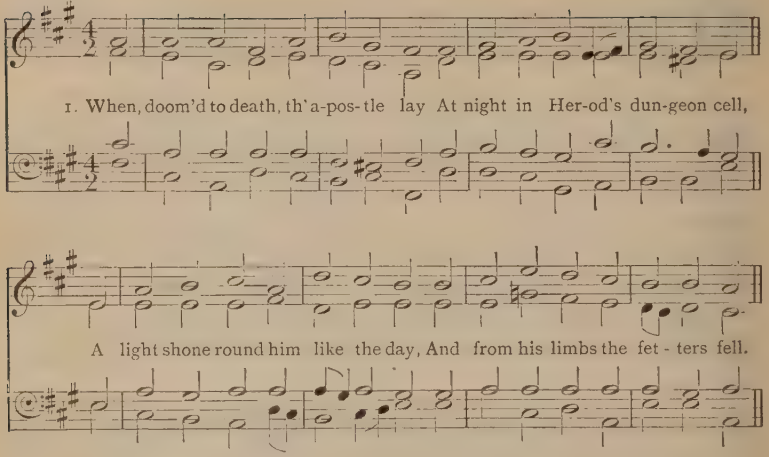
3 Conformed to His own likeness
May we so live and die,
That in the grave our bodies
In holy peace may lie;
And at the resurrection
Forth from those graves may spring,
Like to the glorious body
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

4 The pure in heart are blessèd,
For they shall see the Lord
Forever and forever
By seraphim adored;
And they shall drink the pleasures,
Such as no tongue can tell,
From the clear crystal river,
And life's eternal well. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

# 279 Temperance.

BRESLAU. L.M. German.


1. When, doom'd to death, th'a-pos-tle lay At night in Her-od's dun-geon cell,
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

2.

A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3.

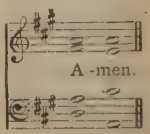
Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4.

O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

5.

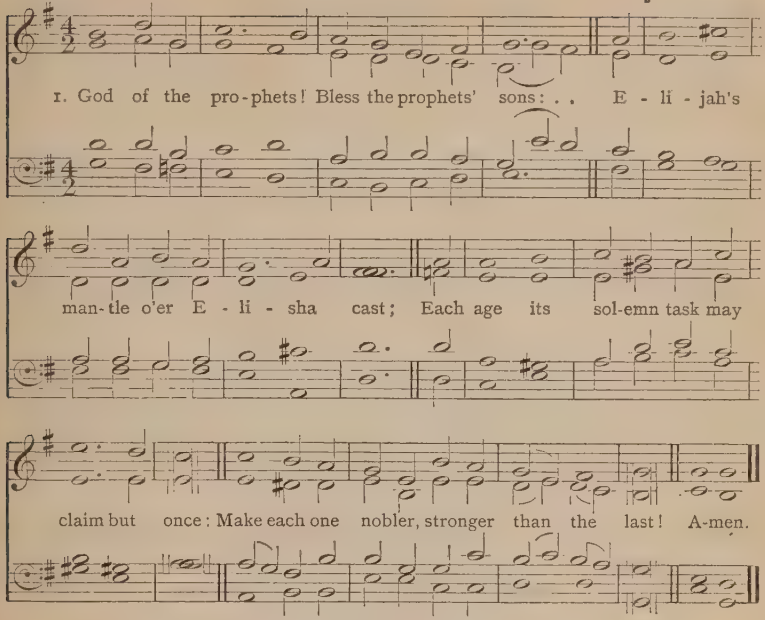
Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!




W. C. BRYANT.

# Divinity Schools.

OMNIUM DOMINATOR. Four 10's. J. STAINER.


1. God of the pro-phets! Bless the prophets' sons: . . E - li - jah's
man-tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol-emn task may
claim but once: Make each one nobler, stronger than the last! A-men.

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! Aye, kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

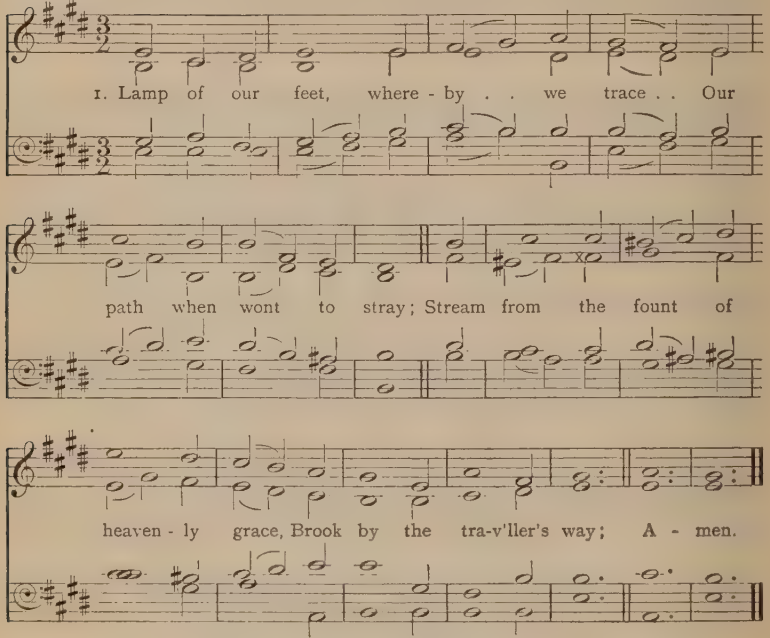
5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross.
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime! Amen.

D. WORTMAN.

## 281 The Holy Scriptures.

PATIENCE. C.M. J. STAINER.


1. Lamp of our feet, where - by . . we trace . . Our
path when wont to stray; Stream from the fount of
heaven - ly grace, Brook by the tra-v'ller's way; A - men.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts. Amen.

B. BARTON.

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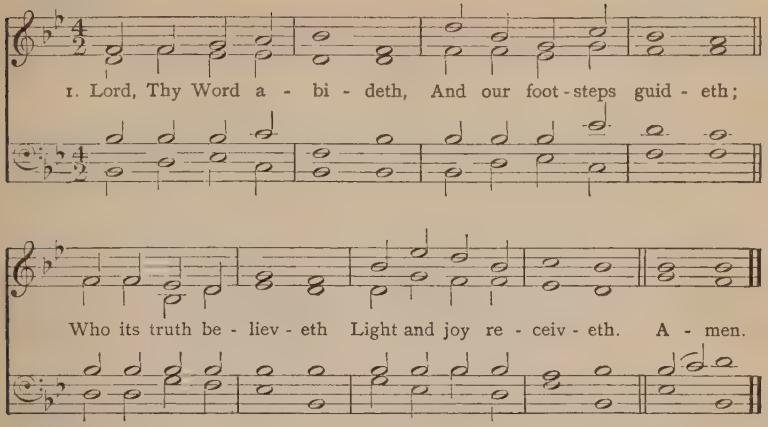
# The Holy Scriptures.

ST. CYPRIAN. Four 6's. R. R. CHOPE.




2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

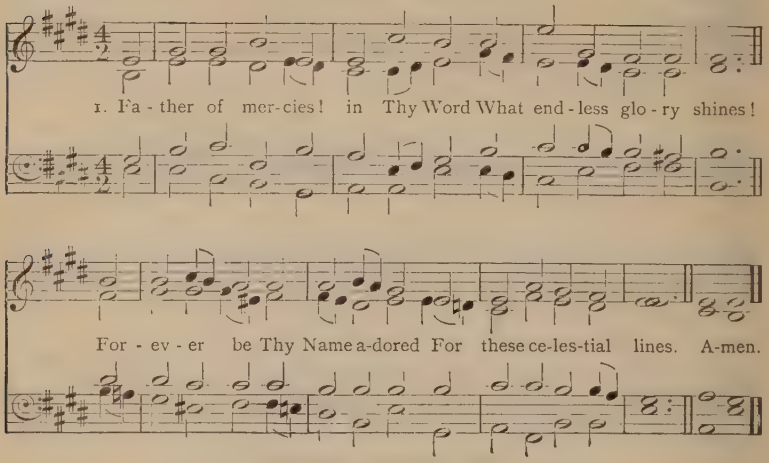
4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted,
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

SOUTHWELL. C.M H. S. IRONS.




2.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3.

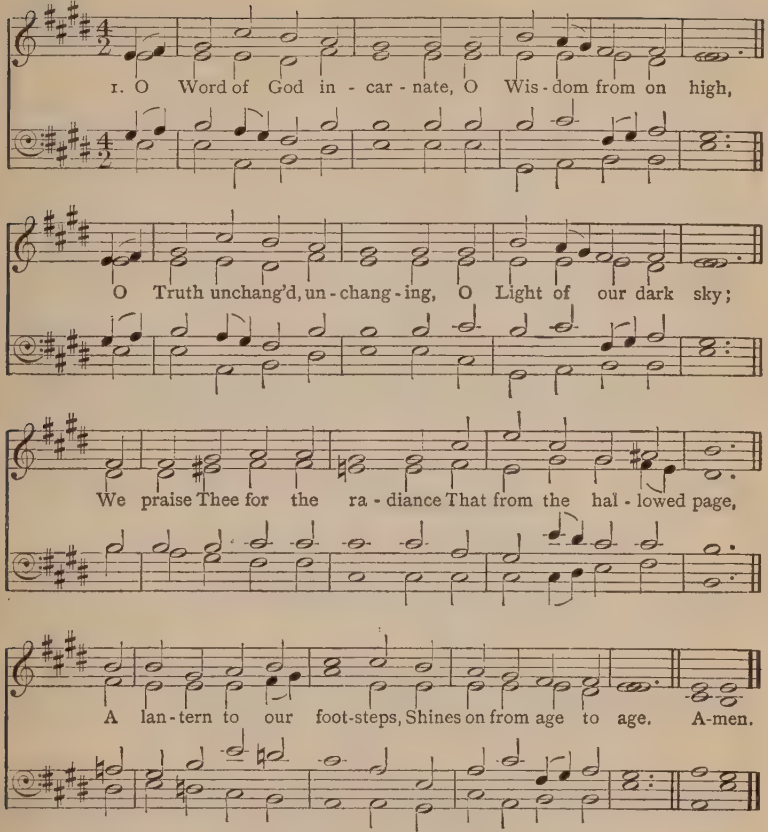
Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there. Amen.

A. STEELE.

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D. German.


1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
O Truth unchang'd, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
A lan - tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A-men.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

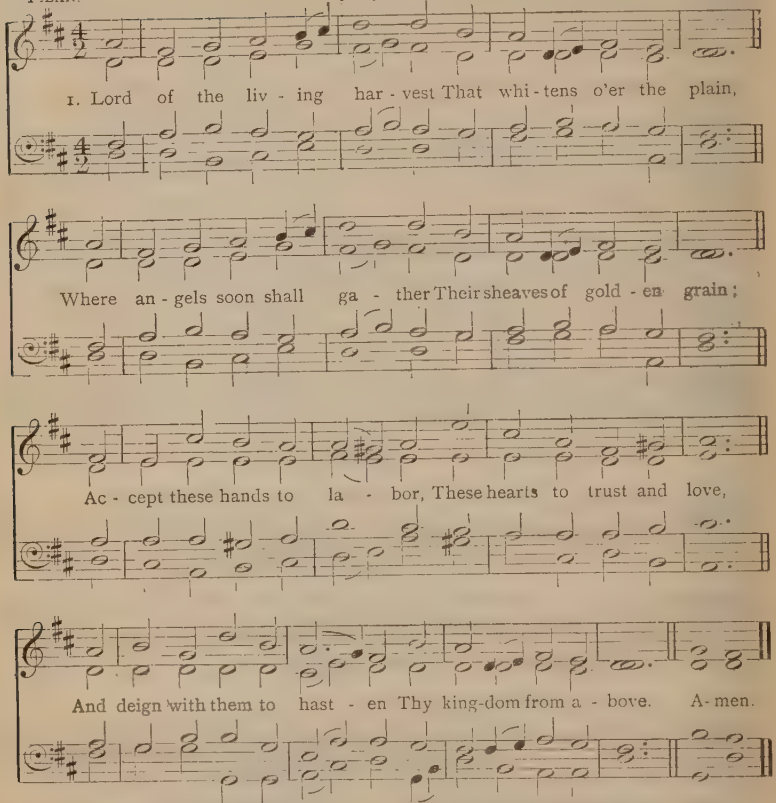
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

## 285 Ordination.

PÆAN. 7.6.7.6. D. F. A. VON WEBER.


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whi - tens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall ga - ther Their sheaves of gold - en grain;
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hast - en Thy king-dom from a - bove. A - men.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

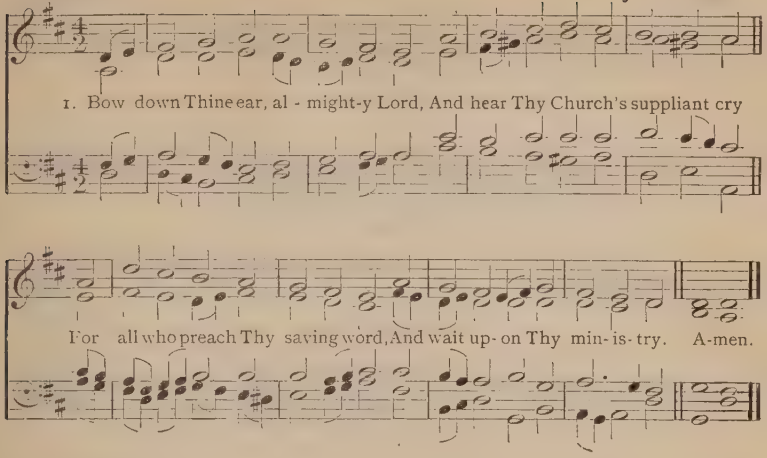
3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessèd Three in One!
Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fulness
Both now and evermore! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

286

EISENACH. L.M. J. H. SCHEIN.


1. Bow down Thine ear, al - might-y Lord, And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry
For all who preach Thy saving word, And wait up- on Thy min- is- try. A-men.

2.

In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou dost call to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3.

O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4.

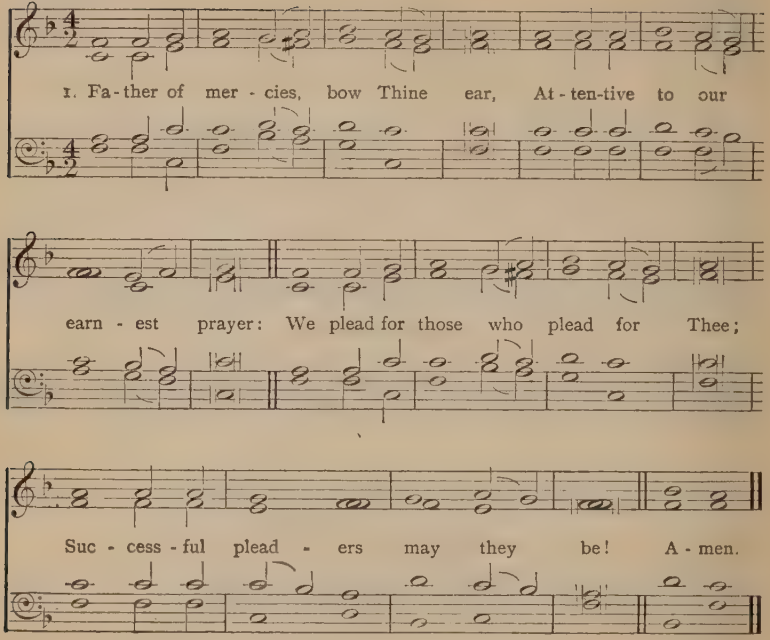
Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5.

O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win. Amen.

T. E. POWELL.

HAMBURG. L.M. L. MASON.


1. Fa-ther of mer - cies, bow Thine ear, At-ten-tive to our
earn - est prayer: We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Suc - cess - ful plead - ers may they be! A - men.

2.

How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3.

Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4.

Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

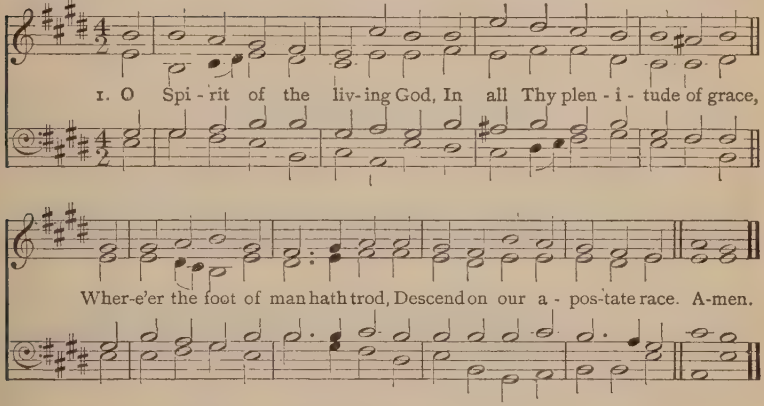
5.
Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6.
Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressèd souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head. Amen.

B. BEDDOME.

**288**

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.


1. O Spi - rit of the liv-ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,
Wher-e'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos-tate race. A-men.

2.
Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3.
Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

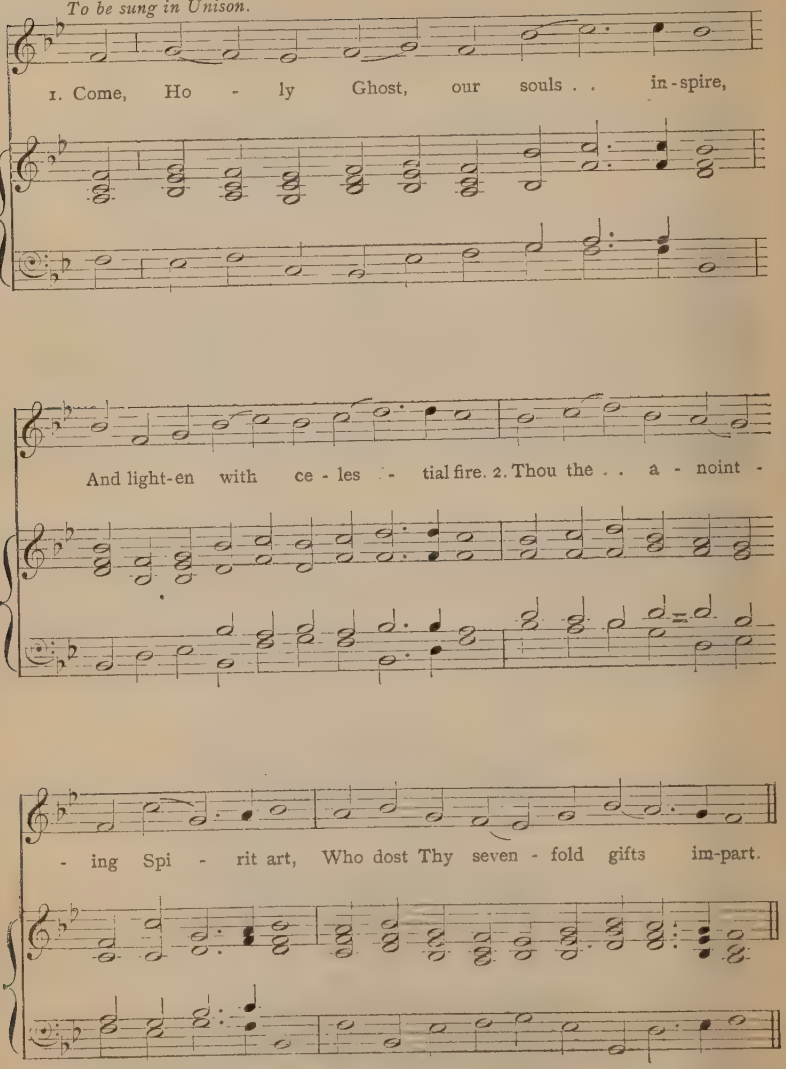
4.
Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

# Ordination.

VENI CREATOR (*First Tune*). Ancient Plain-Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls . . in-spire,
And light-en with ce - les - tial fire. 2. Thou the . . a - noint -
- ing Spi - rit art, Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im-part.

3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

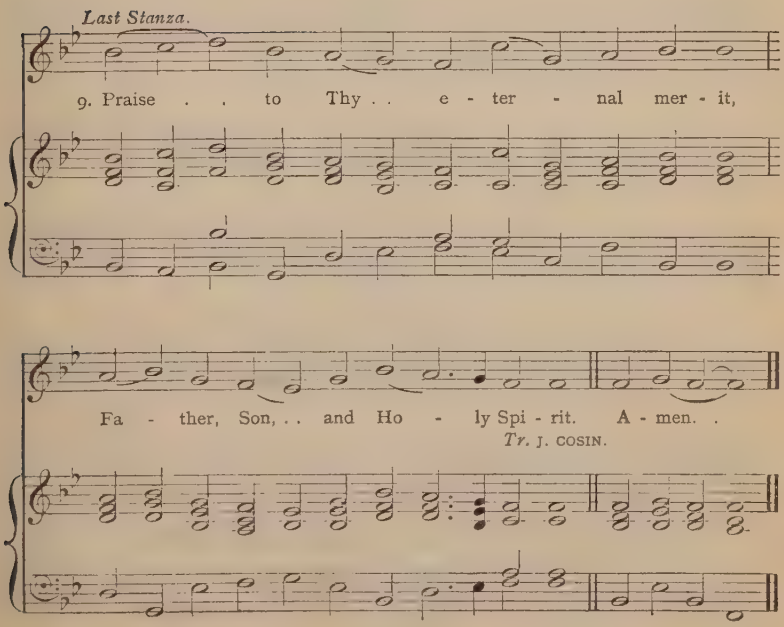
4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

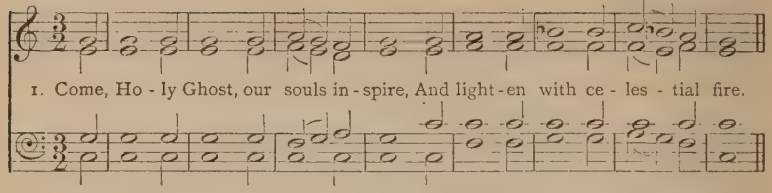
6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:



(*Second Tune.*) J. H. Hopkins.




2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

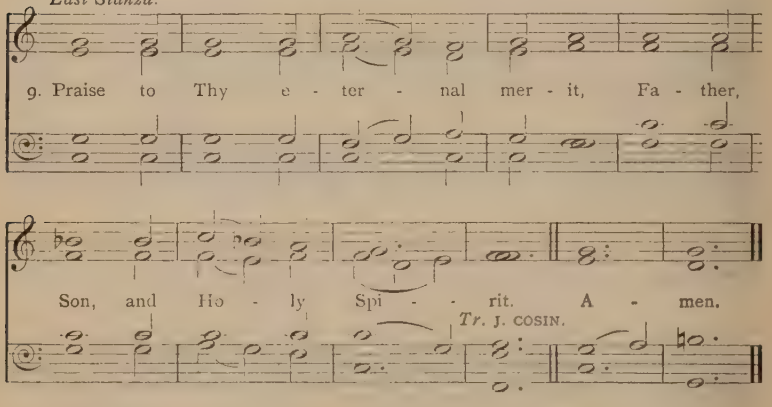
5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

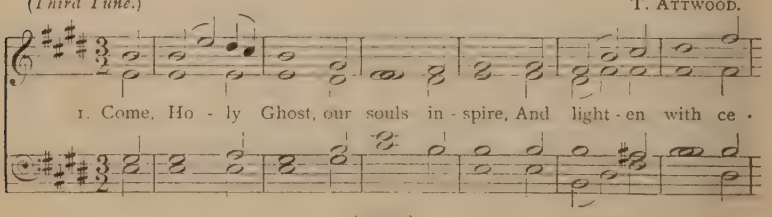
7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages, all along,
This may be our endless song:

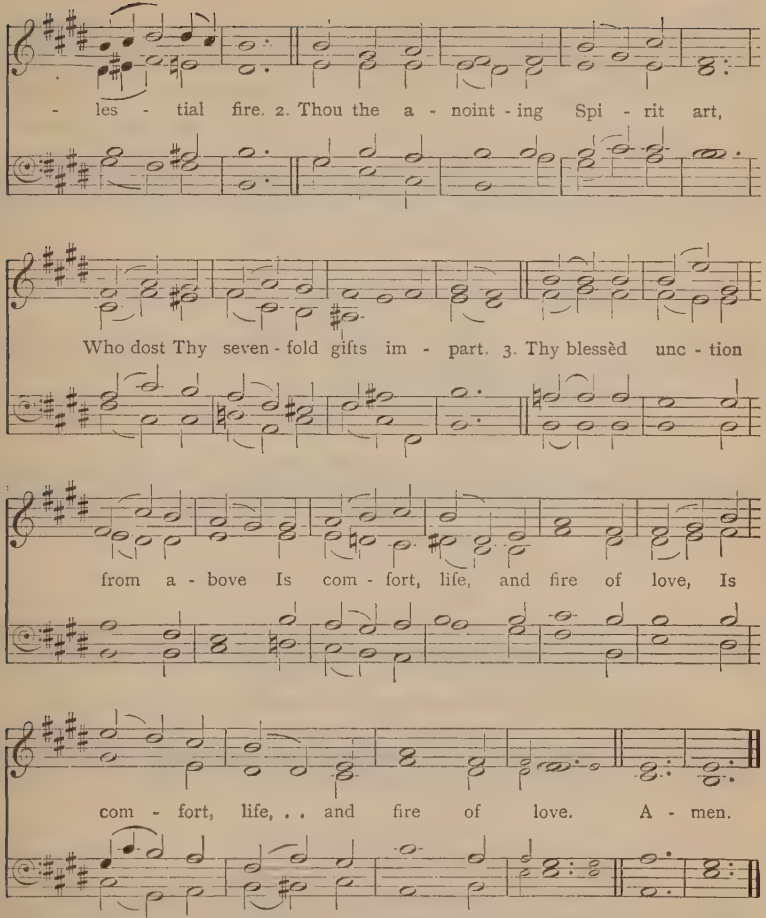
*Last Stanza.*




(*Third Tune.*) T. Attwood.



# Ordination.


- les - tial fire. 2. Thou the a - noint - ing Spi - rit art,
Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part. 3. Thy blessèd unc - tion
from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of love, Is
com - fort, life, . . and fire of love. A - men.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

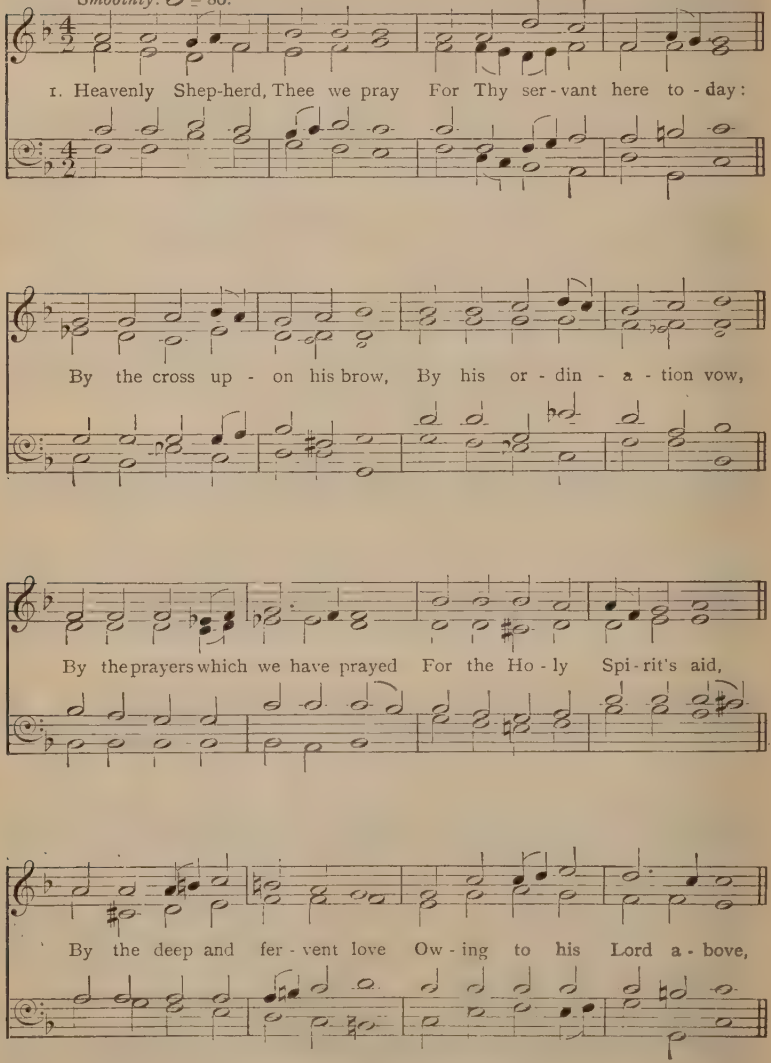
9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

*Tr.* J. COSIN.

# Institution of Ministers.

PASTOR CŒLESTIS.

*Smoothly.* ♩ = 80. Ten 7's. J. E. WEST.


1. Heavenly Shep-herd, Thee we pray For Thy ser-vant here to-day:
By the cross up-on his brow, By his or-din-a-tion vow,
By the prayers which we have prayed For the Ho-ly Spi-rit's aid,
By the deep and fer-vent love Ow-ing to his Lord a-bove,

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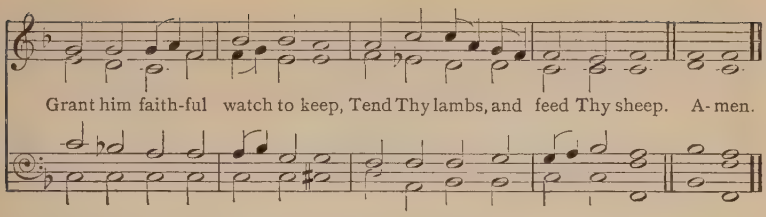
# Institution of Ministers.




2 From the silent power of sin
Lurking secretly within,
May the grace that flows from Thee,
Heavenly Shepherd, set him free;
By the blessing on him breathed,
By the charge to him bequeathed,
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Gird him for the sacred strife,
Aye his faithful watch to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

3 Speed him on his life-long way,
Speed him whom we speed to-day;
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,
Give him souls for his reward:
Till he win the promised crown,
When he lays his burden down
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,
Low before the mercy-seat:
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

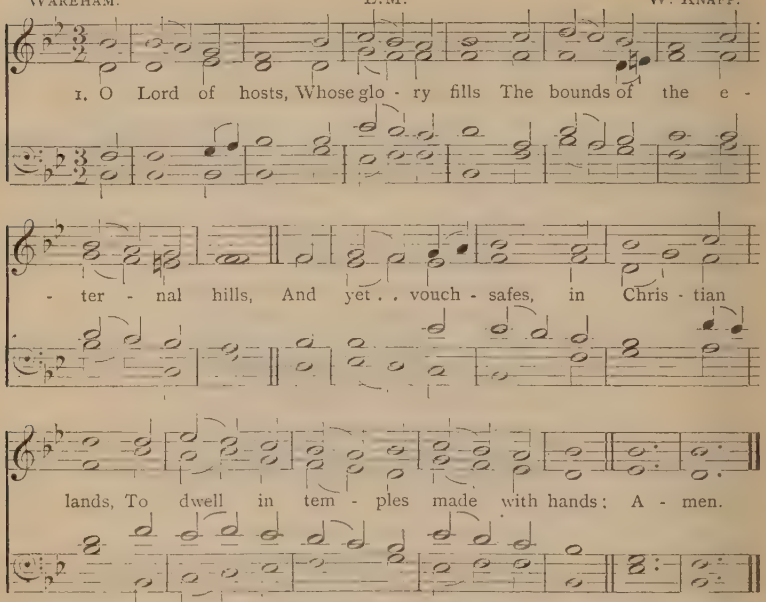
4 To the blessèd Trinity
Now let praise and glory be,
In Whose Name we meet to-day
For our guidance, as we pray
That we may, in all we do,
Pastor, and his flock, be true;
True to man in heavenly love,
True to Thee, our God, above,
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat. Amen.

C. G. WOODHOUSE.

## 291

# Laying of a Corner-Stone.

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.


1. O Lord of hosts, Whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e -
- ter - nal hills, And yet . . vouch - safes, in Chris - tian
lands, To dwell in tem - ples made with hands; A - men.

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

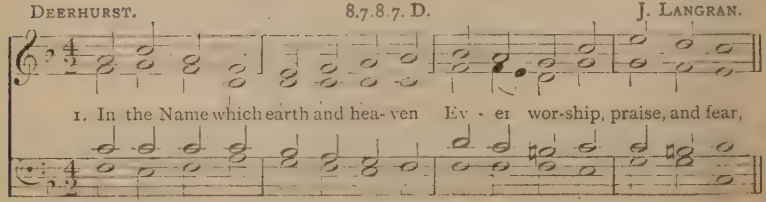
5 The minds that guide, endue with skill;
The hands that work, preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessèd Trinity! Amen.

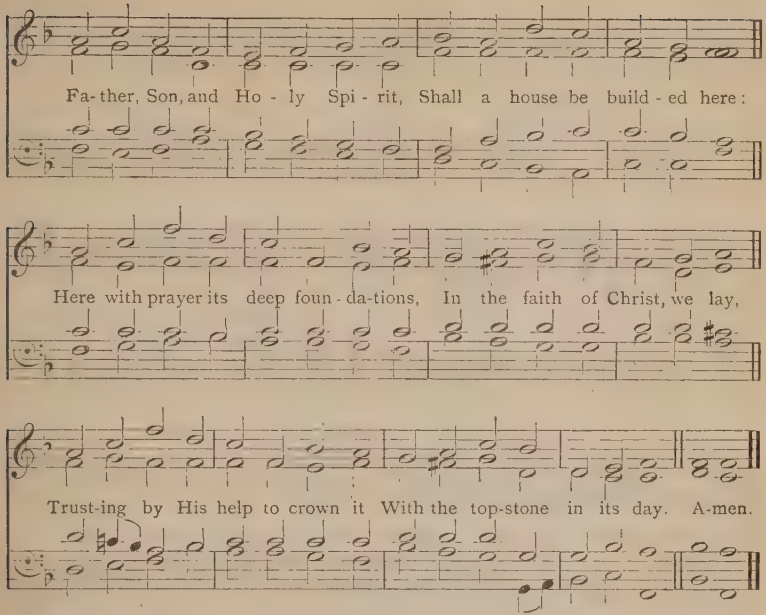
J. M. NEALE.

## 292

DEERHURST. 8.7.8.7. D. J. LANGRAN.



# Laying of a Corner-Stone.


Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit, Shall a house be build - ed here:
Here with prayer its deep foun - da-tions, In the faith of Christ, we lay,
Trust-ing by His help to crown it With the top-stone in its day. A-men.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesu, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier House on high;
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn, [èd,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeem-
Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

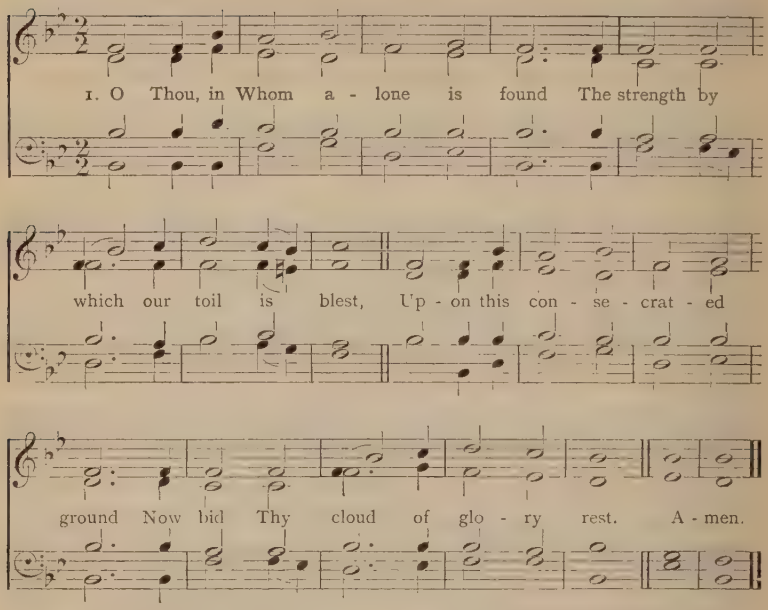
5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
Here the child of God be sealed;
Here the Bread of Heaven be broken,
"Till He come," Himself revealed.

6 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,
Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee, in Whom Thy temple
Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one:
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 293 Laying of a Corner-Stone.

WARD. L M. *Scotch Melody.*


1. O Thou, in Whom a - lone is found The strength by
which our toil is blest, U'p - on this con - se - crat - ed
ground Now bid Thy cloud of glo - ry rest. A - men.

2.

In Thy great Name we place this stone;
To Thy great truth these walls we rear:
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.

3.

And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
With living fire touch every tongue.

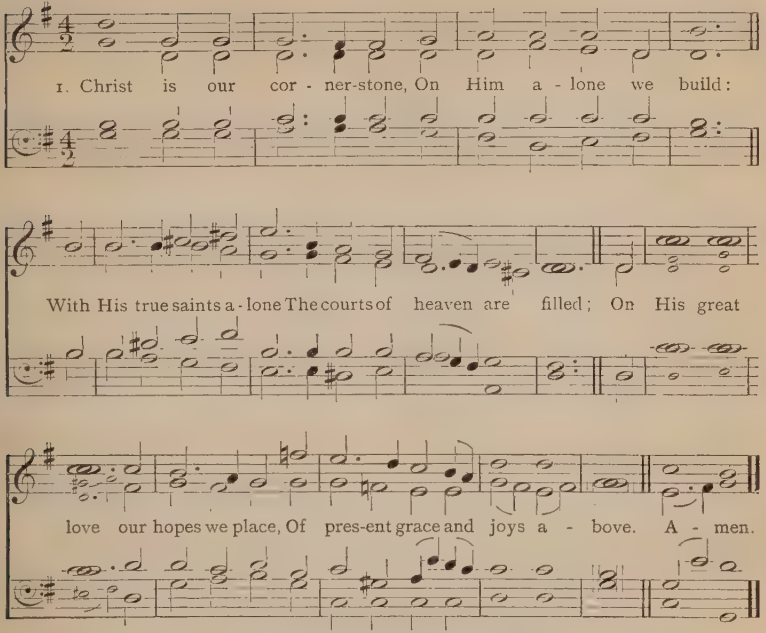
4.

Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;
Let sin and error pass away,
Till truth's full influence from above
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day. Amen.

H. WARE.

# 294 Laying of a Corner-Stone.

AUBURNDALE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Christ is our cor - ner-stone, On Him a - lone we build:
With His true saints a - lone The courts of heaven are filled; On His great
love our hopes we place, Of pres-ent grace and joys a - bove. A - men.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus praclaim in joyful song,'
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

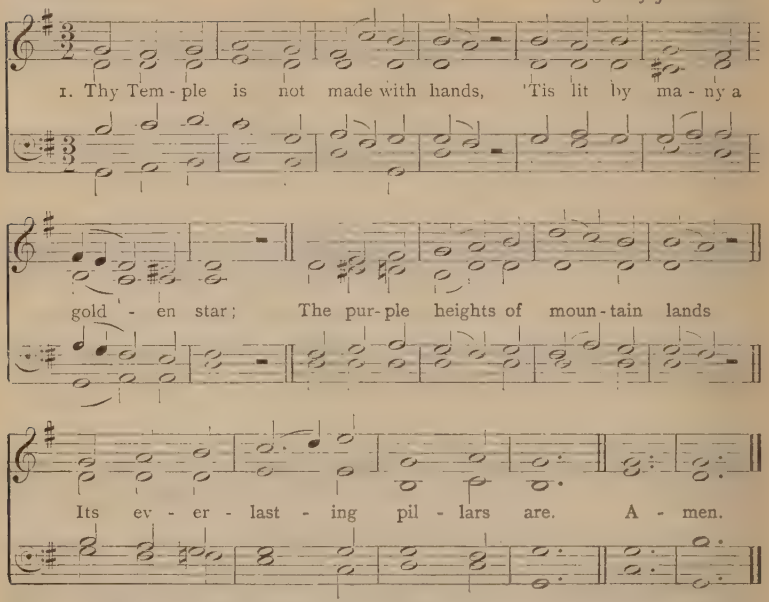
3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away. Amen.

*Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

# Consecration of Churches.

OTTERBOURNE. L.M. Arranged by J. TURLE.


1. Thy Tem - ple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by ma - ny a
gold - en star; The pur-ple heights of moun-tain lands
Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are. A - men.

2 Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!
Yet enter in, and bless the fane
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.

3 [*Unworthy gift and touched with fears,
And memories of our loved at rest;
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,
And be Thy presence here confest.]

4 For welcome to the babe new-born,
For strengthening hands on bended head,
For blessings on the marriage morn,
And sweet words whispered o'er the dead;

5 For food divine to souls sufficed,
For words that warn, for prayers that press,
Arise and enter in, O Christ!
And with Thy presence all things bless.

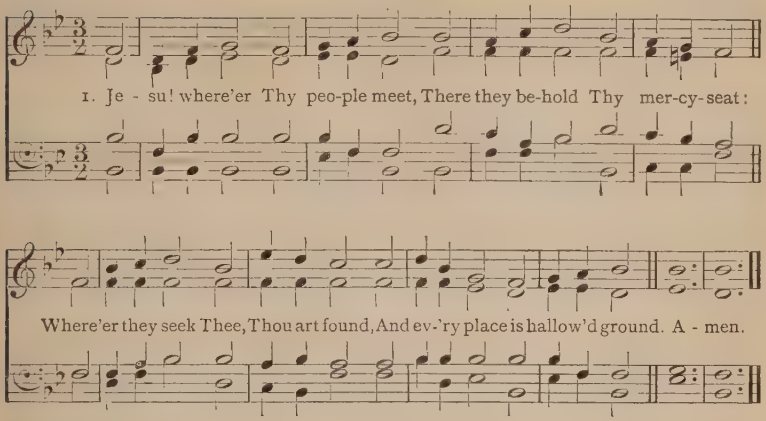
6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,
Forever and for evermore. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

* To be used of a Memorial Church.

# Consecration of Churches.

HEBRON. L.M. L. MASON.


1. Je - su! where'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer-cy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallow'd ground. A - men.

2.

And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.

3.

Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!

4.

[*Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]

5.

Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

6.

Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

7.

Here to the babe new-born on earth,
Grant Thou the newer, better birth;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.

8.

Here to the weary, hungry soul,
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

9.

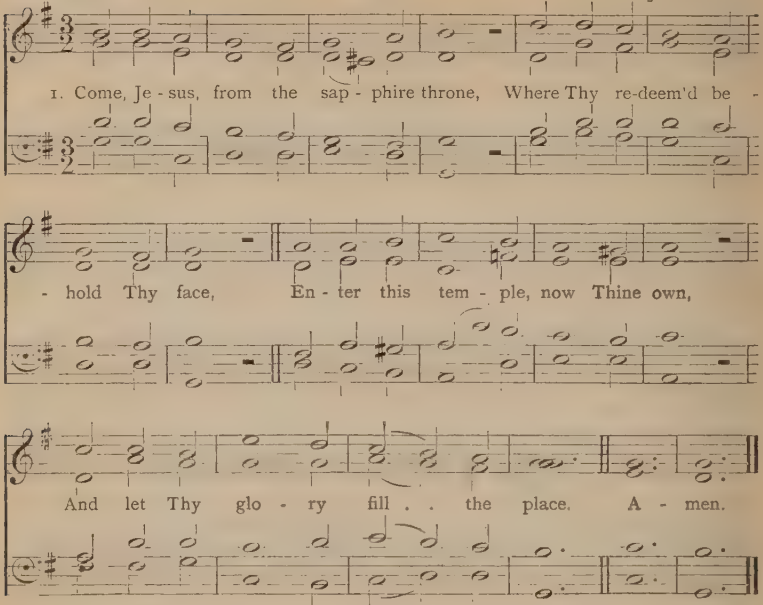
Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Amen.

W. COWPER.

* For enlargement of the Church.

# Consecration of Churches.

GRACE CHURCH. L.M. I. J. PLEYEL.


1. Come, Je - sus, from the sap - phire throne, Where Thy re-deem'd be -
- hold Thy face, En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own,
And let Thy glo - ry fill . . the place. A - men.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us: 'tis ours for Thee;
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

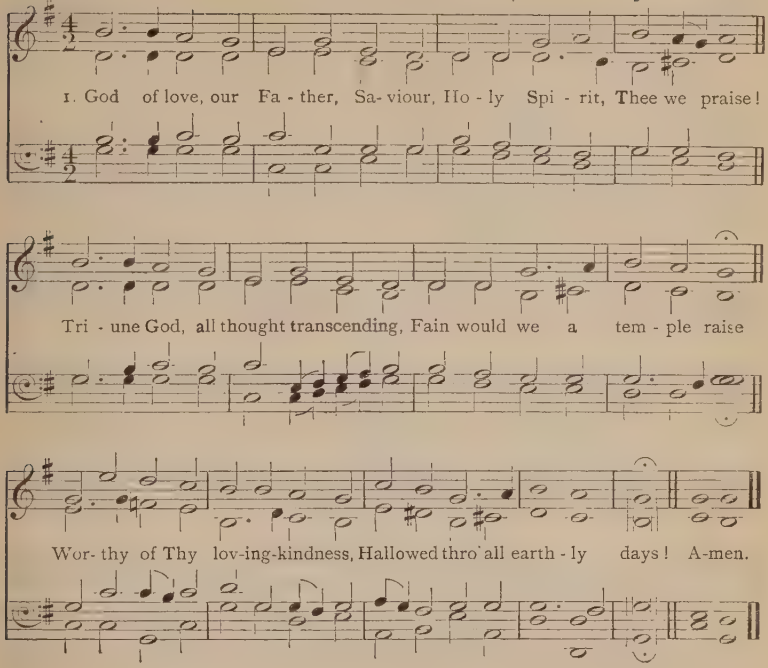
4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

5 When round this Board Thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs infold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold. Amen.

R. PALMER.

St. Ethelreda. 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. B. Dykes.


1. God of love, our Fa - ther, Sa- viour, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Thee we praise!
Tri - une God, all thought transcending, Fain would we a tem - ple raise
Wor- thy of Thy lov-ing-kindness, Hallowed thro' all earth - ly days! A-men.

2.

Make these stones a hallowed symbol,
Saints of God who run may read,
Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,
Thou from sin and woe hast freed,
Pillars Thou hast hewn and shapen,
Thine elect in very deed!

3.

Lord! restore the gates of Sion,
Let her courts with praise resound!
May Thy light and love descending
Shed their radiant joys around,
So shall man reveal Thy glory:
Earth, like heaven, be hallowed ground! Amen.

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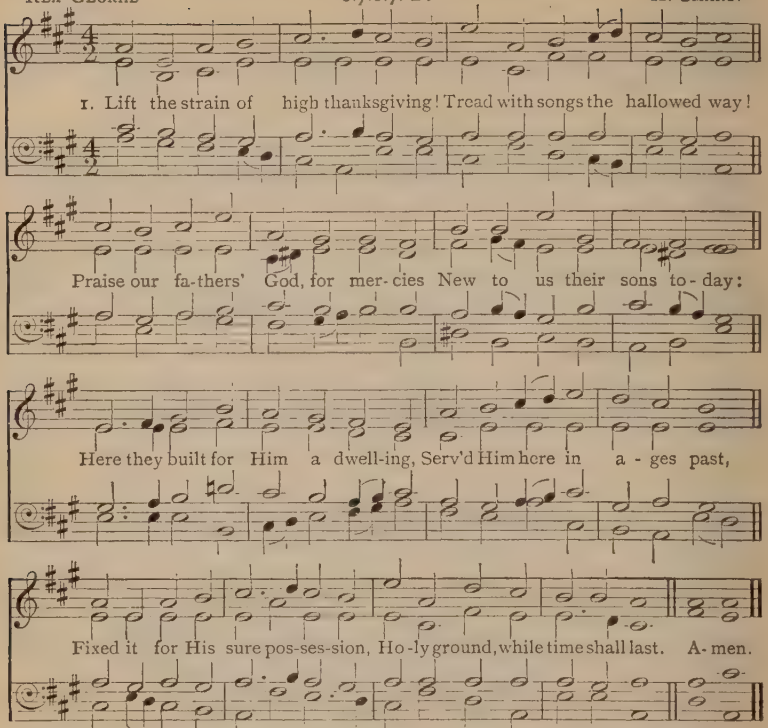
# Restoration of a Church.

REX GLORIÆ 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.


1. Lift the strain of high thanksgiving! Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fa-thers' God, for mer-cies New to us their sons to-day:
Here they built for Him a dwell-ing, Serv'd Him here in a-ges past,
Fixed it for His sure pos-ses-sion, Ho-ly ground, while time shall last. A-men.

2 When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:
"Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised presence there!"
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Sion's height,
"This shall be My rest forever,
This My dwelling of delight."

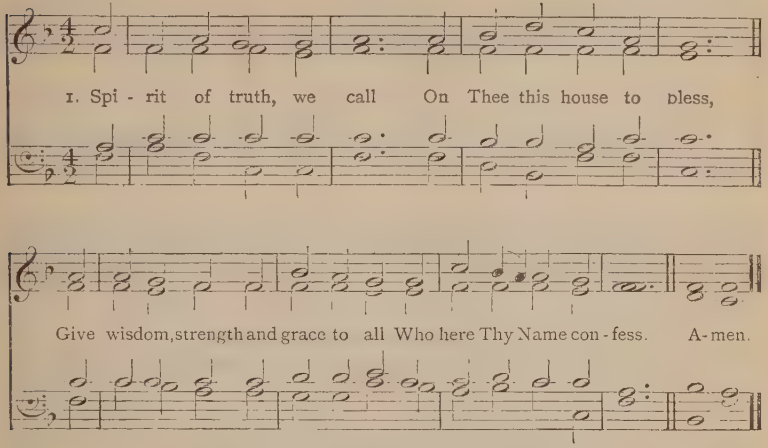
4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,
Guide us all to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit,
Ever blessèd Three in One:
Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom,
Molding out of sinful clay,
Living stones for that true temple
Which shall never know decay.
Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 300 HOSPITAL.

NEWLAND. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




2.

Spirit of mercy, bring
Thy balm the sick to heal;
And make the weary ones to sing,
Who shall Thy presence feel.

3.

Spirit of peace, descend,
Thyself the heavenly Dove;
Let care for souls and bodies blend
In ministries of love.

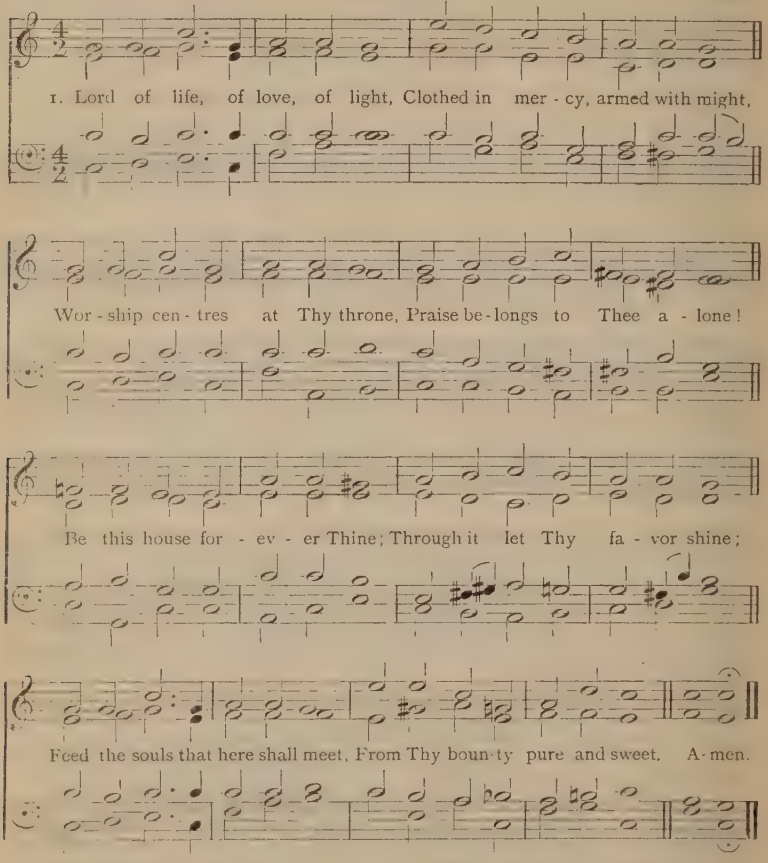
4.

Spirit of Christ, abide
In every heart alway;
And crown, O Jesus crucified,
The work begun to-day. Amen.

W. A. WHITE.

## 301 HOME FOR THE AGED.

DEDICATION. Eight 7's. J. BARNBY.


1. Lord of life, of love, of light, Clothed in mer - cy, armed with might,
Wor - ship cen - tres at Thy throne, Praise be - longs to Thee a - lone!
Be this house for - ev - er Thine; Through it let Thy fa - vor shine;
Feed the souls that here shall meet, From Thy boun - ty pure and sweet. A - men.

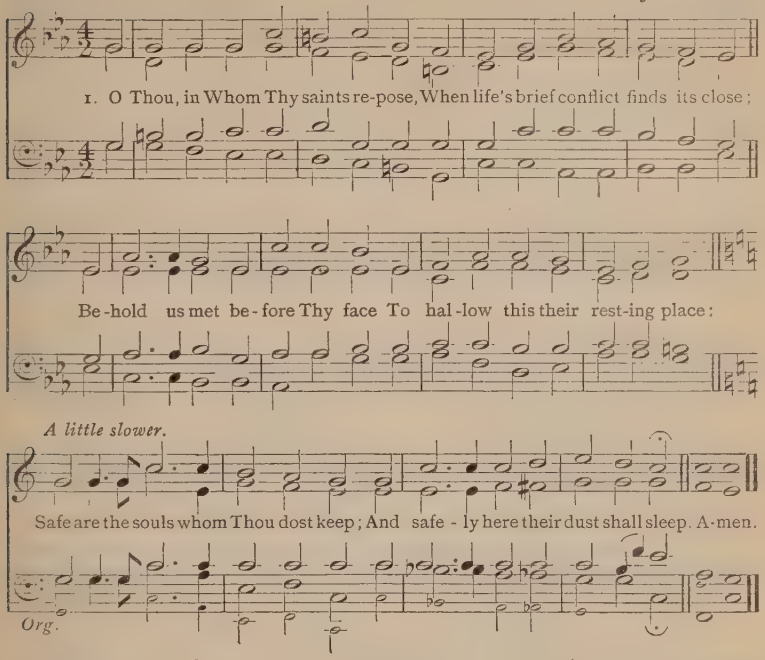
2 Write salvation on these walls:
Succor those whom sin enthralls;
Lightened with celestial rays,
Let these gates reflect Thy praise.
Thou Who dwellest where is sung
Praise to Thee by human tongue,
With the presence of Thy grace
Dwell henceforth within this place.

3 On Thine aged servants pour
Richest mercies from Thy store,
And till life's brief hour shall end,
Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend.
Father holy! Christ most blest!
Evermore within us rest!
Spirit pure, illume our ways
With Thy bright, celestial rays! Amen.

B. H. HALL.

## 302 BURIAL GROUND.

CREDO. Six 8's. J. STAINER.


1. O Thou, in Whom Thy saints re-pose, When life's brief conflict finds its close;
Be-hold us met be-fore Thy face To hal-low this their rest-ing place:
A little slower.
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep; And safe - ly here their dust shall sleep. A-men.
Org.

2.

Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

3.

Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

4.

Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

5.

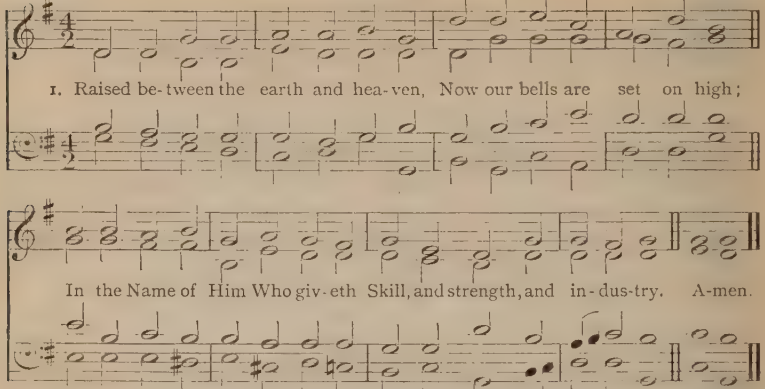
And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store,
Our fruit of tears for evermore. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 303 Dedication of Houses, Places, and Things.

CHURCH BELLS.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. German.


1. Raised be-tween the earth and hea-ven, Now our bells are set on high;
In the Name of Him Who giv-eth Skill, and strength, and in-dus-try. A-men.

2 For His praise we meekly lay them
As a gift beneath His throne;
All their sweet and noblest music
Shall resound for Him alone.

3 Faithful men afar shall listen,
'Mid their daily toil or rest,
While the melody shall bid them
Love the Church where all are blest.

4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,
Shall be signed with joyful peal;
And the music from the steeple
Shall our faith and love reveal.

5 They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.

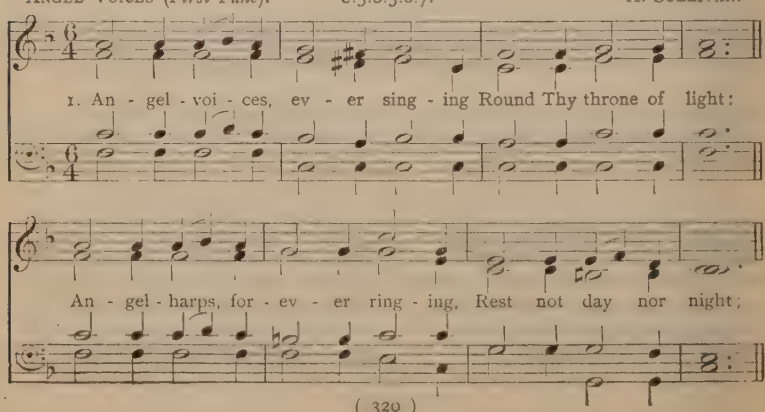
6 When the spirits of the faithful
Pass away to light and peace;
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,
Soon our life and work must cease.

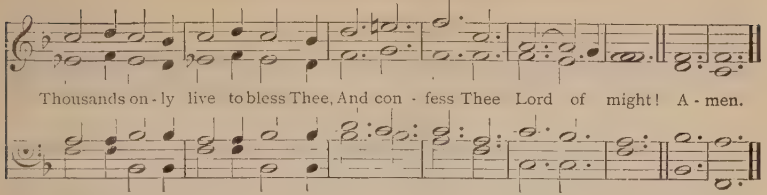
7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,
Pealing forth in grand accord,
Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.
Amen.

## 304

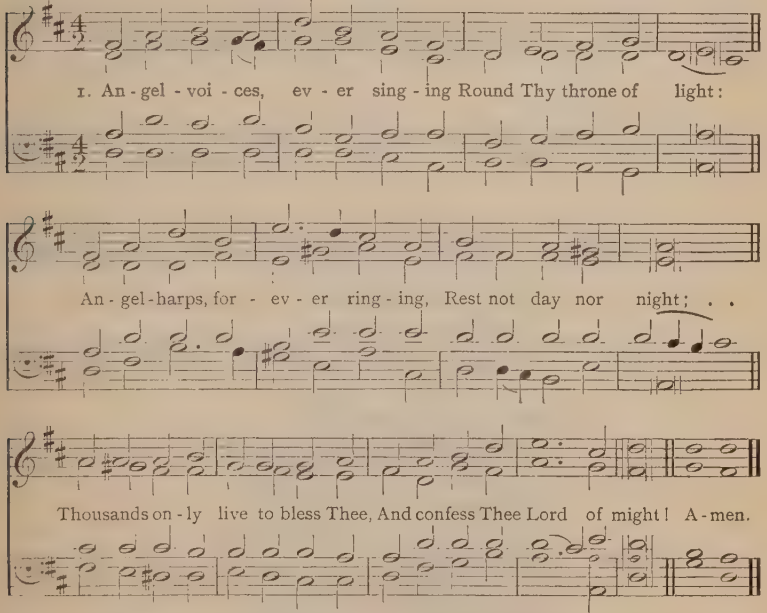
AN ORGAN. W. B. SMITH.

ANGEL VOICES (*First Tune*). 8.5.8.5.8.7. A. SULLIVAN.






ANGEL VOICES (*Second Tune*). 8.5.8.5.8.7. E. G. MONK.


1. An - gel - voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light:
An - gel - harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; . .
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And confess Thee Lord of might! A - men.

2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

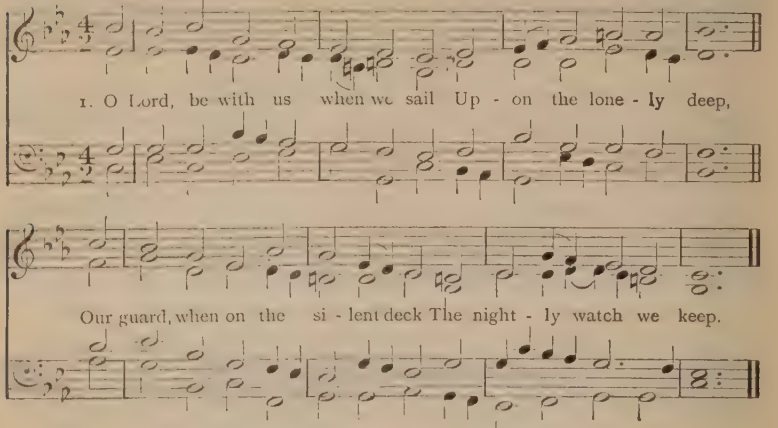
4 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee! Amen.

F. POTT.

# 305 Travellers by Sea or Land.

CLOVELLY. C.M. HORATIO PARKER.

*To be sung in Unison.*




2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Midst rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

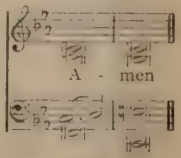
3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

* 6 If duty calls, from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar;

* 7 Be Thou the mainguard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.




8 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

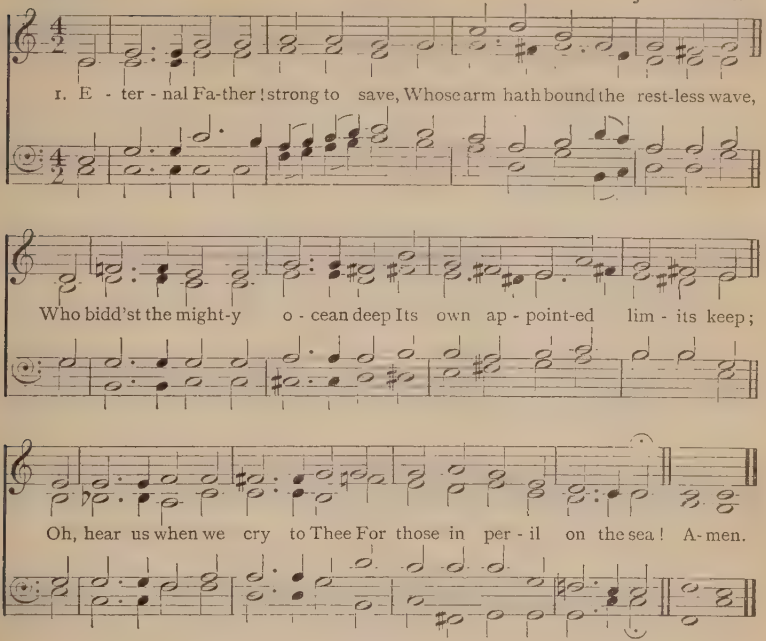
E. A. DAYMAN.

* Stanzas 6 and 7 to be used only in Time of War.

Tune Copyright, 1903, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

# 306 Travellers by Sea or Land.

MELITA. Six 8's. J. B. DYKES.


1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest-less wave,
Who bidd'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap - point-ed lim - its keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A-men.

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

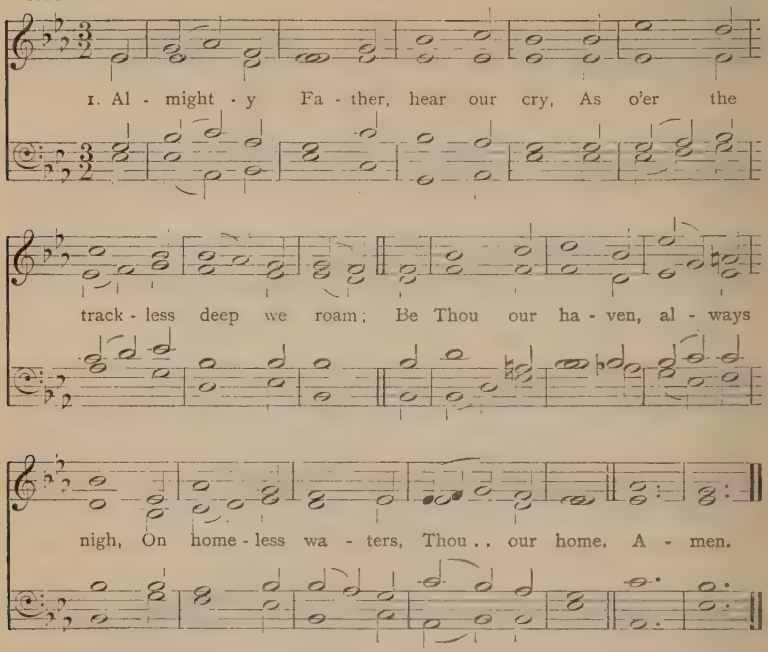
3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen

W. WHITING.

# 307 Travellers by Sea or Land.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M E. MILLER.


1. Al - might - y Fa - ther, hear our cry, As o'er the
track - less deep we roam; Be Thou our ha - ven, al - ways
nigh, On home - less wa - ters, Thou . . our home. A - men.

2.

O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

3.

O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

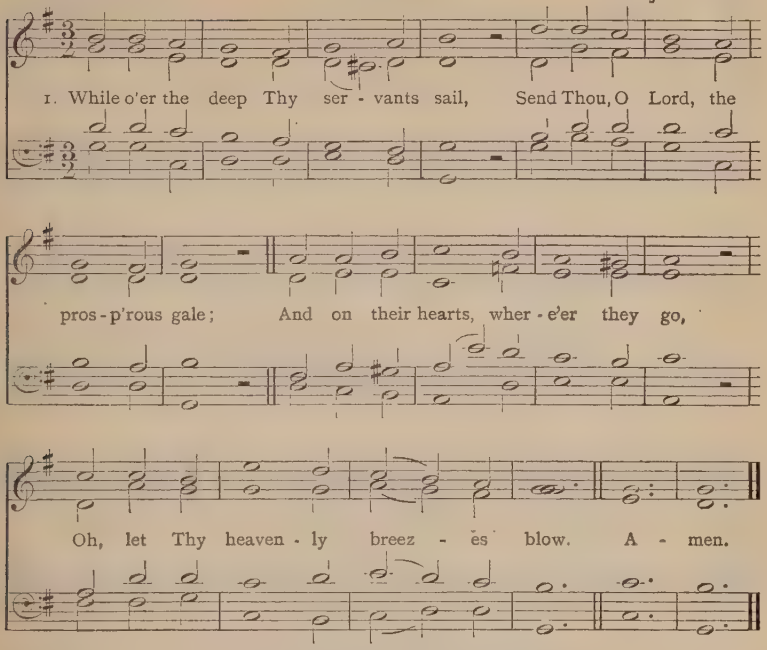
4.

Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

# 308 Travellers by Sea or Land.

GRACE CHURCH. L.M. I. J. PLEYEL.


1. While o'er the deep Thy ser - vants sail, Send Thou, O Lord, the
pros - p'rous gale; And on their hearts, wher - e'er they go,
Oh, let Thy heaven - ly breez - es blow. A - men.

2.

If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye:
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know Thee near.

3.

When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4.

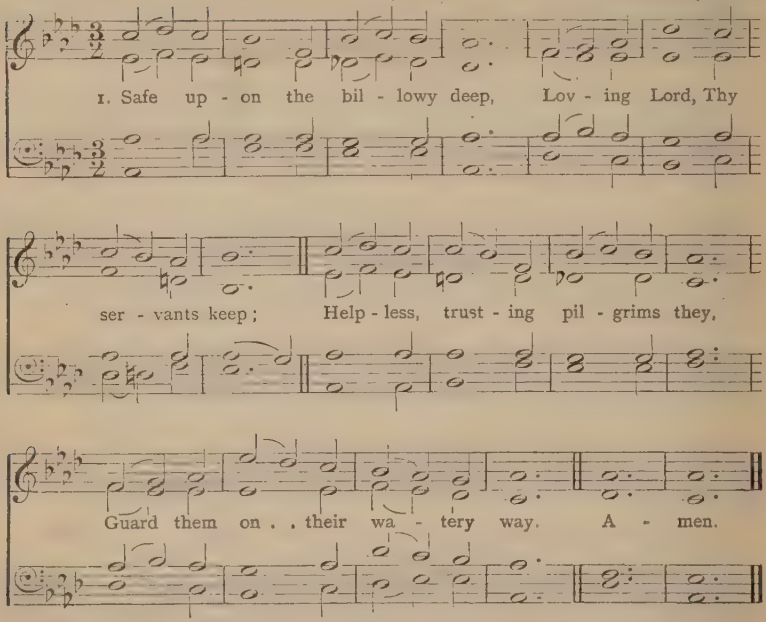
If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep. Amen.

G. BURGESS.

309

# Travellers by Sea or Land.

HAVEN. Four 7's. E. LEMARE, SR.


1. Safe up - on the bil - lowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy
ser - vants keep; Help - less, trust - ing pil - grims they,
Guard them on . . their wa - tery way. A - men.

2 In the morning fill their sails,
'Mid the dark send favoring gales;
If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the watches of the night,
Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

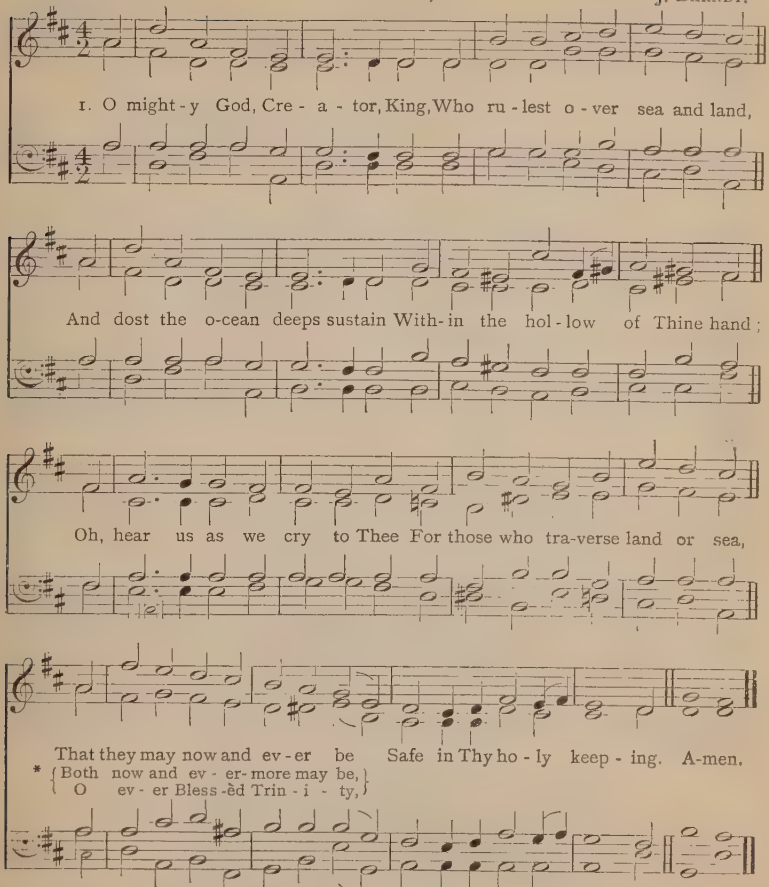
4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by
Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:
Guide with Thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.

5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heavenly shore,
Safe in port, to dwell with Thee
Where there shall be "no more sea." **Amen.**

H. COPPÉE.

# 310 Travellers by Sea or Land.

WOODLEIGH. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.7. J. BARNBY.


1. O might-y God, Cre-a-tor, King, Who ru-lest o-ver sea and land,
And dost the o-cean deeps sustain With-in the hol-low of Thine hand;
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee For those who tra-verse land or sea,
That they may now and ev-er be Safe in Thy ho-ly keep-ing. A-men.
* { Both now and ev-er-more may be, O ev-er Bless-ed Trin-i-ty,

2.

And Thou Who cam'st on earth to breathe
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,
Didst walk upon the angry wave,
And bid the troubled sea "be still;"
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee
For those who traverse land or sea,
That they may now and ever be
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

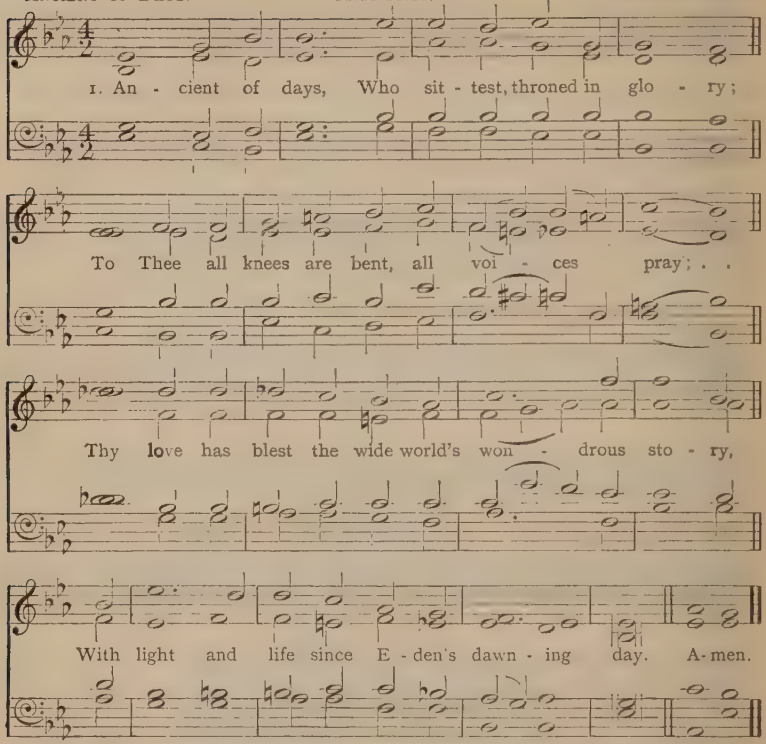
3.

Wherever danger threatens, then,
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,
And breathe into each trembling heart
The will and power of fervent prayer;
That we and all who cry to Thee,
With those who traverse land or sea,
Both now and evermore may be,
O ever Blessèd Trinity,
Safe in Thy holy keeping. Amen.

* For 3rd Verse. G. THRING.

## 311

ANCIENT OF DAYS. 11.10.11.10. HORATIO PARKER.


1. An - cient of days, Who sit - test, throned in glo - ry;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; . .
Thy love has blest the wide world's won - drous sto - ry,
With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day. A-men.

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

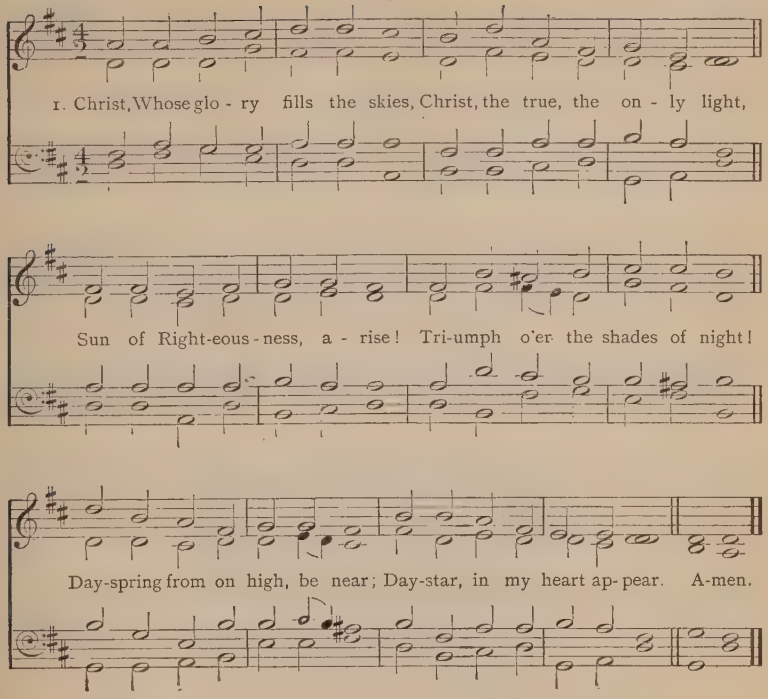
4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase:
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always. Amen.

W. C. DOANE.

312

RATISBON. Six 7's. German.

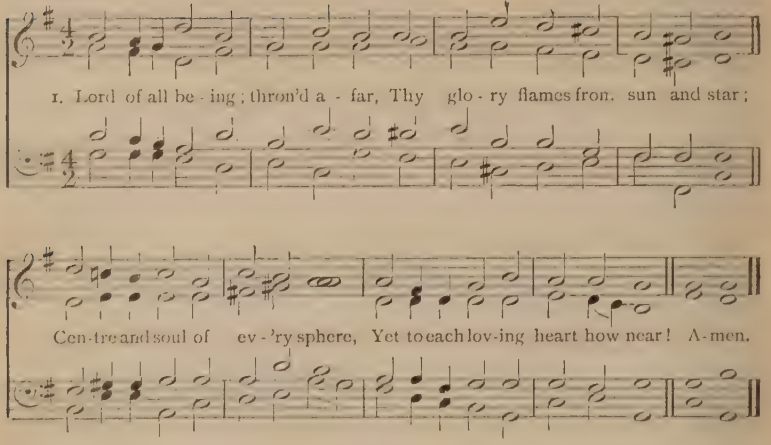

1. Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise! Tri-umph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap- pear. A-men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

OMNIPOTENS. L.M. MYLES B. FOSTER


1. Lord of all be - ing; thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen-tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near! A-men.

2.

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame. Amen.

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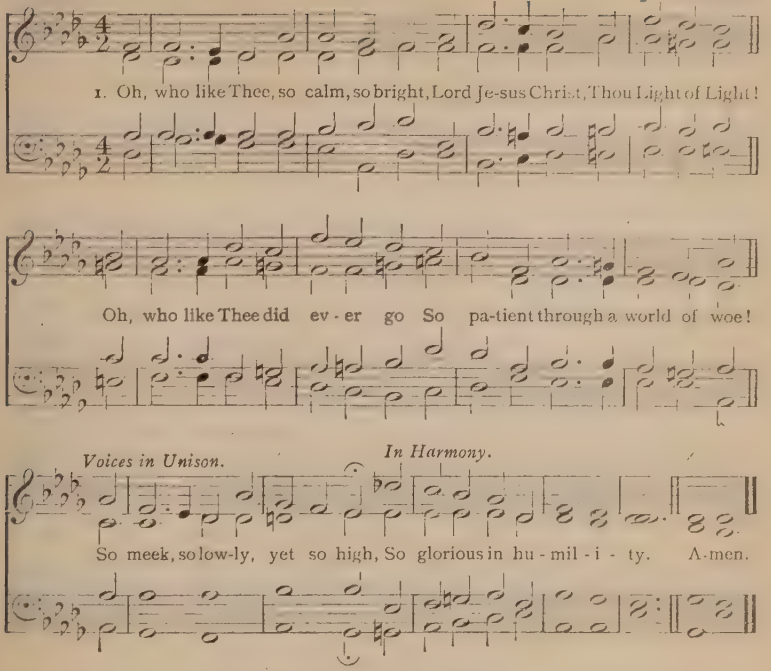
REST. Six 8's. J. STAINER.


1. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je-sus Christ, Thou Light of Light!
Oh, who like Thee did ev-er go So pa-tient through a world of woe!
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
So meek, so low-ly, yet so high, So glorious in hu-mil-i-ty. A-men.

2.

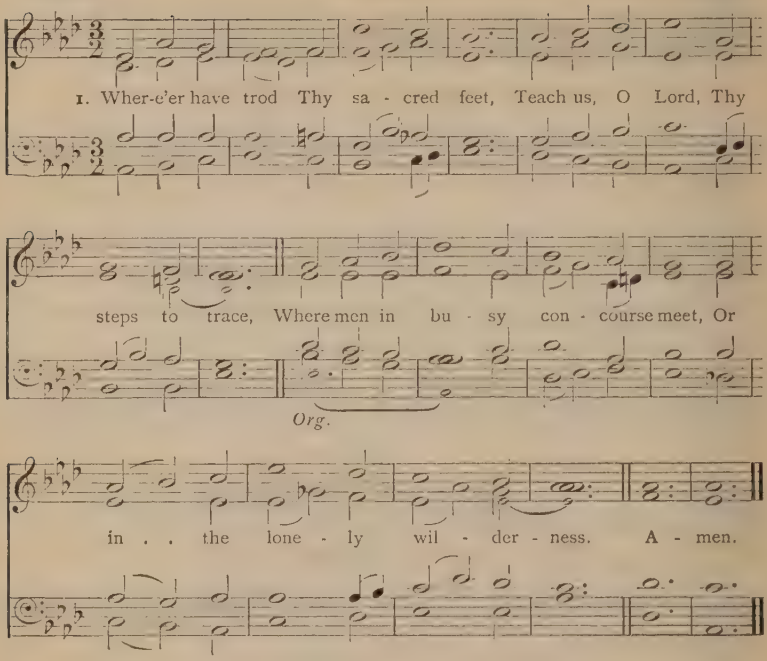
O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee;
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee all our journey run.

3.

Oh, grant us ever on the road
To trace the footsteps of our God;
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed
In light to judge the quick and dead,
We may to life immortal soar,
Through Thee, Who livest evermore. Amen.

A. C. COXE.

ABENDS. L.M. H. S. OAKELEY.


1. Wher-e'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy
steps to trace, Where men in bu - sy con - course meet, Or
Org.
in . . the lone - ly wil - der - ness. A - men.

2.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3.

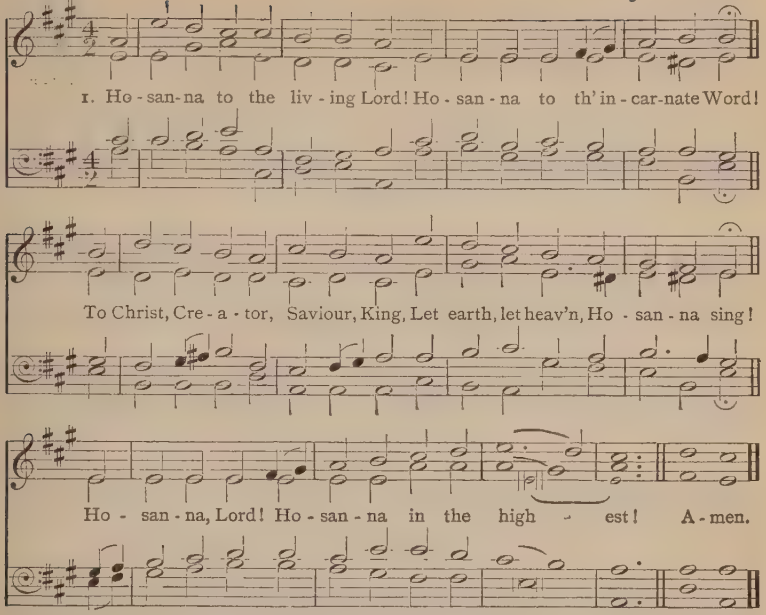
3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;
Where'er Thou goest may we go:
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4.

4 Oh, may we in each in holy Tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee!
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

HOSANNA. 8.8.8.8.11. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in - car - nate Word!
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

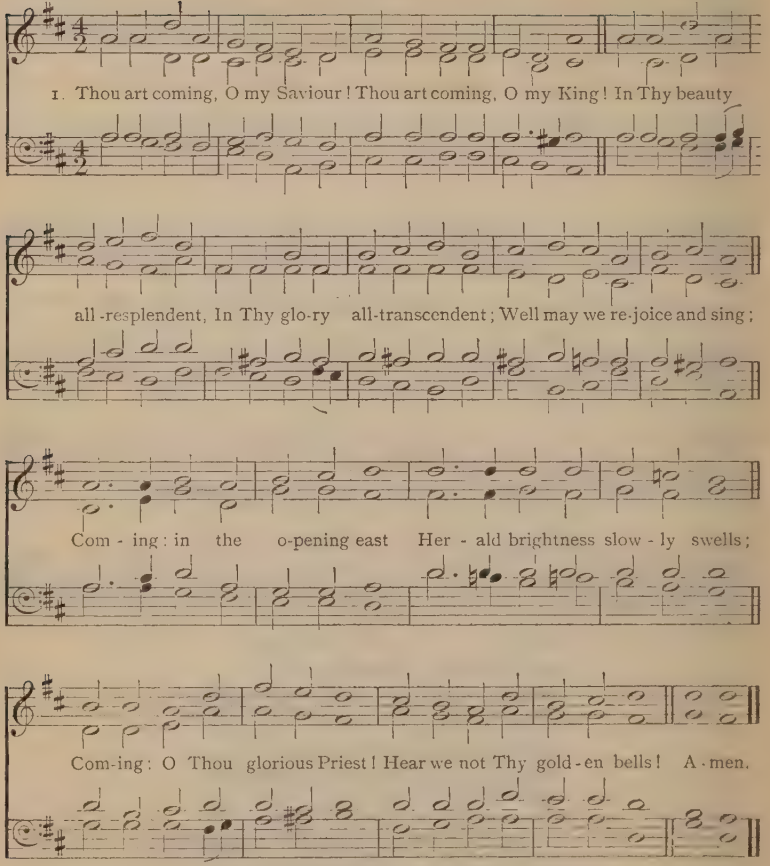
3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

R. HEBER.

BEVERLEY. 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7. W. H. MONK.


1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In Thy beauty
all-resplendent, In Thy glo-ry all-transcendent; Well may we re-joice and sing;
Com-ing: in the o-pening east Her-ald brightness slow-ly swells;
Com-ing: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy gold-en bells! A-men.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meet-est
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

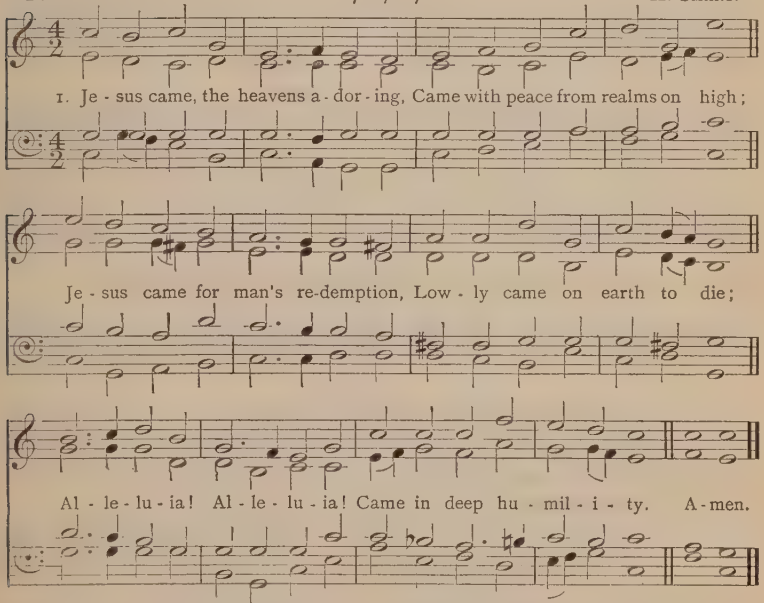
4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adorned, and owned!
Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## 318

ST. PANCRAS. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. SMART.


1. Je - sus came, the heavens a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
Je - sus came for man's re-demption, Low - ly came on earth to die;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

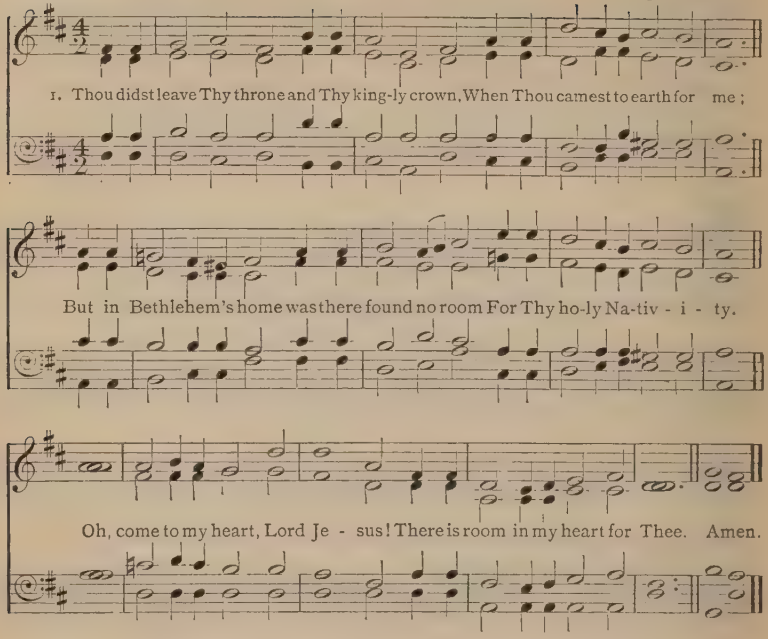
3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.

G. THRING.

VENI, DOMINE JESU. 10.8.11.8.8.8. J. BARNBY.


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room For Thy ho-ly Na-tiv - i - ty.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

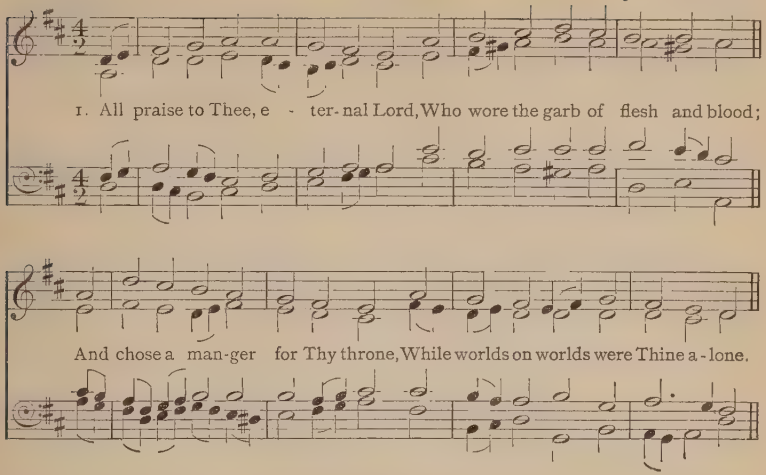
4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT.

320

EISENACH. L.M. J. H. SCHEIN.


1. All praise to Thee, e - ter-nal Lord, Who wore the garb of flesh and blood;
And chose a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds were Thine a-lone.

2.

Once did the skies before Thee bow:
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
While angels who in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3.

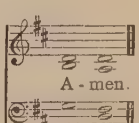
A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4.

Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

5.

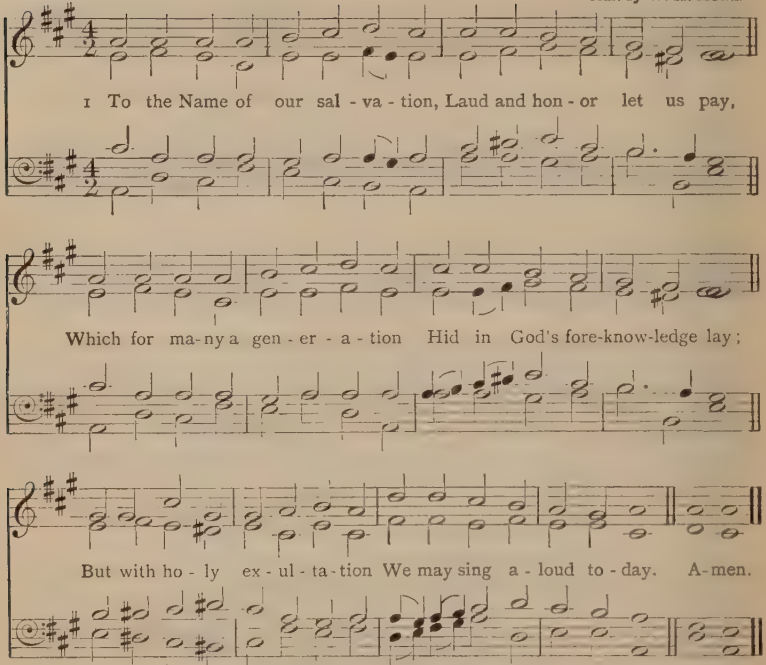
All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this our joyful songs we raise;
For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.




*Tr.* from the German. *Authorship uncertain.*

## 321

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.
Har. by W. H. MONK.


1 To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - or let us pay,
Which for ma-ny a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-know-ledge lay;
But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day. A-men.

2.

Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high

4.

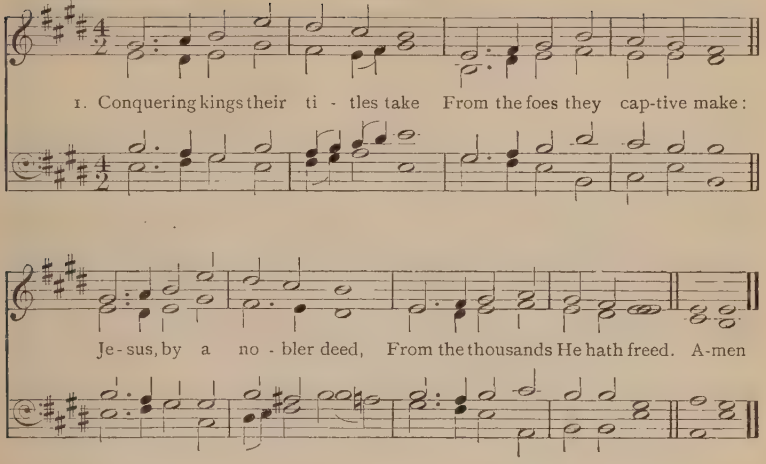
'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5.

Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.
Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

INNOCENTS. Four 7's. (?)


1. Conquering kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap-tive make:
Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed. A-men

2.

Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3.

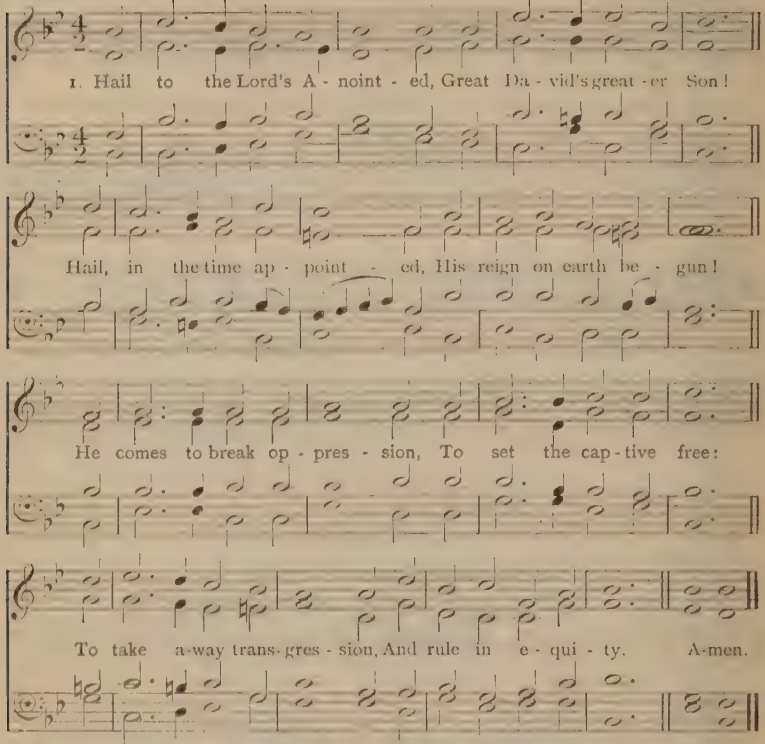
We would gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death but victory.

4.

Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. Amen.

*Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

ZOAN. 7.6.7.6 D. W. H. HAVERGAL.


1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free:
To take a-way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

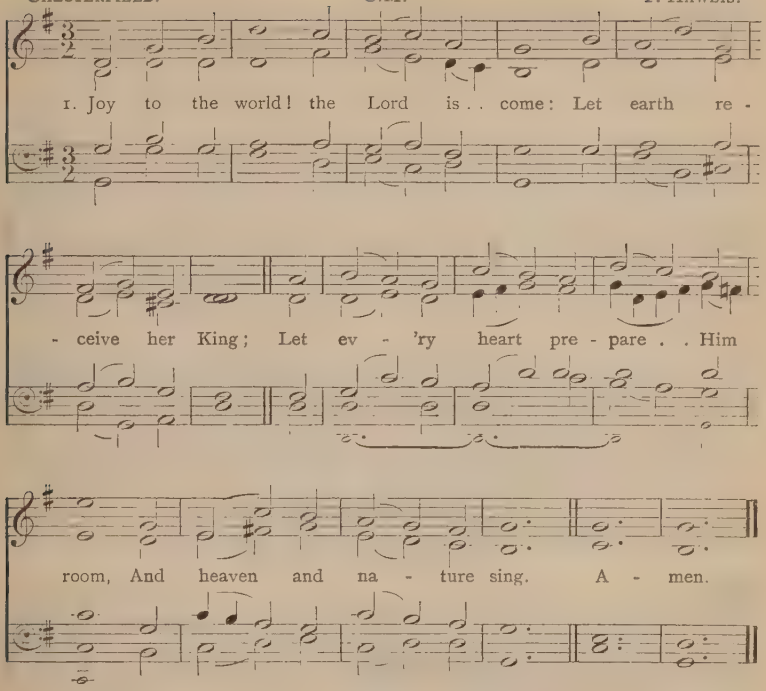
4 Kings shall bow down before Him
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
His changeless Name of Love.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 324

CHESTERFIELD. C.M. T. HAWEIS.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is . . come: Let earth re -
- ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare . . Him
room, And heaven and na - ture sing. A - men.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

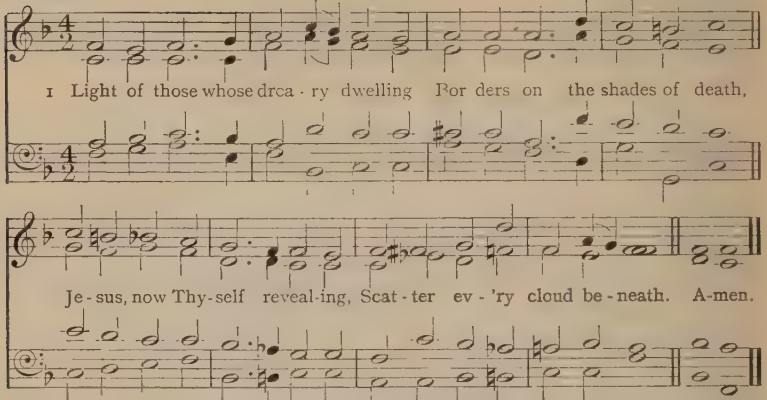
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

I. WATTS.

## 325

SARDIS. 8.7.8.7. From BEETHOVEN.


1 Light of those whose drea - ry dwelling Por ders on the shades of death,
Je - sus, now Thy-self reveal-ing, Scat - ter ev - 'ry cloud be - neath. A-men.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

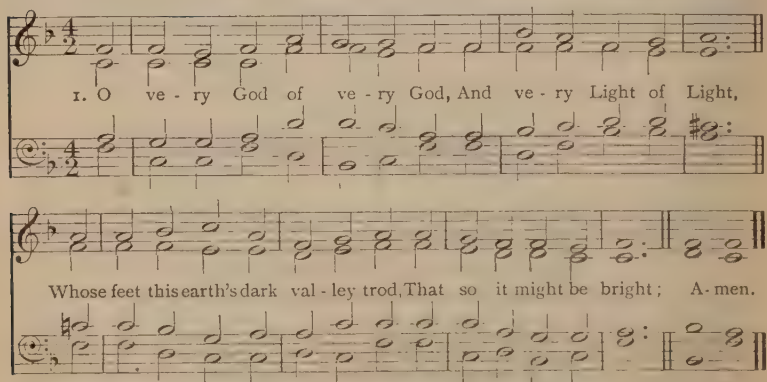
3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 326

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. BARBER'S *Psalter*.




2.
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; Thy people long
That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.

3.
And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

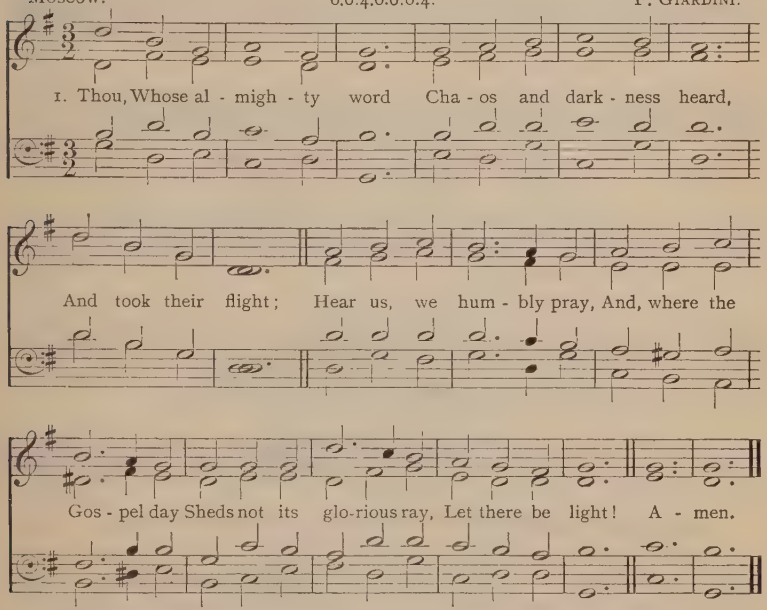
4.
Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

5.
We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

## 327

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. F. GIARDINI.


1. Thou, Whose al - migh - ty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo-rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

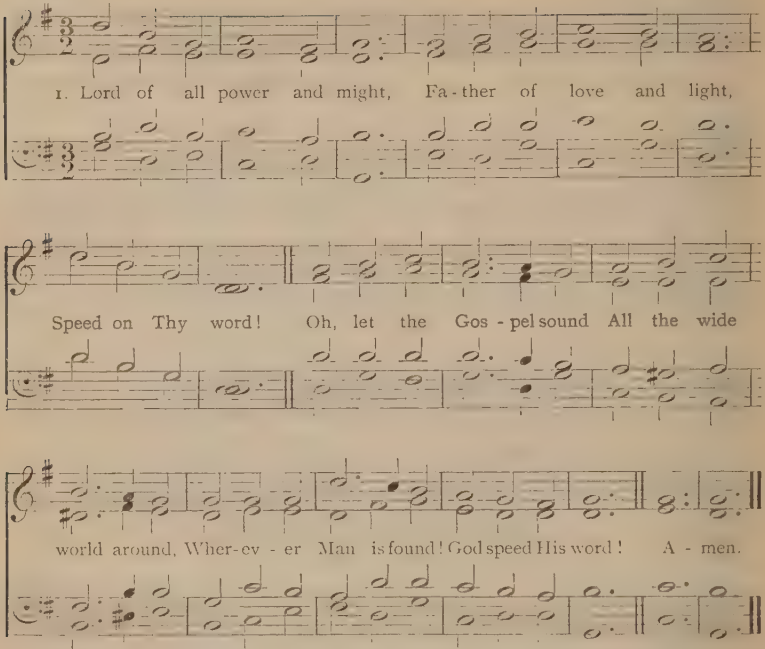
2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

J. MARRIOTT.

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.4. F. GIARDINI.


1. Lord of all power and might, Fa-ther of love and light,
Speed on Thy word! Oh, let the Gos-pel sound All the wide
world around, Wher-ev-er Man is found! God speed His word! A-men.

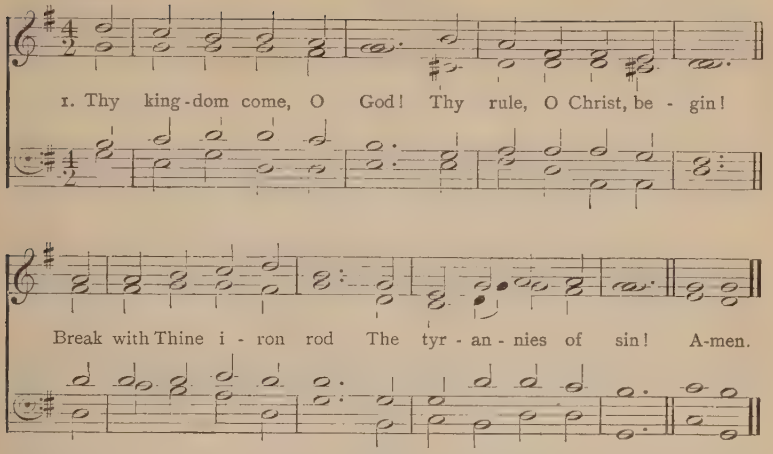
2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Alleluia!
Thine was the mighty plan;
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man!
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word!
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before.
His words ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word! Amen.

H. STOWELL.

ST. CECILIA. Four 6's. L. G. HAYNE.




2.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3.

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4.

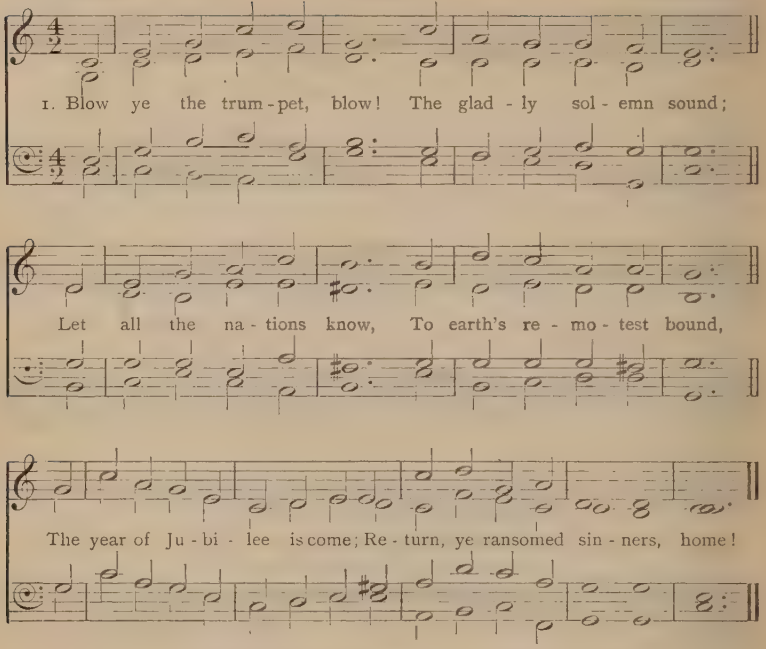
We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set. Amen.

L. HENSLEY.

CHRISTCHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. STEGGALL.

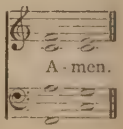

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow! The glad-ly sol-emn sound;
Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mo-test bound,
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home!

2.

Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

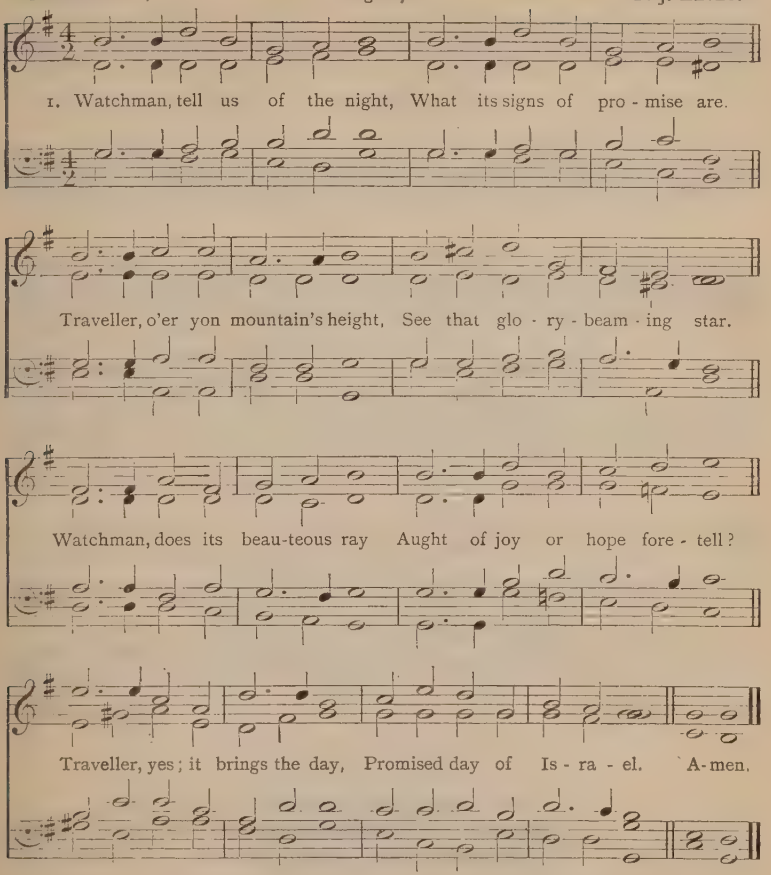
3.

Extol the Lamb of God!
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!




C. WESLEY.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. Eight 7's. G. J. ELVEY.

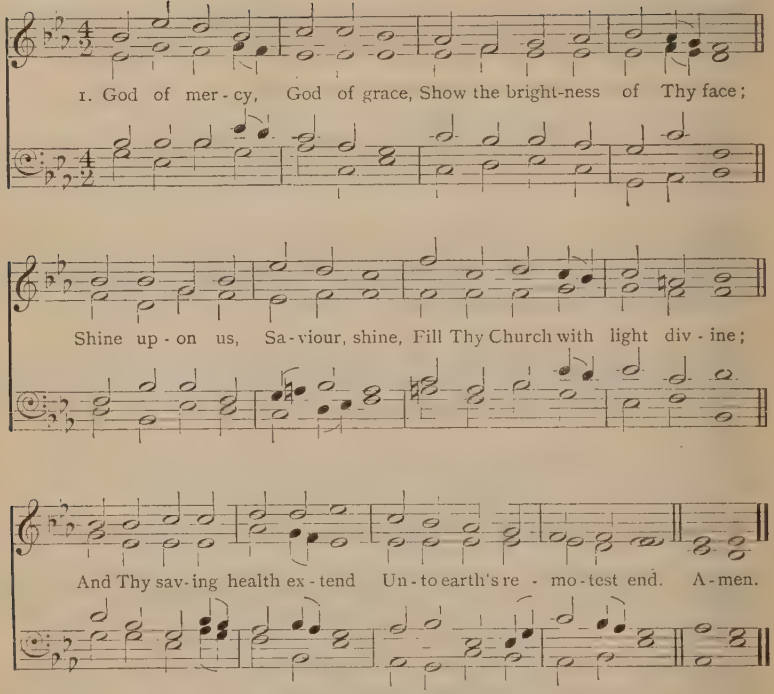

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of pro - mise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.
Watchman, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. A-men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

HEATHLANDS. Six 7's. H. SMART.

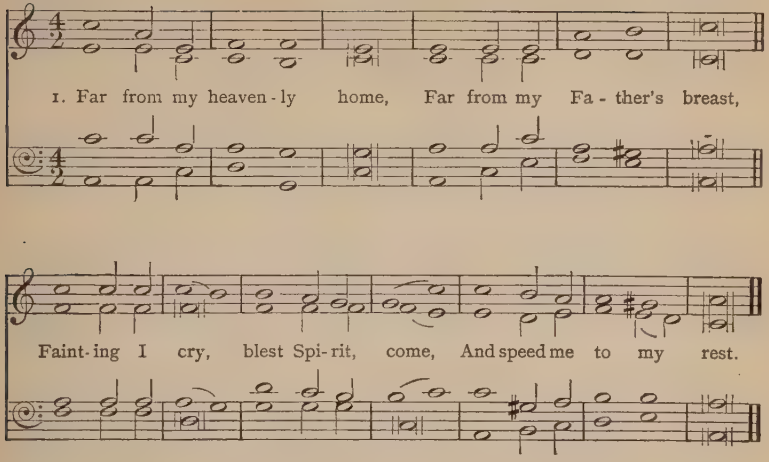

1. God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;
Shine up - on us, Sa - viour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light div - ine;
And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mo - test end. A - men.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

LYTE. S.M. J. B. WILKES.




2.

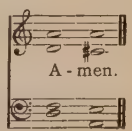
My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

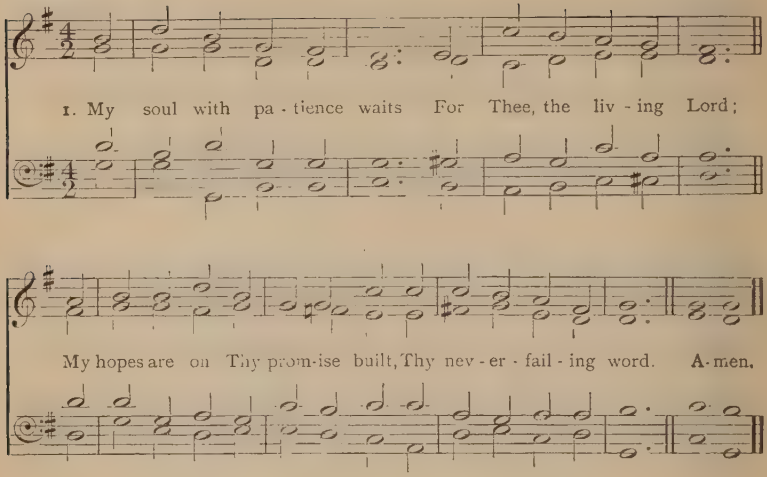
4.

God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!




H. F. LYTE.

EASTNOR. S.M. A. KING.




2.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3.

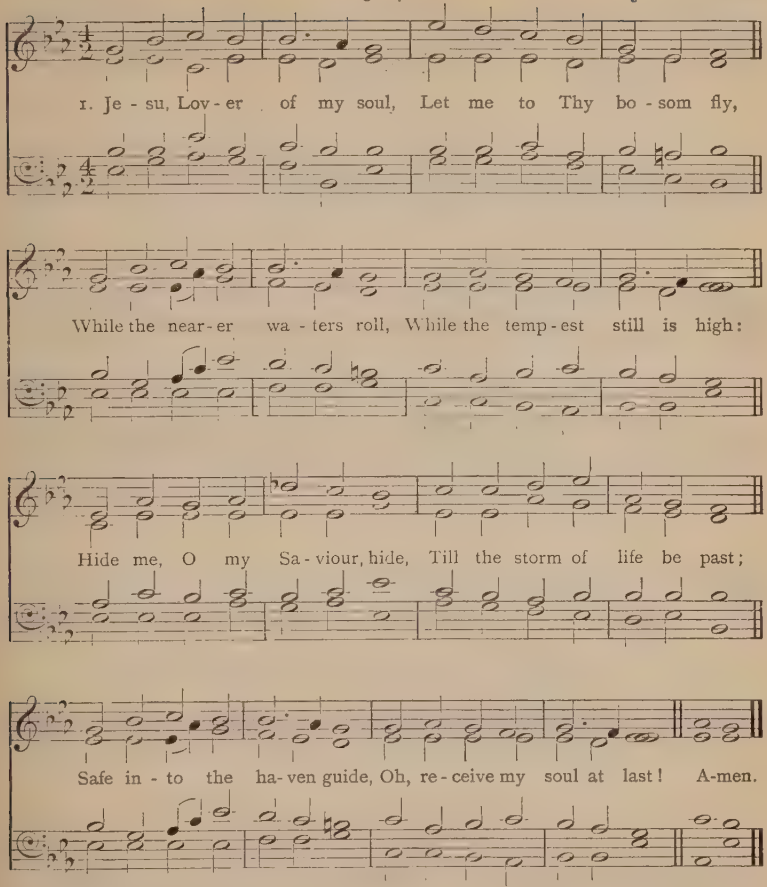
Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succor flows;

4.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

HOLLINGSIDE. Eight 7's. J. B. DYKES.


1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high:
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A-men.

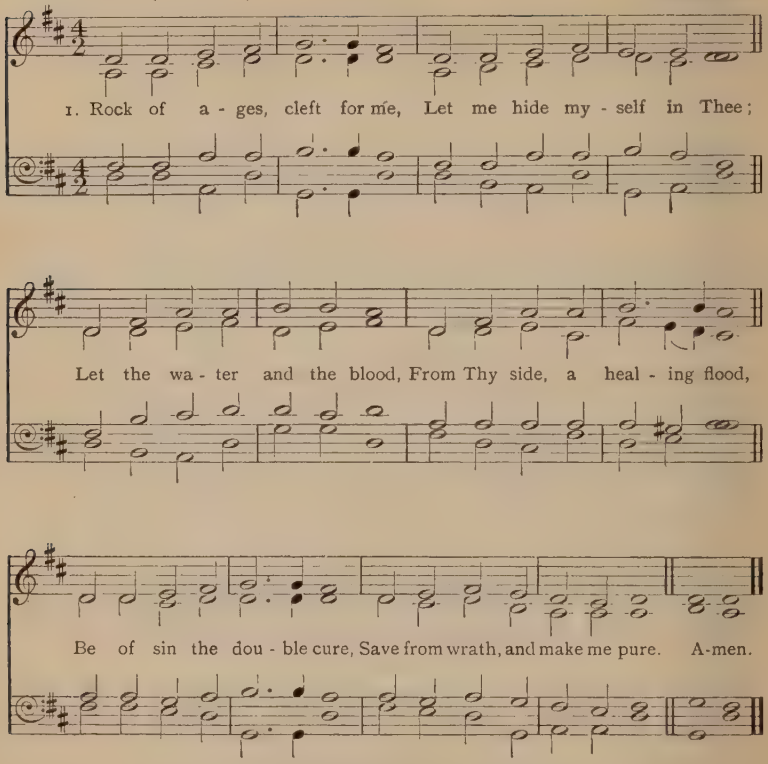
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

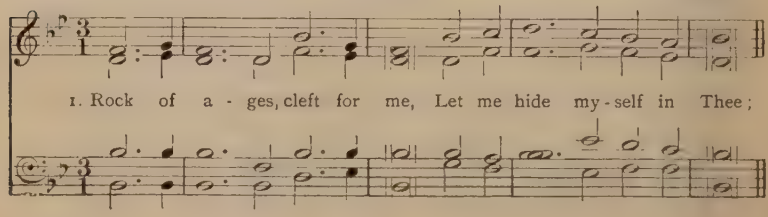
C. WESLEY.

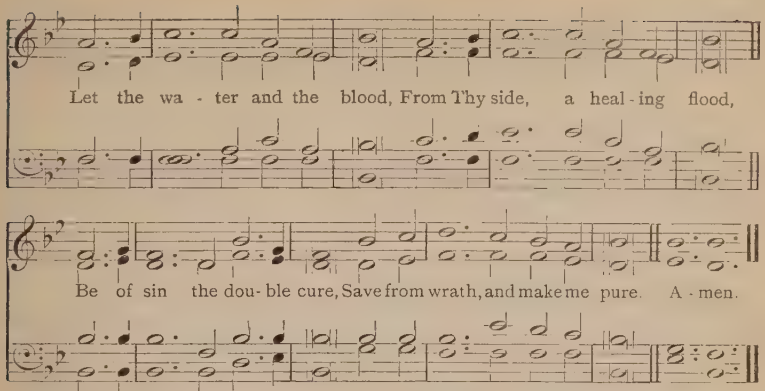
## 336

GETHSEMANE (*First Tune*). Six 7's. R. REDHEAD.


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A-men.

TOPLADY (*Second Tune*). Six 7's. T. HASTINGS.





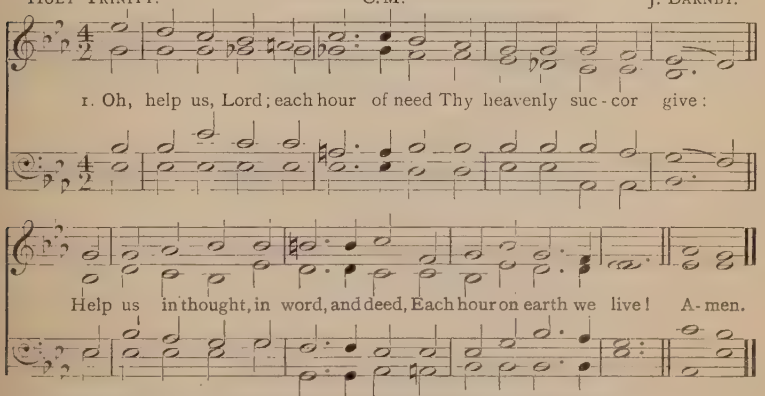

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

## 337

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY.


1. Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heavenly suc - cor give:
Help us in thought, in word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live! A - men.

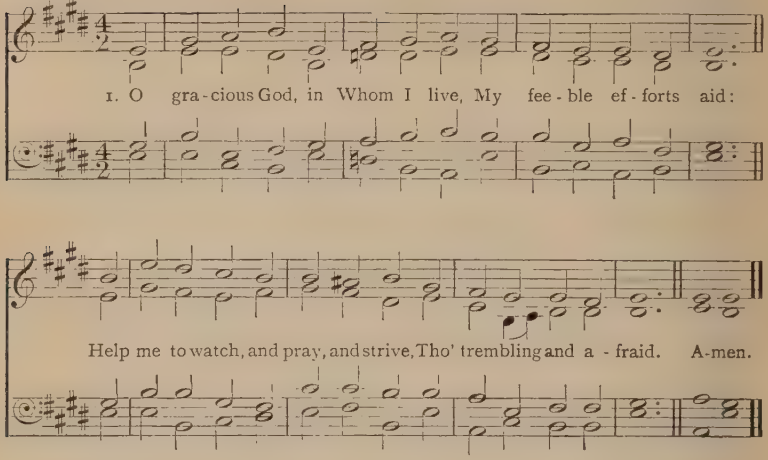
2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

3 Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:
We have no help but Thee.
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*




2.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3.

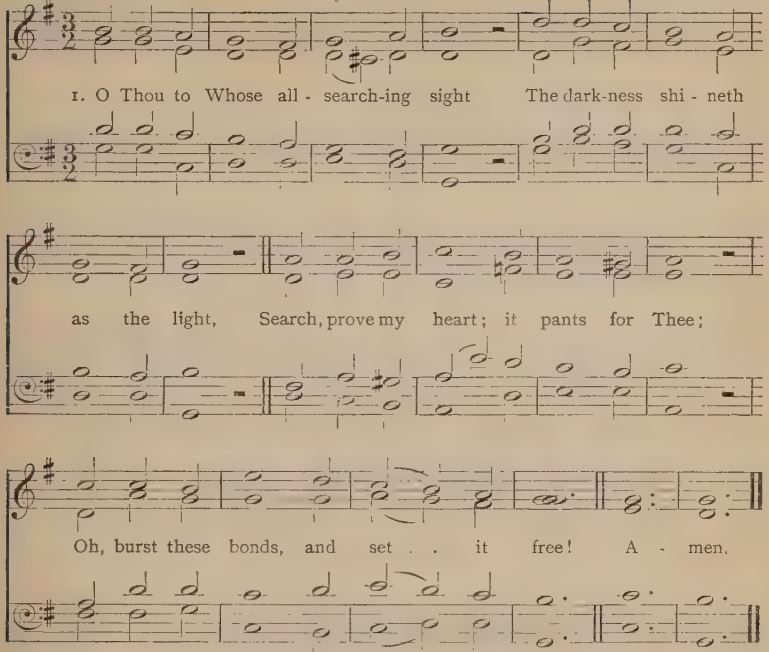
Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

4.

Oh, keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee. Amen.

A. STEELE (?)

GRACE CHURCH. L.M. I. J. PLEYEL.


1. O Thou to Whose all - search-ing sight The dark-ness shi - neth
as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set . . it free! A - men.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

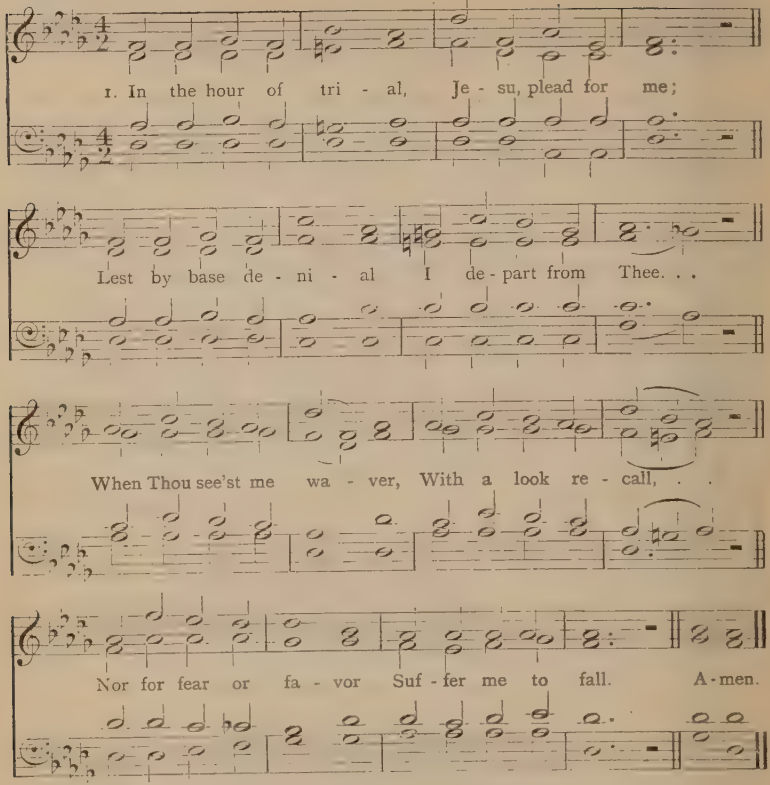
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill! Amen.

*Tr.* J. WESLEY.

340

PENITENCE. 6.5.6.5. D. S. LANE.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me;
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee. . .
When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call, . .
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

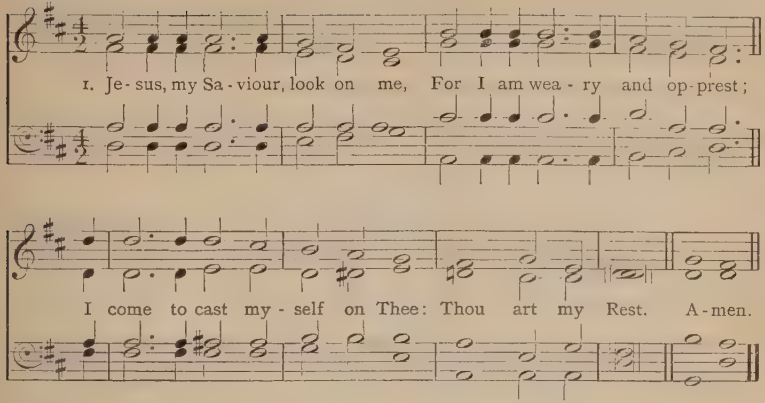
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below.
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 341

HANFORD. 8.8.8.4. A. SULLIVAN.




2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

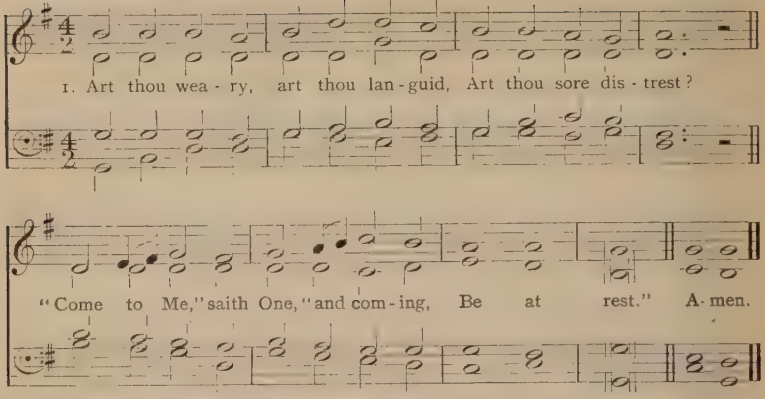
4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

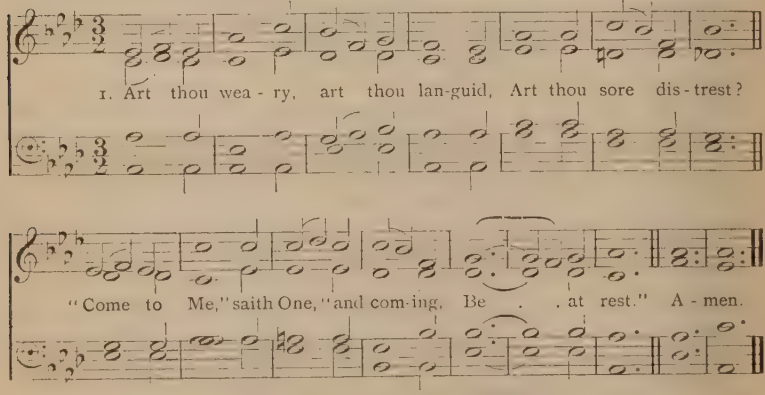
6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

STEPHANOS (*First Tune*). 8 5.8.3. H. W. BAKER.




BULLINGER (*Second Tune*). 8.5.8 3. E. W. BULLINGER.




2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

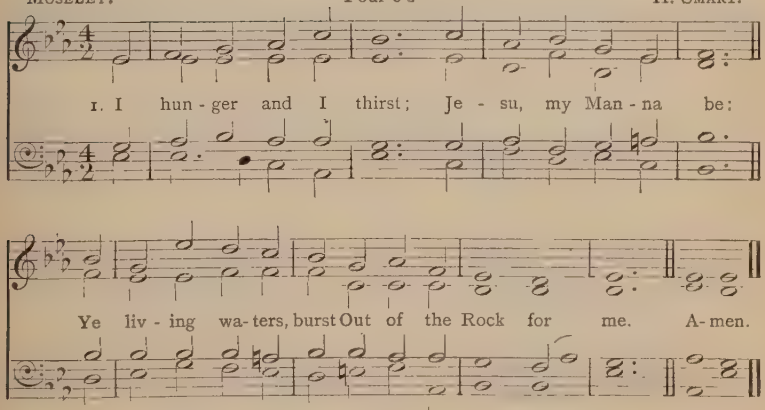
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes." Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

## 343

MOSELEY. Four 6's H. SMART.




2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me, or I die!

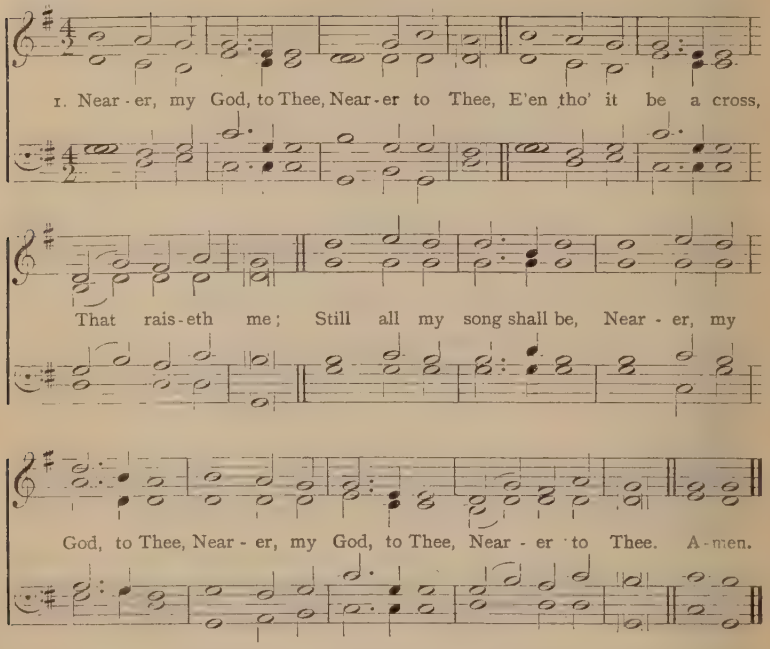
3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
Oh, living waters, rise
Within me evermore! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

BETHANY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. L. MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross,
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

2.

Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4.

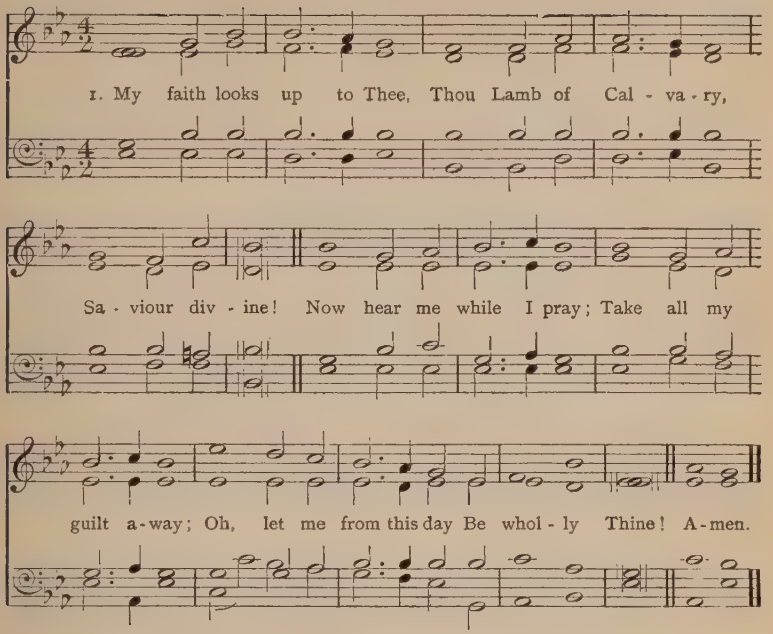
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

MRS. S. ADAMS.

OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.4. L. MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sa - viour div - ine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A-men.

2.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

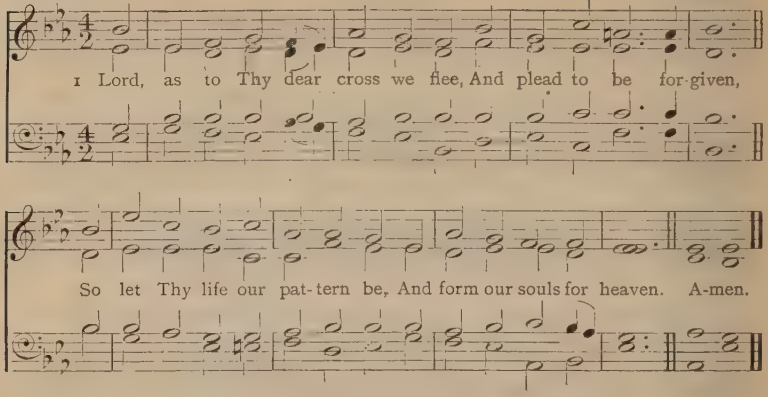
4.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! Amen.

R. PALMER.

## 346

ST. BERNARD C.M. J. RICHARDSON.




2.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will;
Our brethen's grief to share.

3.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

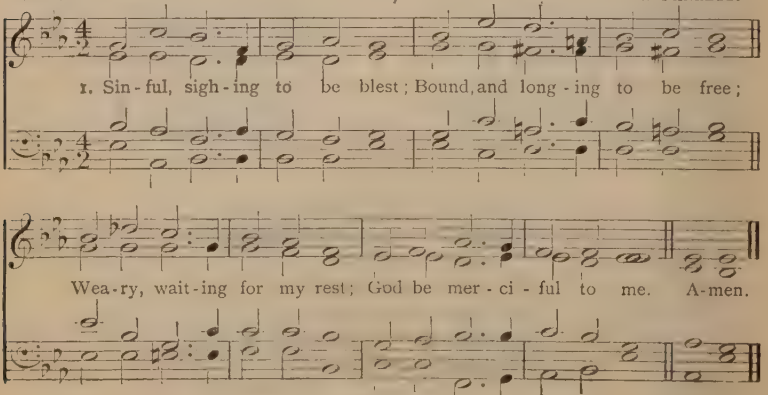
5.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven! Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

## 347

MURSELL. Four 7's. G. M. GARRETT.



2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but Thine:
God be merciful to me.

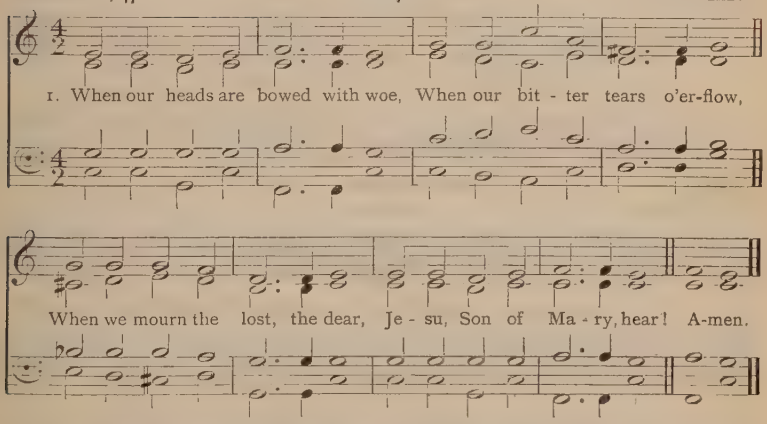
5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
God be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
God be merciful to me. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 348

REDHEAD, 47. Four 7's. R. REDHEAD.




2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortals griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

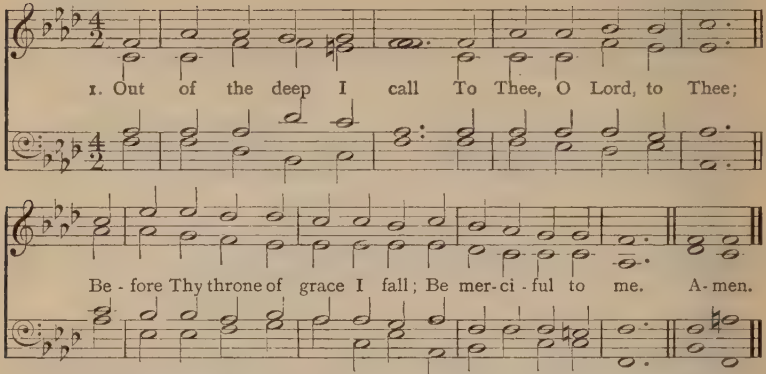
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

## 349

DENHAM. S.M. DENHAM'S *Psalter.*




2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

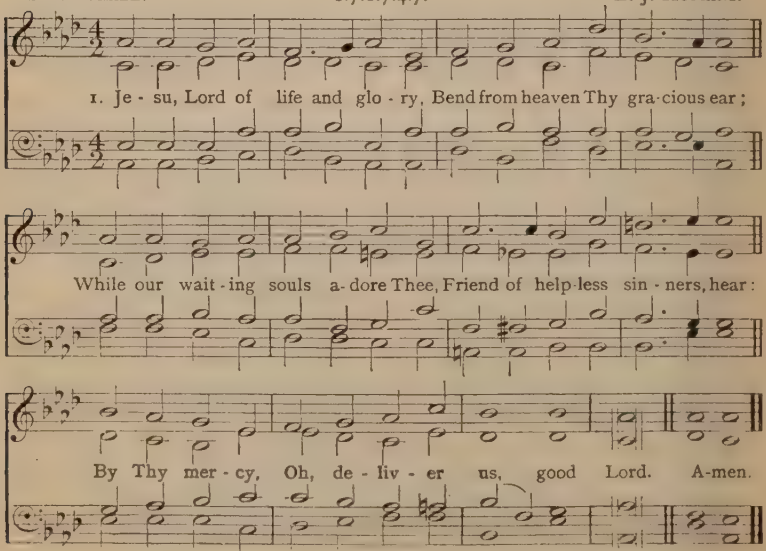
3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

## 350

ST. RAPHAEL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Je - su, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heaven Thy gra-cious ear;
While our wait - ing souls a-dore Thee, Friend of help-less sin - ners, hear:
By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord. A-men.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

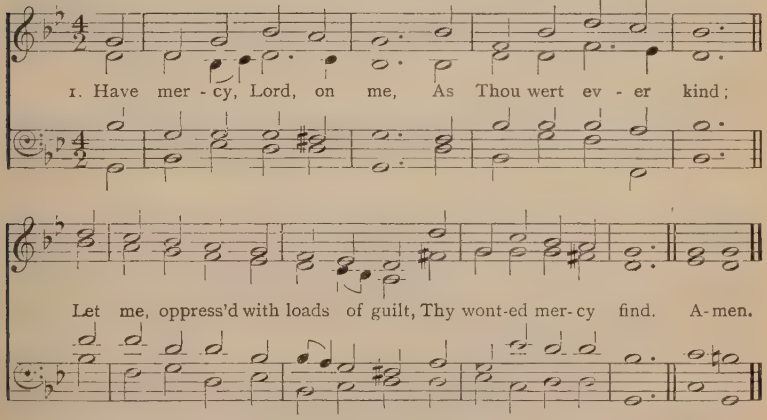
5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

J. J. CUMMINS.

## 351

ST. BRIDE. S.M. S. HOWARD.




2 Wash off my foul offense,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own Thy judgment right.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

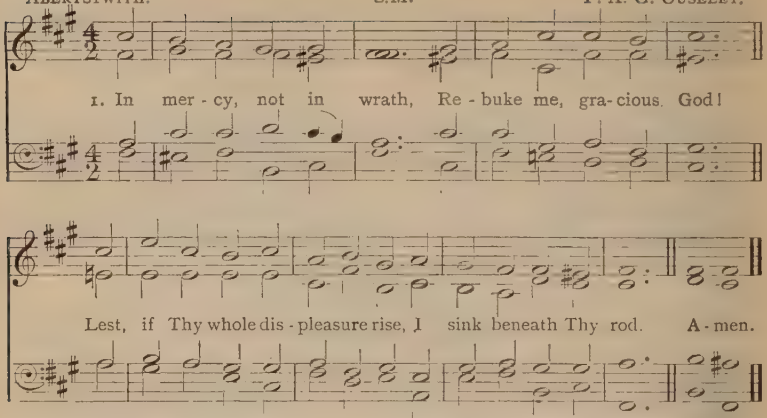
5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 352

ABERYSTWITH. S.M. F. A. G. OUSELEY.




2 Touched by Thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,
Oh, let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn?
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

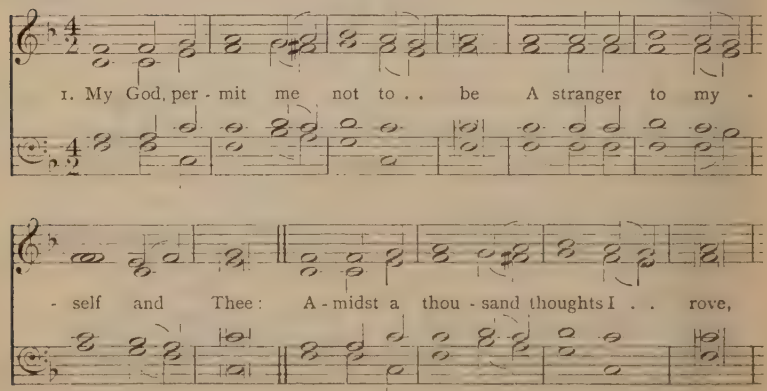
4 Oh, come, ere life expire;
Send down Thy power to save;
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?

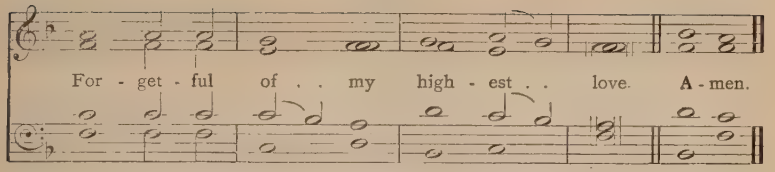
5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil Thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

## 353

HAMBURG. L.M. L. MASON.





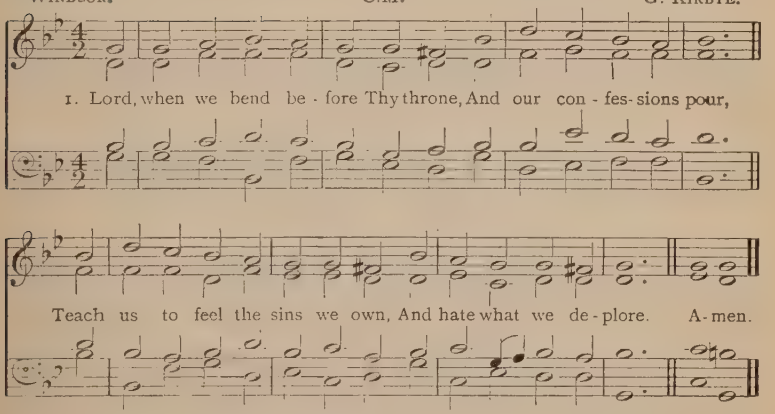

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. Amen.

I. WATTS.

## 354

WINDSOR. C.M. G. KIRBYE.


1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

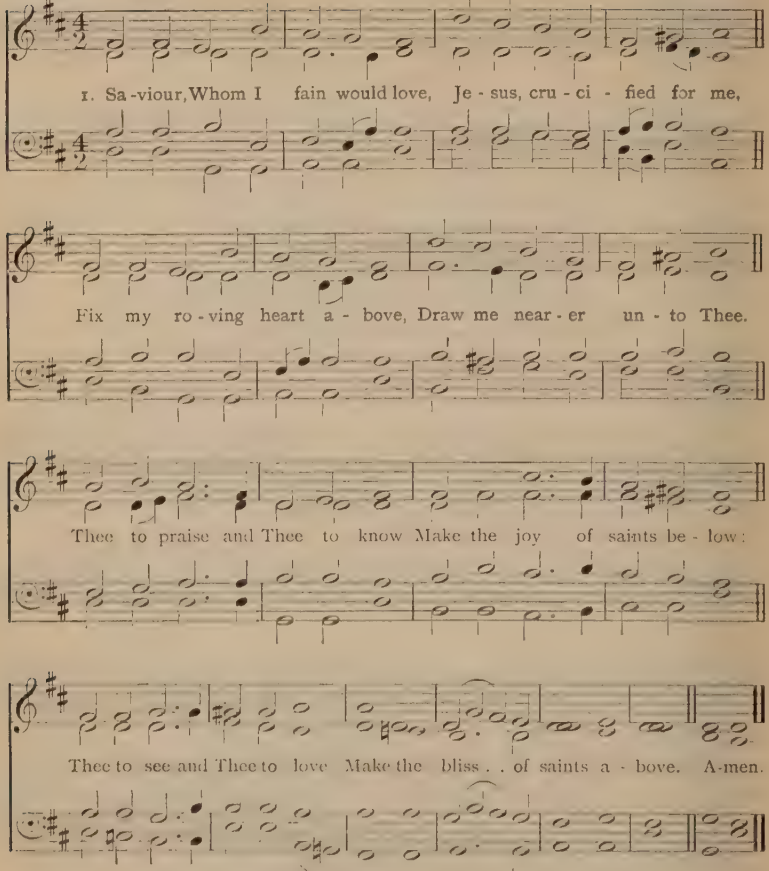
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

J. D. CARLYLE.

355

EDMUND. Eight 7's. J. B. DYKES.

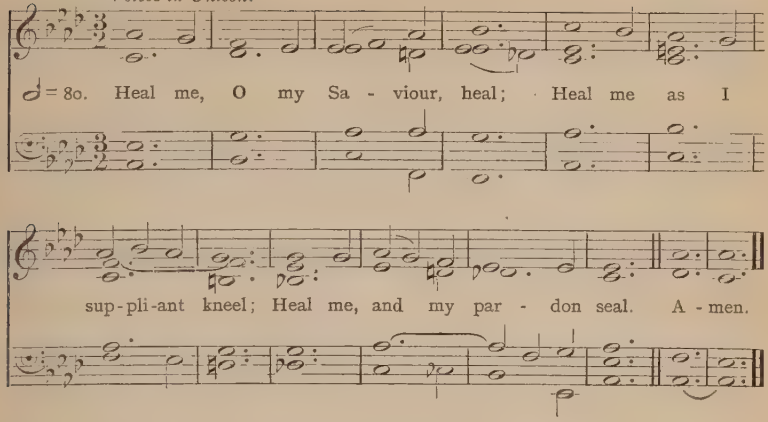

1. Sa-viour, Whom I fain would love, Je-sus, cru-ci-fied for me,
Fix my ro-ving heart a-bove, Draw me near-er un-to Thee.
Thee to praise and Thee to know Make the joy of saints be-low:
Thee to see and Thee to love Make the bliss . . of saints a-bove. A-men.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

HOLY CROSS. 7·7·7· J. E. WEST.

*Voices in Unison.*




2.

Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3.

Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4.

Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5.

Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

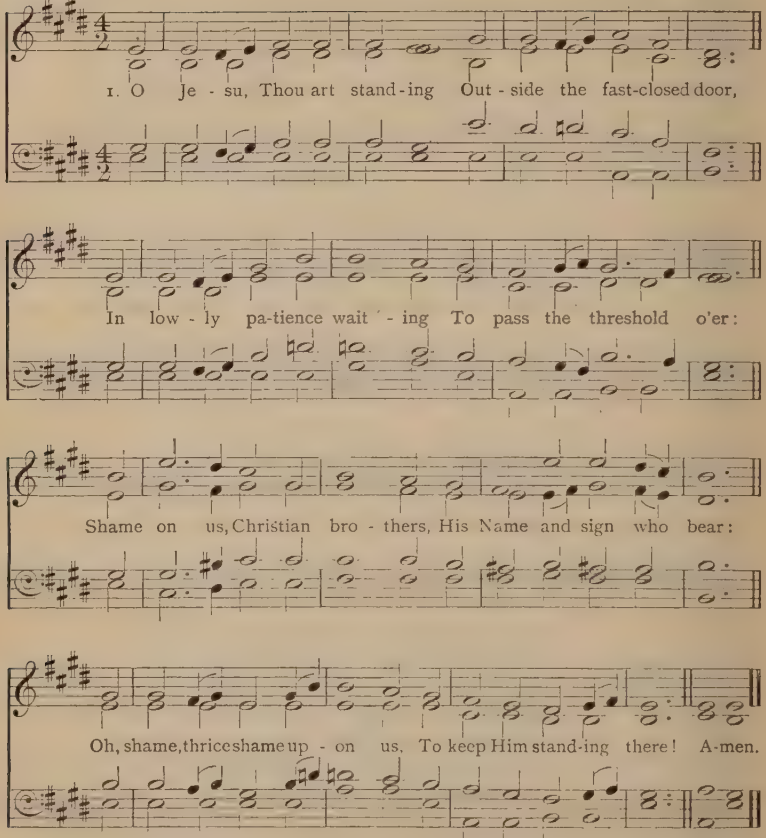
6.

Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

G. THRING.

## 357

ST. HILDA. 7.6.7.6. D. J. H. KNECHT. E. HUSBAND.

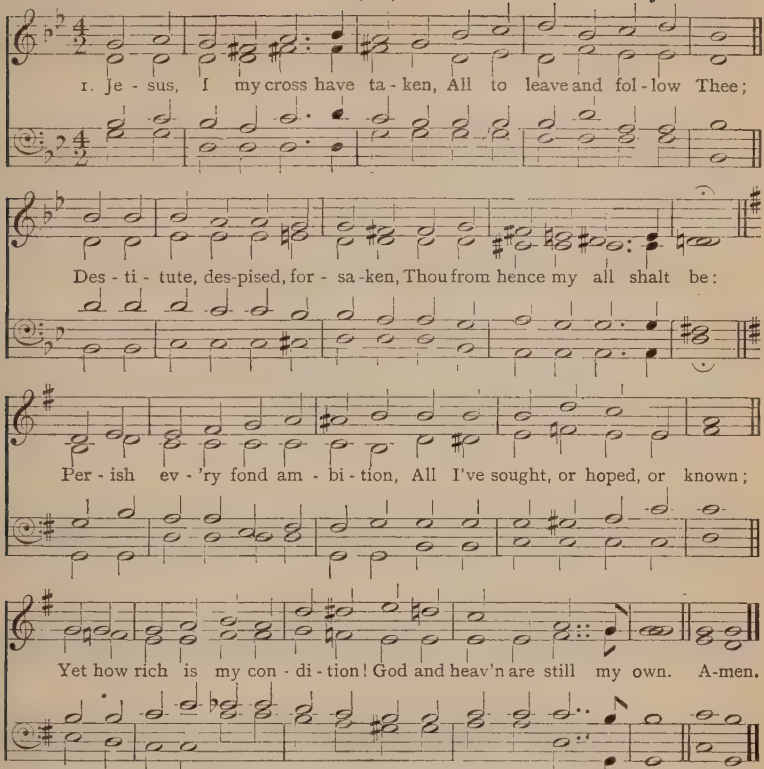

1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian bro - thers, His Name and sign who bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! A-men.

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle.
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

ST. POLYCARP. 8.7.8.7. D. J. BARNBY.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, des-pised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A-men.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that oy unmixed with Thee.

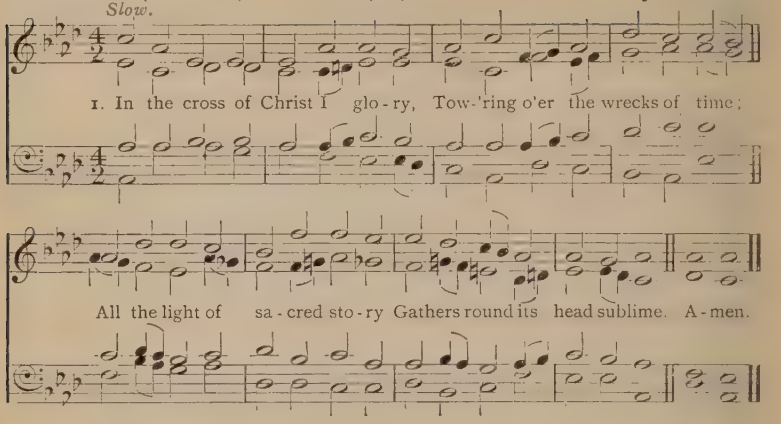
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Amen.

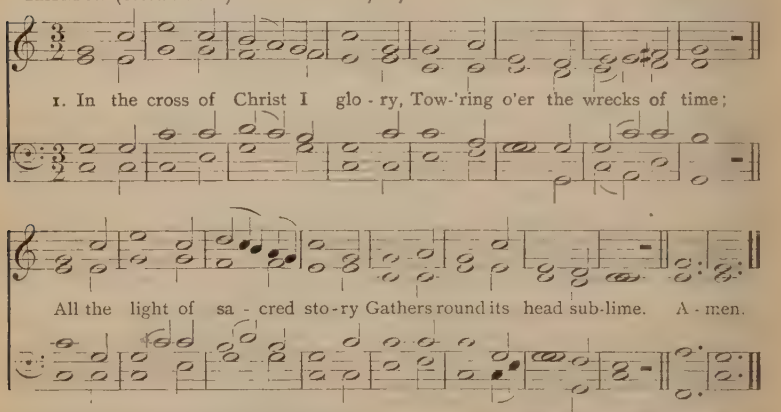
H. F. LYTE.

CRUCIFIXION (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER.

*Slow.*


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime. A - men.

RATHBUN (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. I. CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

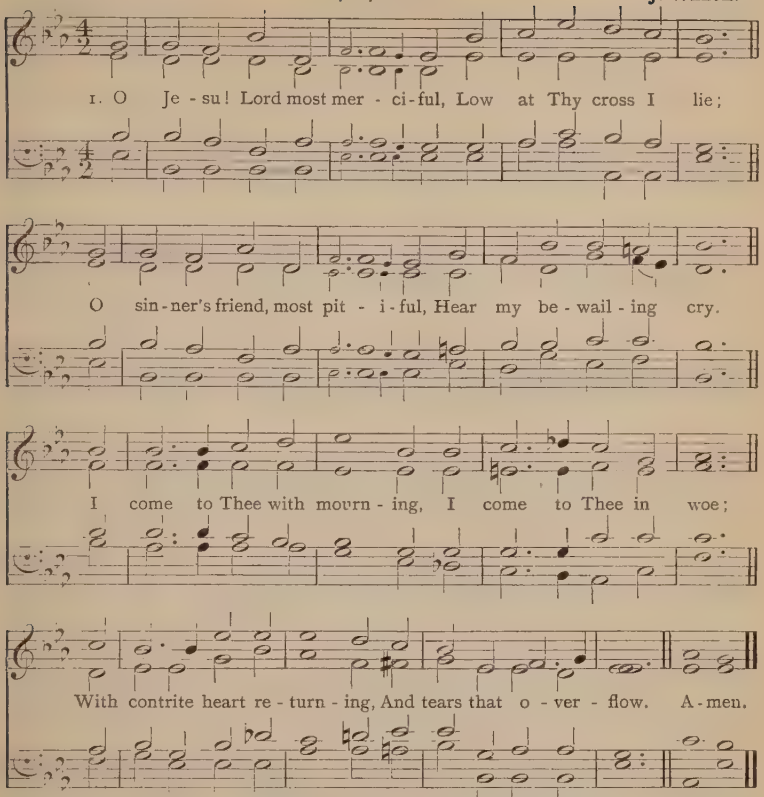
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Amen.

J. BOWRING.

ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON. 7.6.7.6. D. J. WALCH.


1. O Je - su! Lord most mer - ci - ful, Low at Thy cross I lie;
O sin - ner's friend, most pit - i - ful, Hear my be - wail - ing cry.
I come to Thee with mourn - ing, I come to Thee in woe;
With contrite heart re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow. A - men.

2 O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the veil!
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee,
I tell them one by one;
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done!

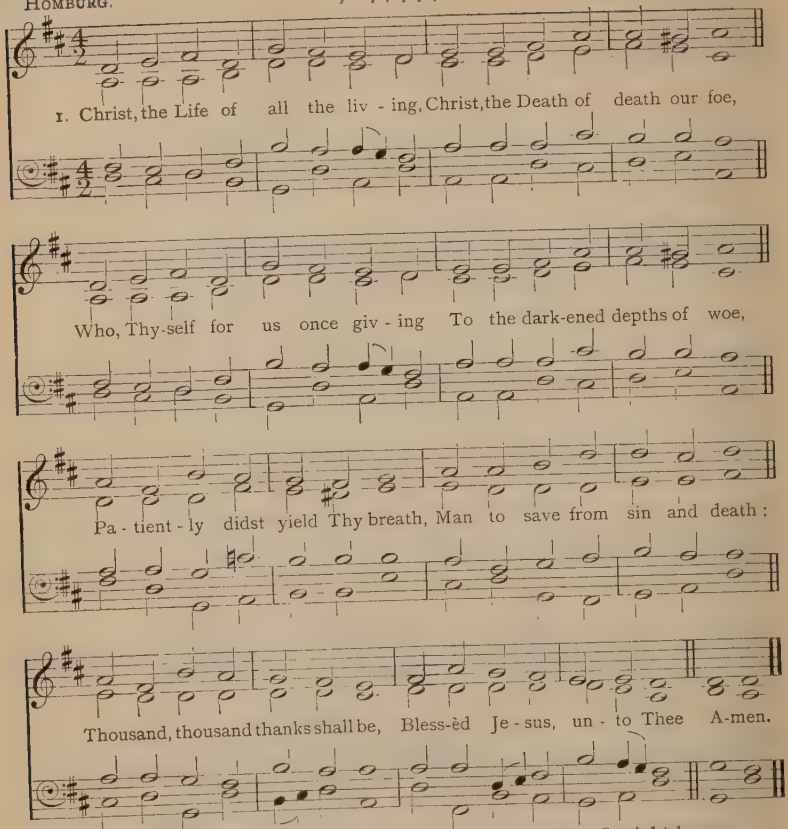
3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone;
O Priest! O spotless Offering!
Plead, for Thou didst atone!

4 And in this heart now broken,
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway. Amen.

J. HAMILTON.

**361**

HOMBURG. 8.7.8.7.7.7.7. German.


1. Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of death our foe,
Who, Thy-self for us once giv - ing To the dark-ened depths of woe,
Pa - tient - ly didst yield Thy breath, Man to save from sin and death:
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Bless-èd Je - sus, un - to Thee A-men.

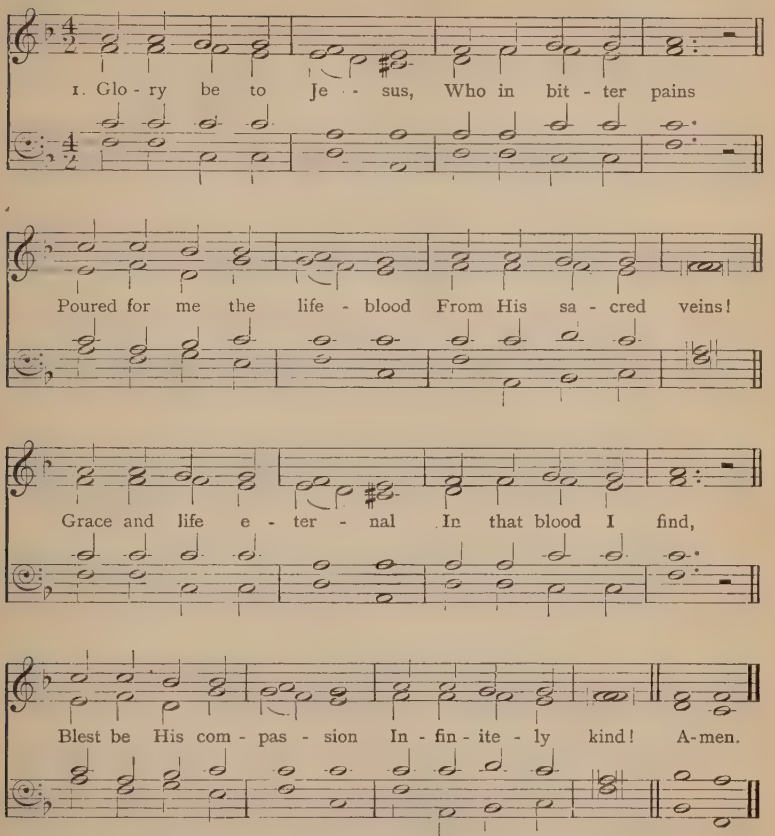
2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God;
Only thus for us to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin:
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe:
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with the latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death;
For that last most bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high. Amen.

E. C. HOMBURG. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5. D. F. FILITZ.

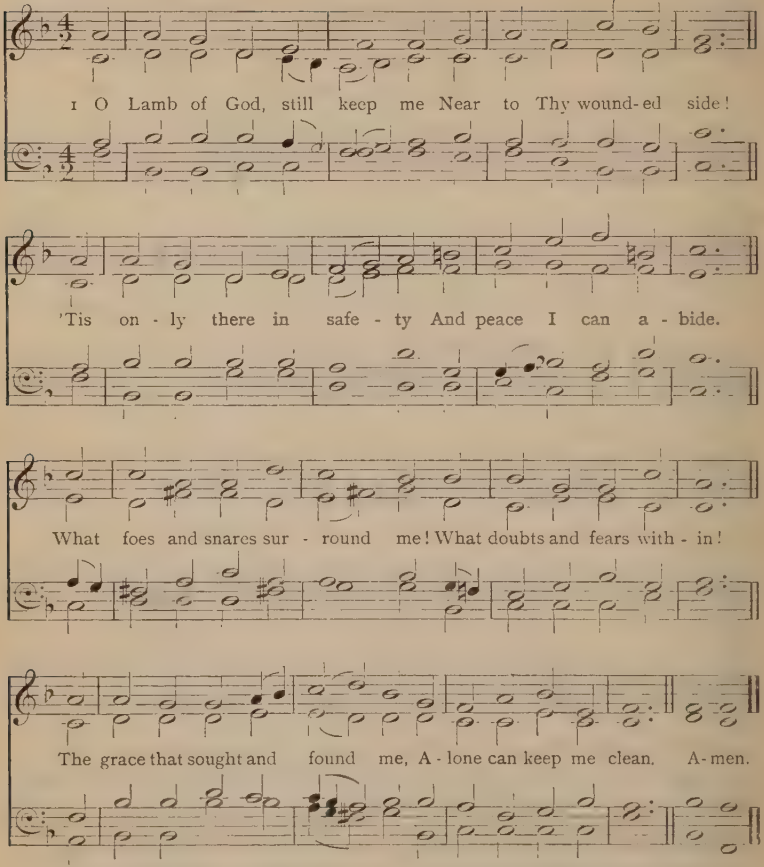

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fin - ite - ly kind! A-men.

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Does the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

JESU, MAGISTER BONE. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. DYKES.


1 O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side!
'Tis on-ly there in safe-ty And peace I can a-bide.
What foes and snares sur-round me! What doubts and fears with-in!
The grace that sought and found me, A-lone can keep me clean. A-men.

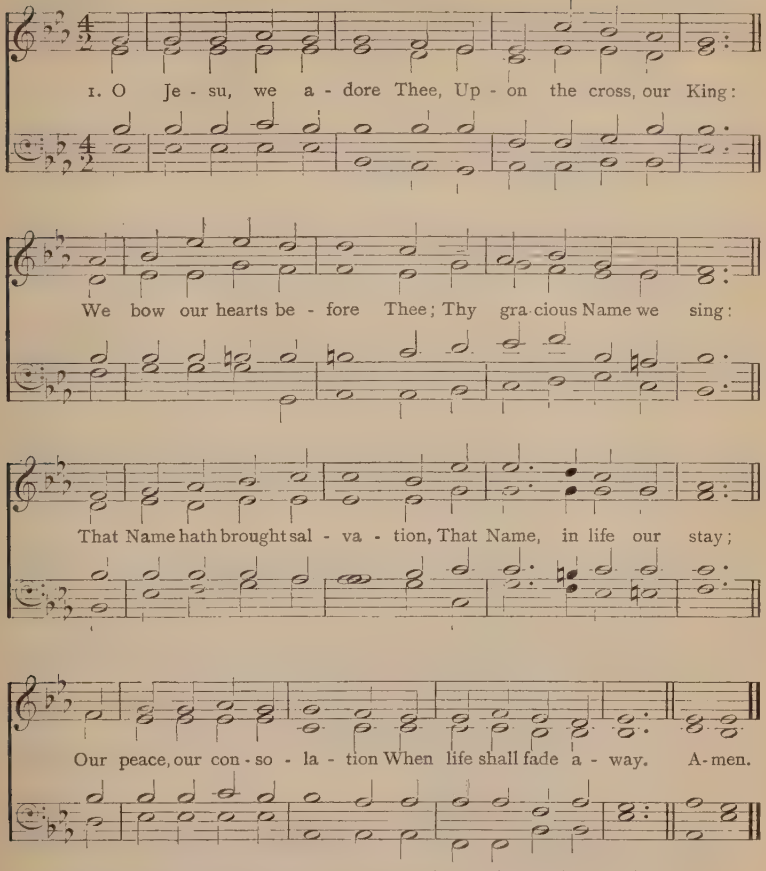
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

J. G. DECK.

## 364

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.

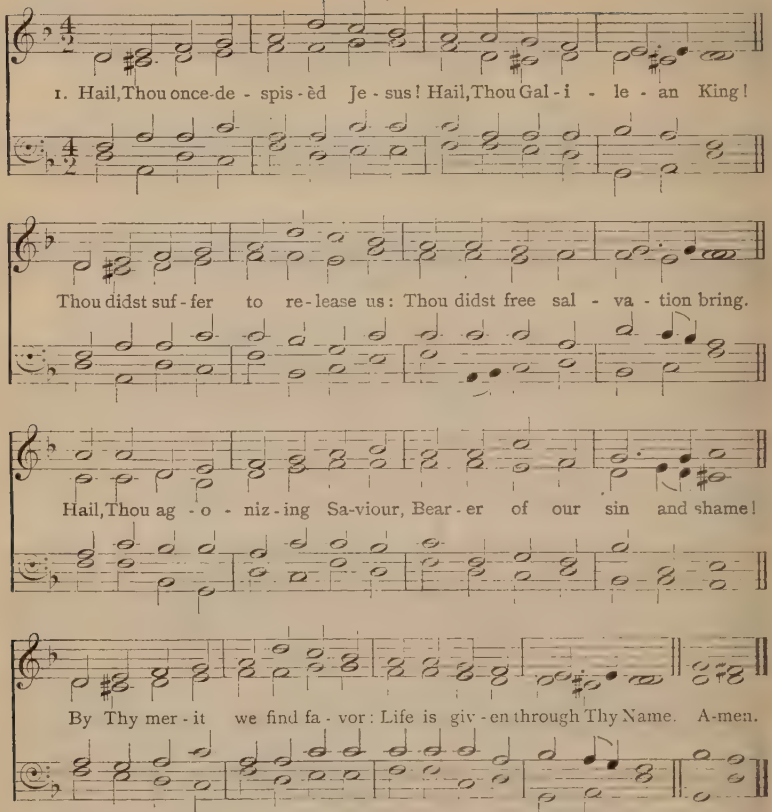

1. O Je - su, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King:
We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious Name we sing:
That Name hath brought sal - va - tion, That Name, in life our stay;
Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way. A - men.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesu, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.
Amen.

A. T. RUSSELL.

SUPPLICATION. 8.7.8.7. D. W. H. MONK.


1. Hail, Thou once-de - spis - èd Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us: Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sa-viour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor: Life is giv - en through Thy Name. A-men.

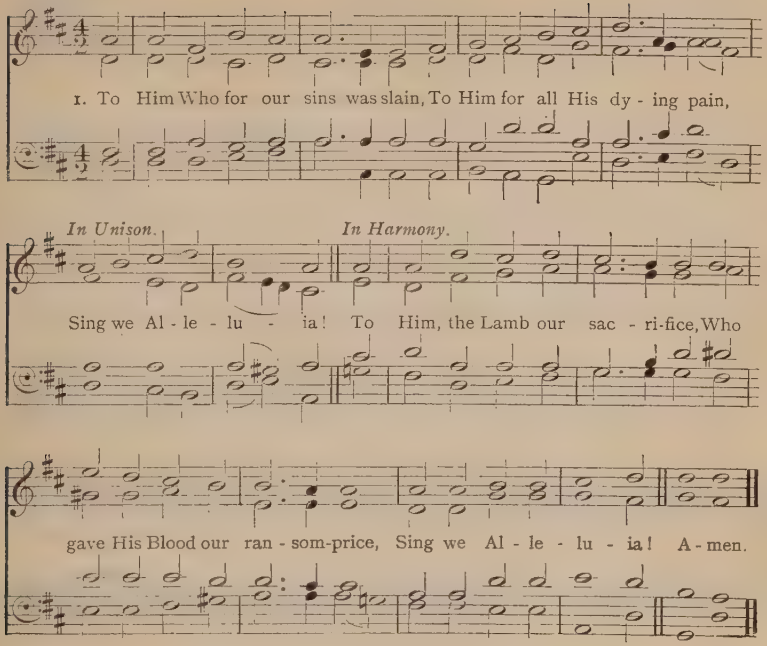
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!
Amen.

J. BAKEWELL.

RANSOM. 8.8.6.8.8.6. E. BUNNETT.


1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing pain,
In Unison.
In Harmony.
Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To Him, the Lamb our sac - ri-fice, Who
gave His Blood our ran - som-price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

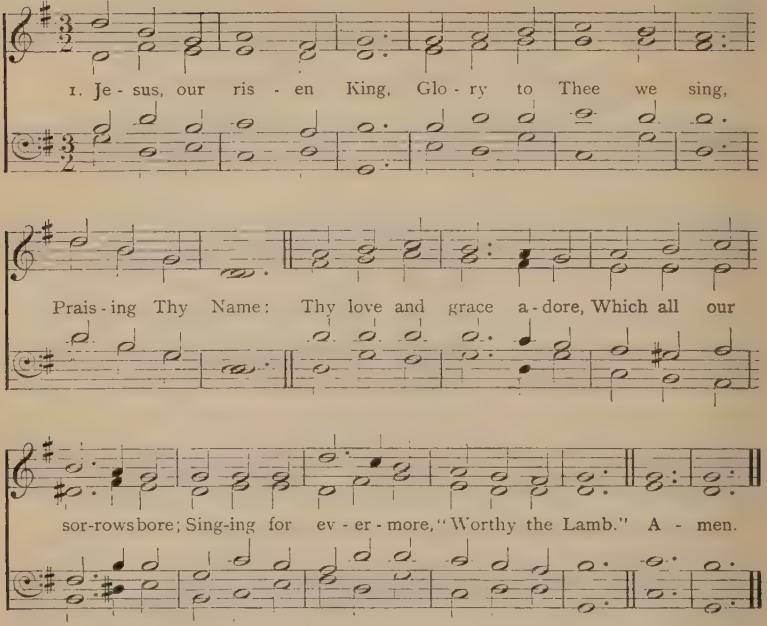
3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen.

A. T. RUSSELL.

367

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. F. Giardini.


1. Je - sus, our ris - en King, Glo - ry to Thee we sing,
Prais - ing Thy Name: Thy love and grace a - dore, Which all our
sor-rows bore; Sing-ing for ev - er - more, "Worthy the Lamb." A - men.

2.

Oh, haste, ye ransomed race!
For all His gifts of grace
Praise ye His Name:
He wondrous things hath done;
Triumph o'er death hath won;
Heaven's gate hath open thrown;
"Worthy the Lamb."

3.

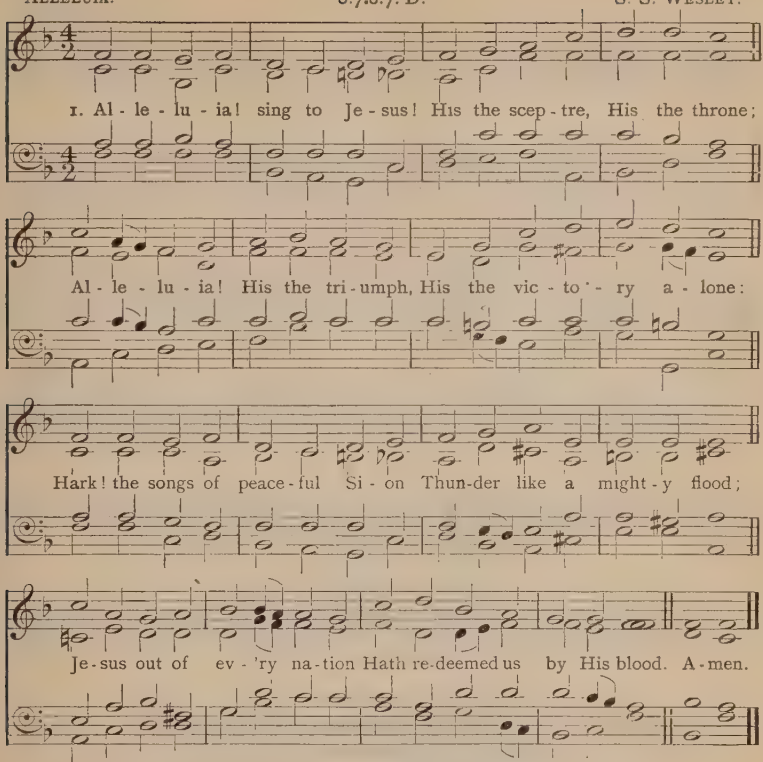
Come, all ye hosts above!
Join in one song of love,
Praising His Name:
To Him ascribèd be
Honor and majesty
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

4.

Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Praise to Thy Name:
Father, Thy love we bless;
Spirit of holiness,
We praise Thee and confess,
"Worthy the Lamb." Amen.

J. ALLEN.

ALLELUIA. 8.7.8.7. D. S. S. WESLEY.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;
Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to' - ry a - lone:
Hark! the songs of peace - ful Si - on Thun-der like a might - y flood;
Je - sus out of ev - 'ry na - tion Hath re-deemed us by His blood. A - men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er:
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

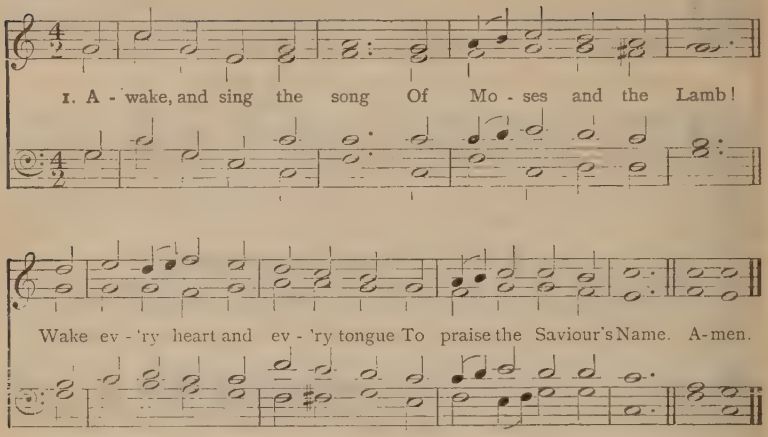
3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy Throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.
Amen.

W. C. DIX.

FESTAL SONG. S.M. W. H. WALTER.




2.

Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercèdes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3.

Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

4.

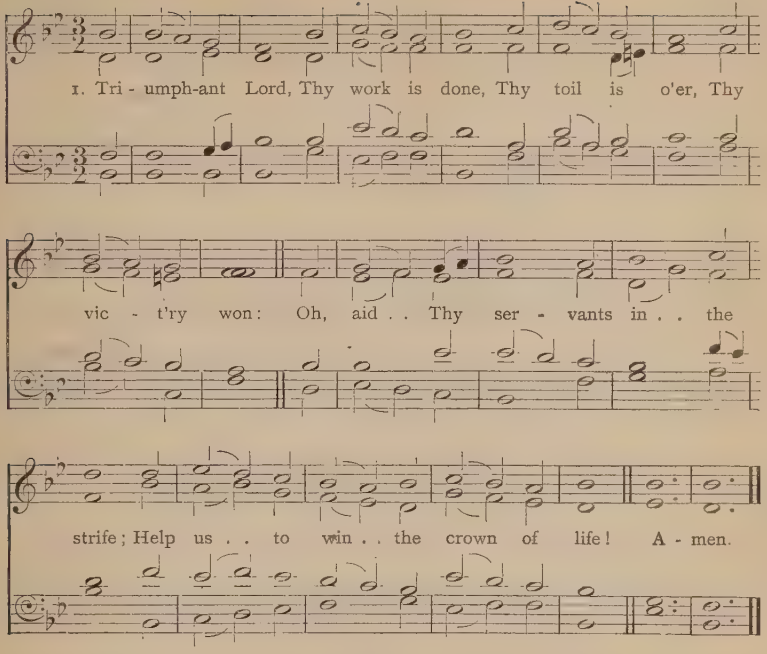
Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come:"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb. Amen.

W. HAMMOND.

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.


1. Tri - umph-ant Lord, Thy work is done, Thy toil is o'er, Thy
vic - t'ry won: Oh, aid . . Thy ser - vants in . . the
strife; Help us . . to win . . the crown of life! A - men.

2.

Presenting Thine own sacrifice,
Our prayers like incense round Thee rise;
For "Thou art Priest forever," Thou
Art interceding for us now.

3.

Oh, by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,
And by Thy bitter death on earth,
And by Thy rising from the grave,
Ascended Lord, Thy people save!

4.

"Thou art the King of Glory," Thine
All honor, praise, and power divine;
One with the Father now confest,
And with the Spirit ever blest. Amen.

W. J. IRONS.

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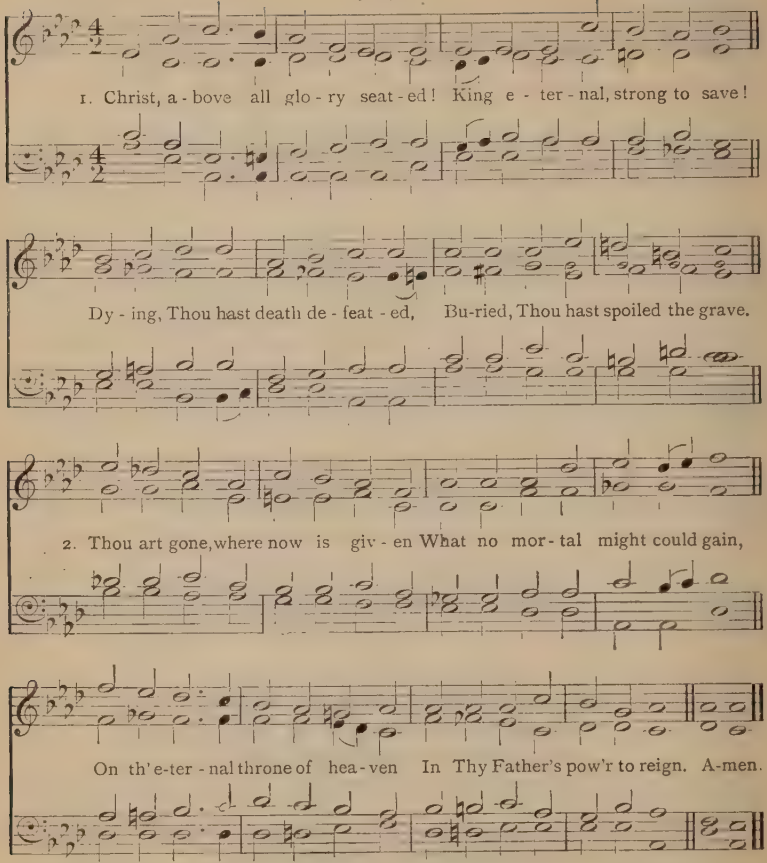
SANCTUARY. 8.7.8.7. D. J. B. DYKES.


1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!
Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Bu-ried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
2. Thou art gone, where now is giv - en What no mor - tal might could gain,
On th' e-ter - nal throne of hea - ven In Thy Father's pow'r to reign. A-men.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

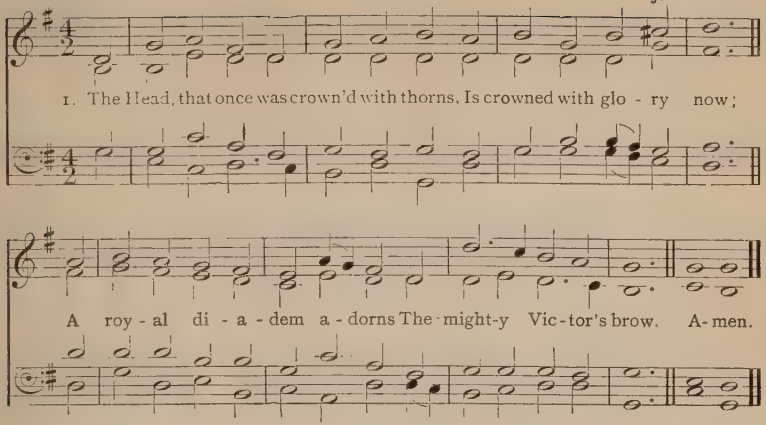
5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore! Amen.

*Tr.* J. R. WOODFORD.

372

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. J. CLARKE.




2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

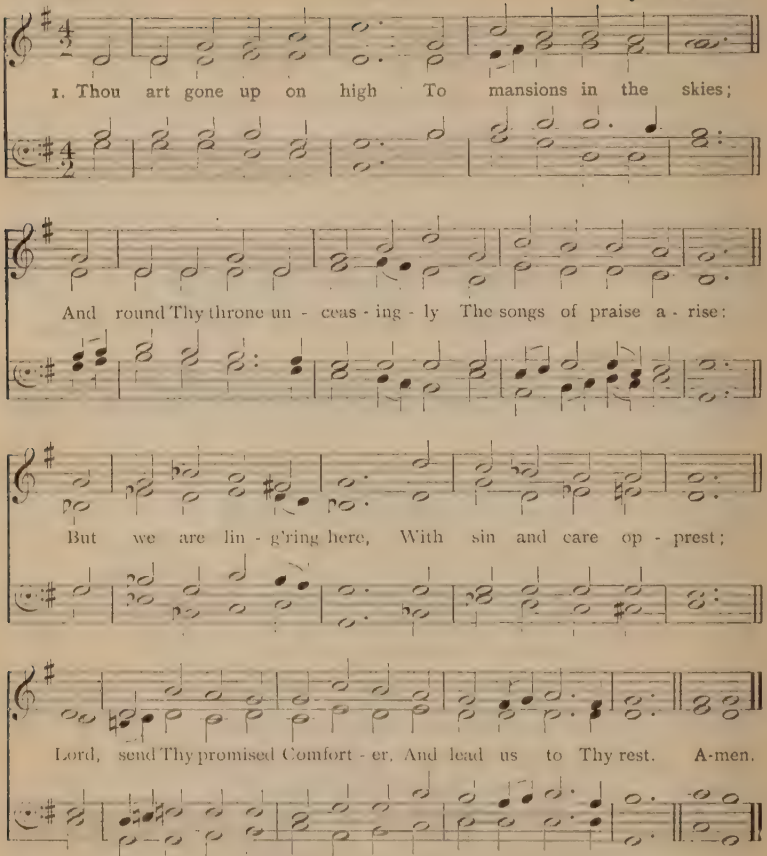
4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

T. KELLY.

OLIVET S.M.D J. B. DYKES.

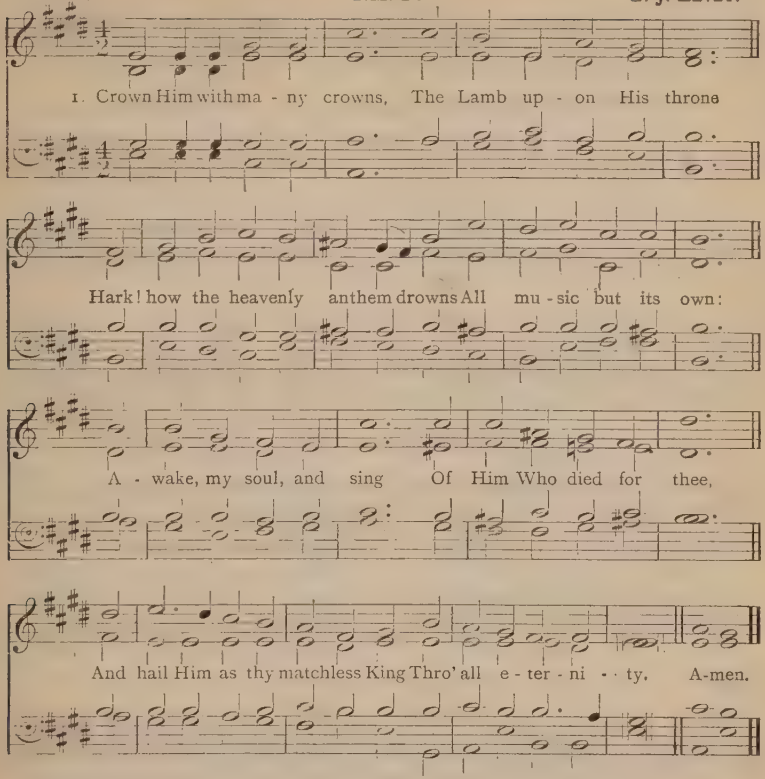

1. Thou art gone up on high To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise:
But we are lin - g'ring here, With sin and care op - prest;
Lord, send Thy promised Comfort - er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

MRS. E. L. TOKE.

DIADEMATA. S.M. D. G. J. ELVEY.


1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns All mu - sic but its own:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - - ty. A-men.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

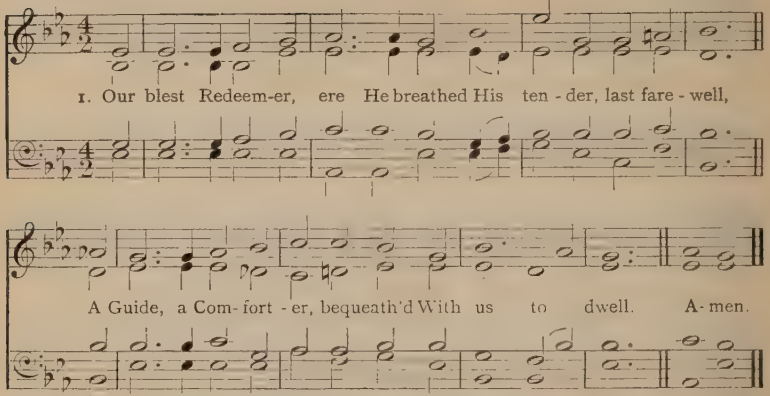
4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all. Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

## 375

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. J. B. DYKES.




2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

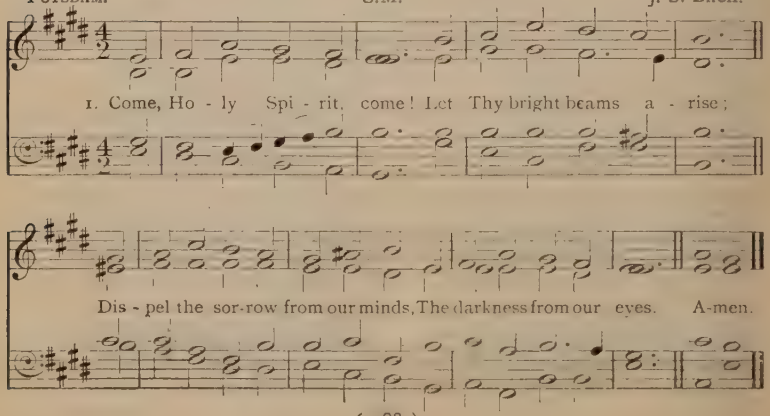
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see: [place,
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-
And worthier Thee. Amen.

H. AUBER.

## 376

PÖTSDAM. S.M. J. S. BACH.



2.
Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3.
Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

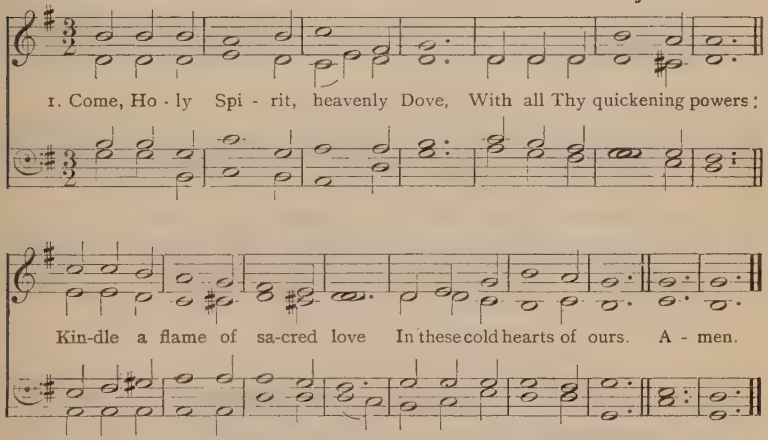
4.
'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5.
Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

J. HART.

## 377

ST. AGNES. C.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;
Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

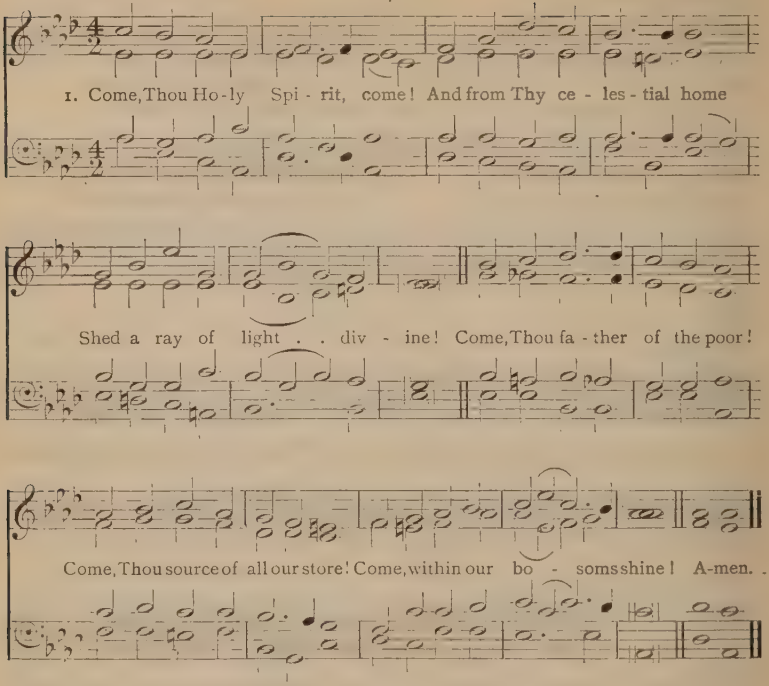
2.
See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3.
In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4.
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

I. WATTS.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS. Six 7's. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home
Shed a ray of light . . div - ine! Come, Thou fa - ther of the poor!
Come, Thou source of all our store! Come, within our bo - soms shine! A-men.

2.

Thou, of comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's most welcome guest;
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labor, rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

3.

O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
Where Thou art not, man hath naught,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

4.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

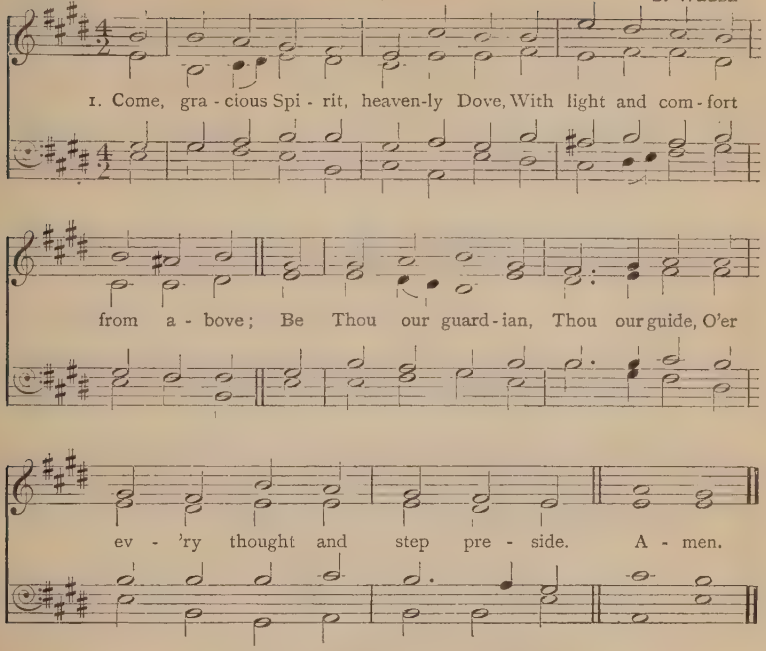
5.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

*Tune Copyright, 1903, by Novello, Ewer and Co.*

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE


1. Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heaven-ly Dove, With light and com - fort
from a - bove; Be Thou our guard - ian, Thou our guide, O'er
ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side. A - men.

2.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

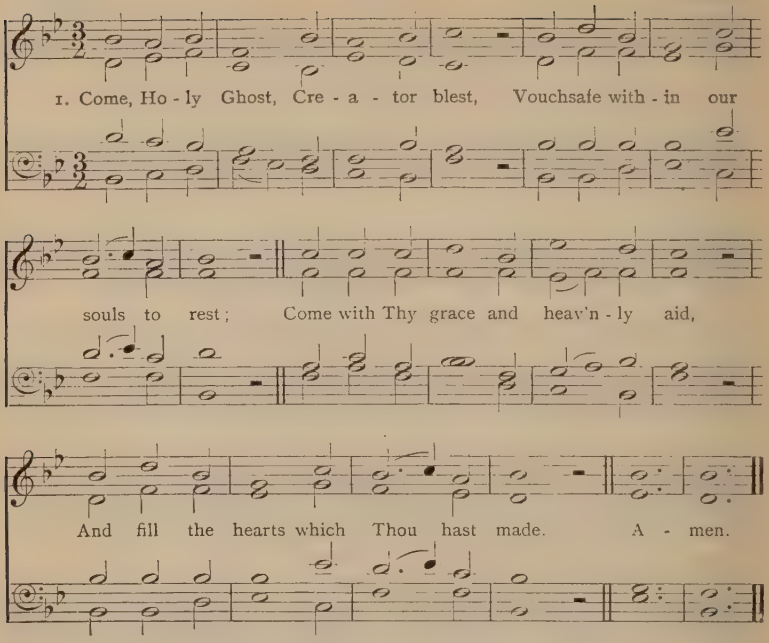
4.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest. Amen.

S. BROWNE.

## 380

MENDON. L.M. German.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouchsafe with - in our
souls to rest; Come with Thy grace and heav'n - ly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A - men.

2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.

3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost The tongue with power endow.

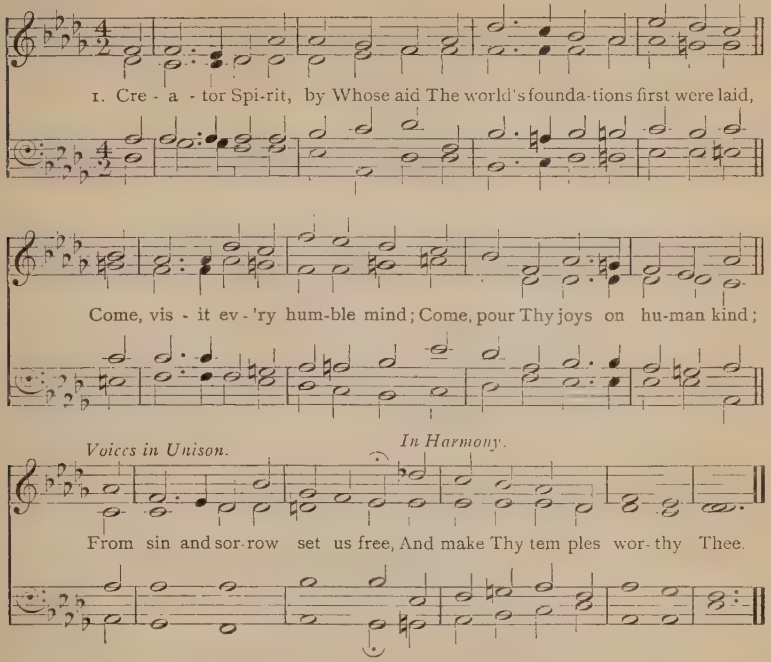
4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

## 381

REST. Six 8's. J. STAINER.

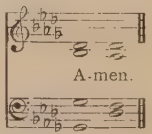

1. Cre - a - tor Spi-rit, by Whose aid The world's founda-tions first were laid,
Come, vis - it ev - 'ry hum-ble mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu-man kind;
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
From sin and sor-row set us free, And make Thy tem ples wor-thy Thee.

2.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

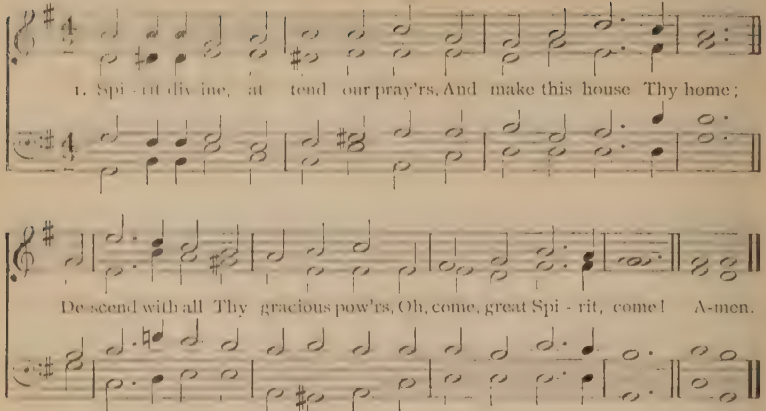
3.

Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.




*Tr.* J. DRYDEN.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. J. B. CALKIN.


1. Spi - rit div ine, at tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
De scend with all Thy gracious pow'rs, Oh, come, great Spi - rit, come! A-men.

2.

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go

3.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4.

Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

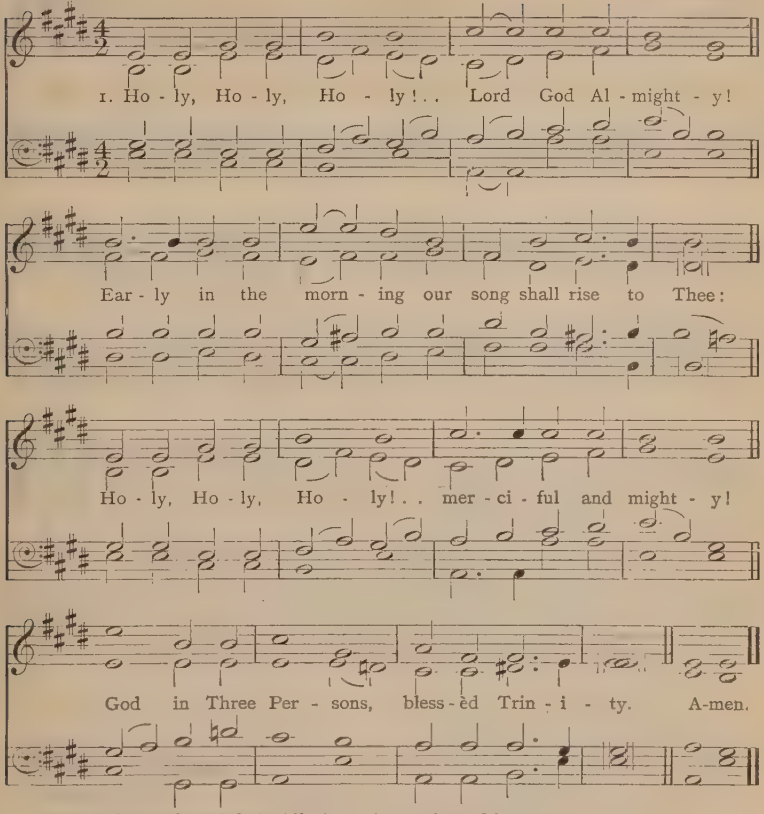
5.

Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

A. REED.

383

NICÆA. 11.12.12.10. J. B DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!.. Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!.. mer - ci - ful and might - y!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - èd Trin - i - ty. A-men.

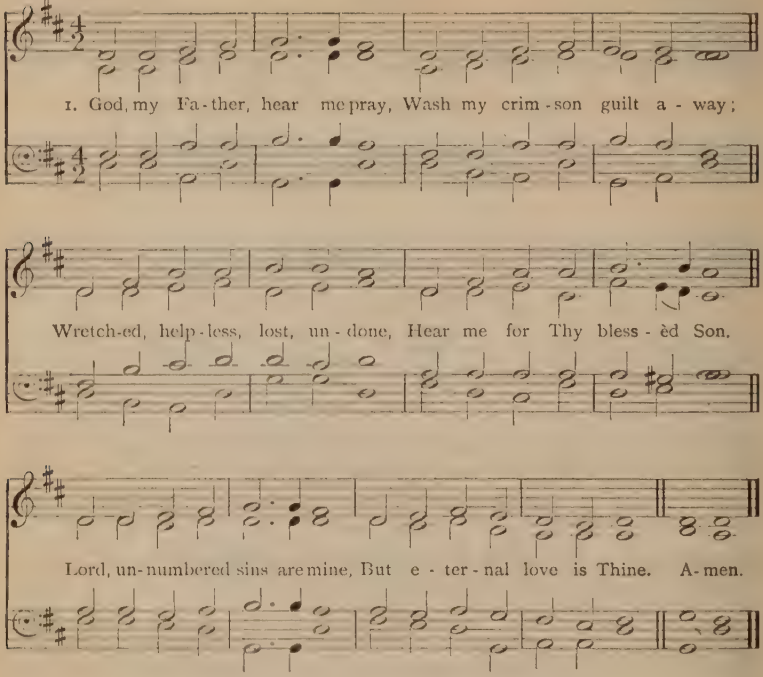
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

R. HEBER.

GETHSEMANE. Six 7's R. REDHEAD.


1. God, my Fa-ther, hear me pray, Wash my crim-son guilt a-way;
Wretch-ed, help-less, lost, un-done, Hear me for Thy bless-èd Son.
Lord, un-numbered sins are mine, But e-ter-nal love is Thine. A-men.

2.

God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee:
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

3.

God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart:
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

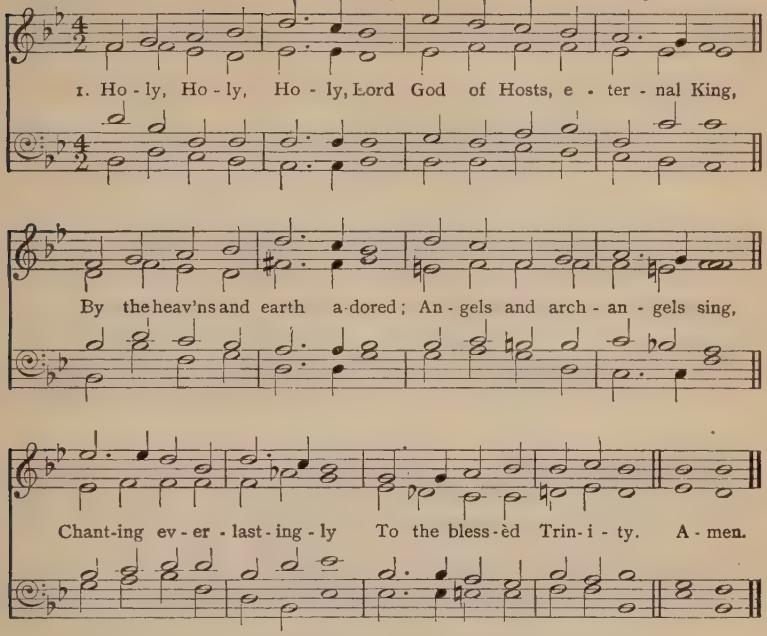
4.

Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare!
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine. Amen.

J. HOLME.

## 385

ST. ATHANASIUS. Six 7's. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a-dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless-èd Trin-i - ty. A - men.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

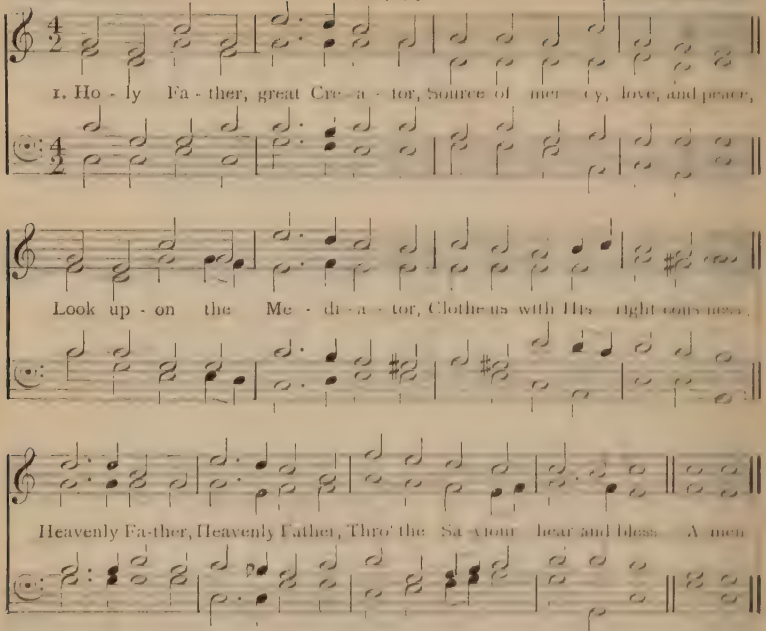
4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

REGENT SQUARE. 8 7.8.7.4.7. H. SMART.


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,
Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right - eous - ness,
Heavenly Fa-ther, Heavenly Father, Thro' the Sa - viour hear and bless. A - men

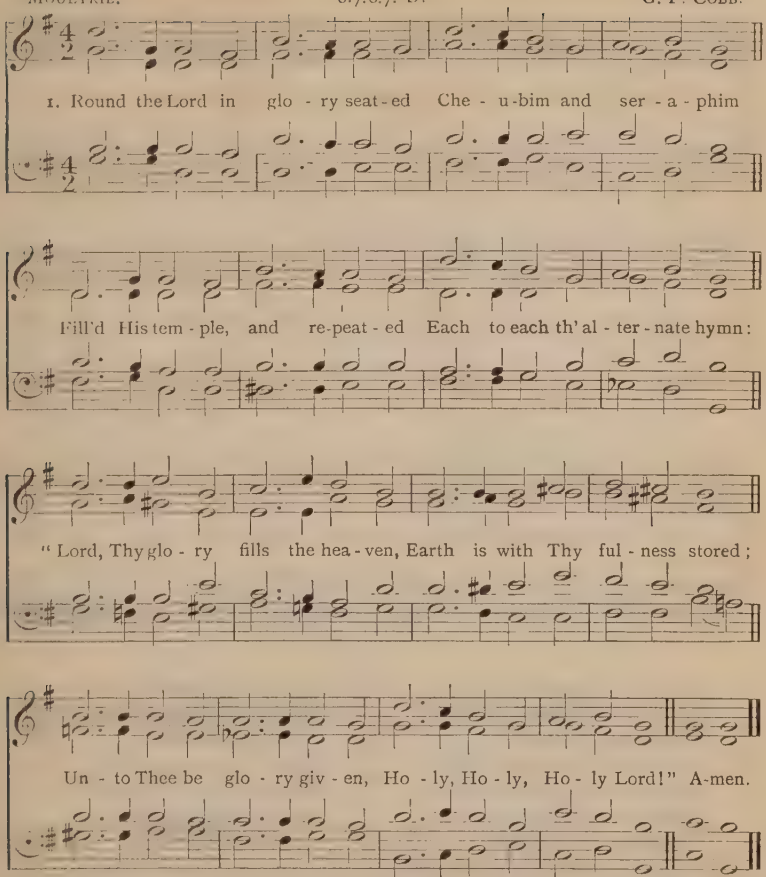
2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine. Amen.

A. V. GRISWOLD.

MOULTRIE. 8.7.8.7. D. G. F. COBB.

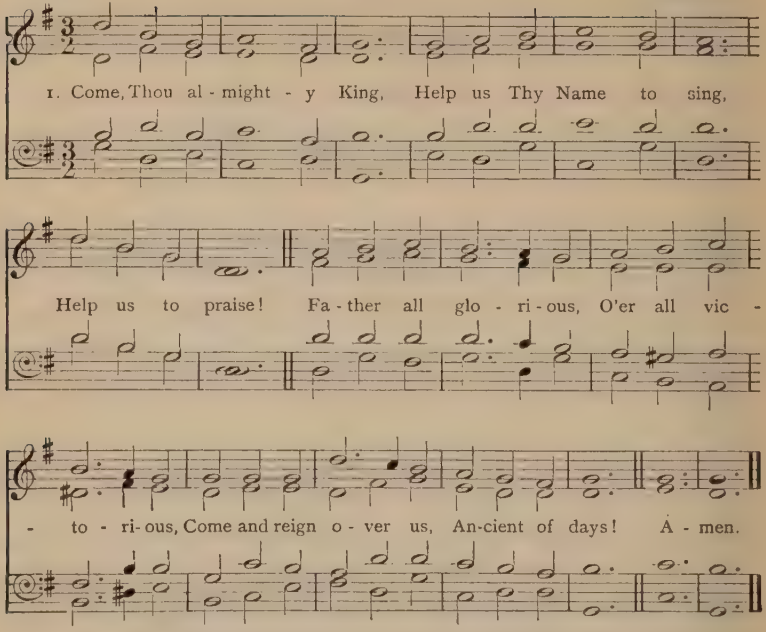

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Che - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Fill'd His tem - ple, and re-peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the hea - ven, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!" A-men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
Amen.

R. MANT.

Moscow 6.6.4.6.6.4. F. Giardini.


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
- to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days! A - men.

2.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
'Stablish Thy righteousness,
Saviour and Friend!

3.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

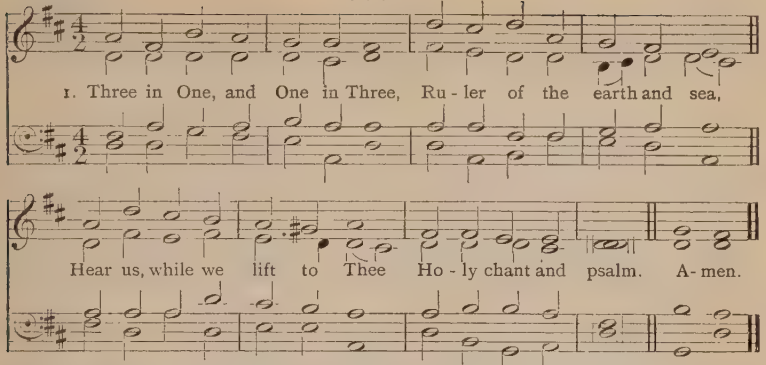
4.

To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

## 389 General.

CAPETOWN. 7·7·7·5. F. FILITZ.




2 Light of lights! with morning-shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

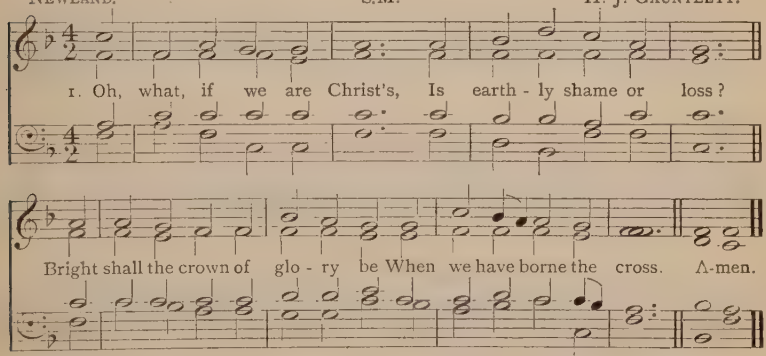
3 Light of lights; when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

G. RORISON.

## 390

NEWLAND. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

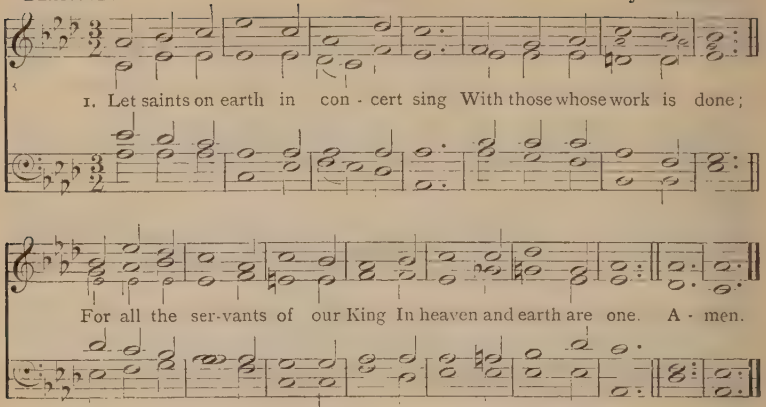
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.
Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

## 391

BEATITUDO C.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;
For all the ser-vants of our King In heaven and earth are one. A - men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

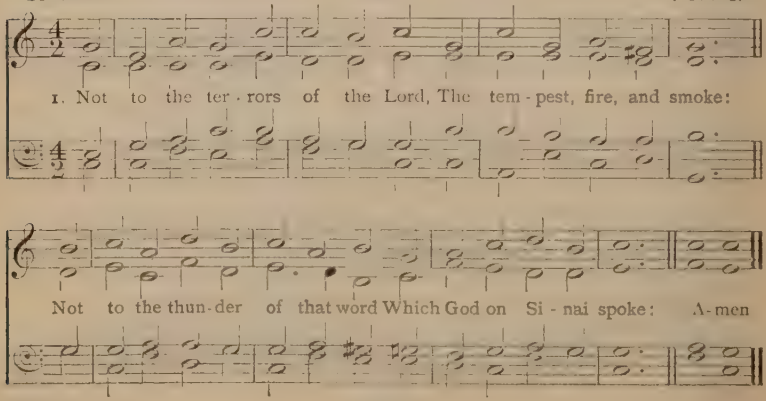
4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5 Jesus, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.
Amen.

C. WESLEY. *Ver. by* MURRAY.

## 392

ST. ANNE. C.M. W. CROFT.



2.

But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3.

Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4.

Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven:
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.

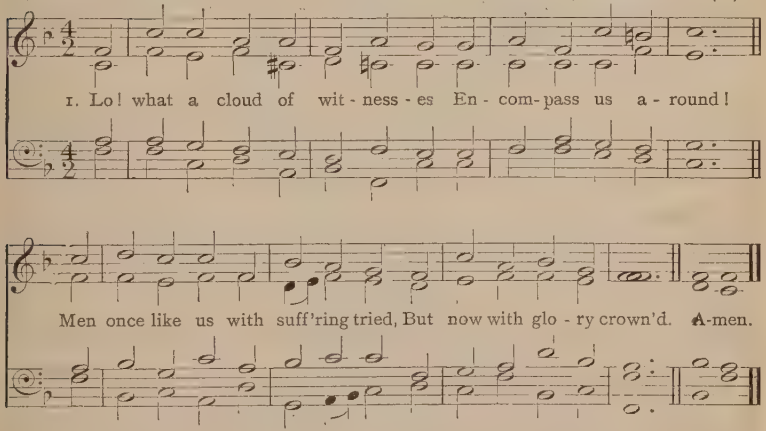
5.

Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake. Amen.

I. WATTS.

## 393

MEAR. C.M. A. WILLIAMS. (?)




2.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And freed from every weight or sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3.

Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4.

He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

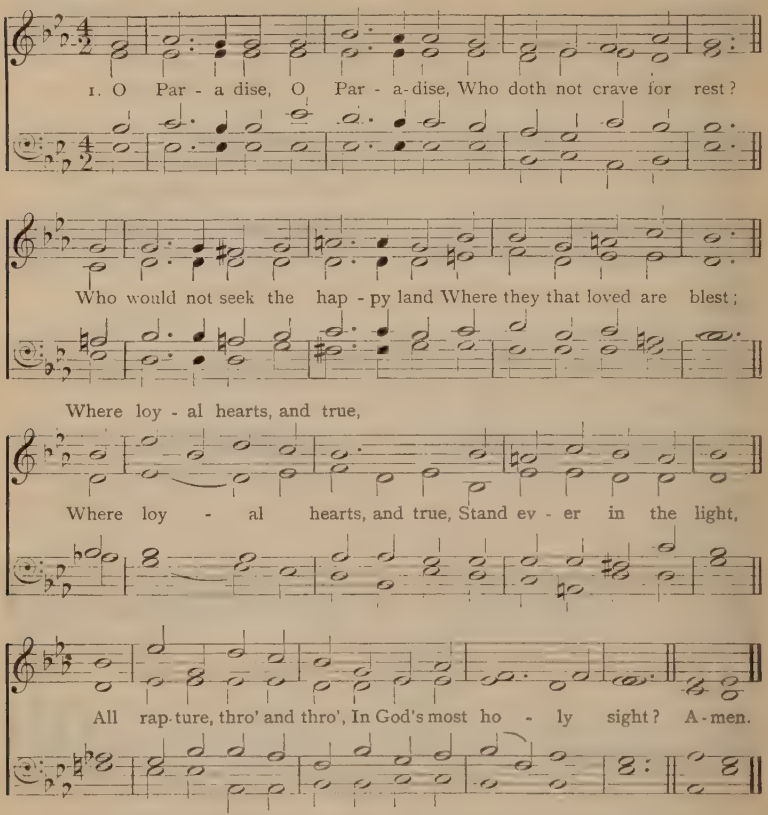
5.

Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand. Amen.

*Author unknown.*

394

PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. J. BARNBY.


1. O Par - a dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Where loy - al hearts, and true,
Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

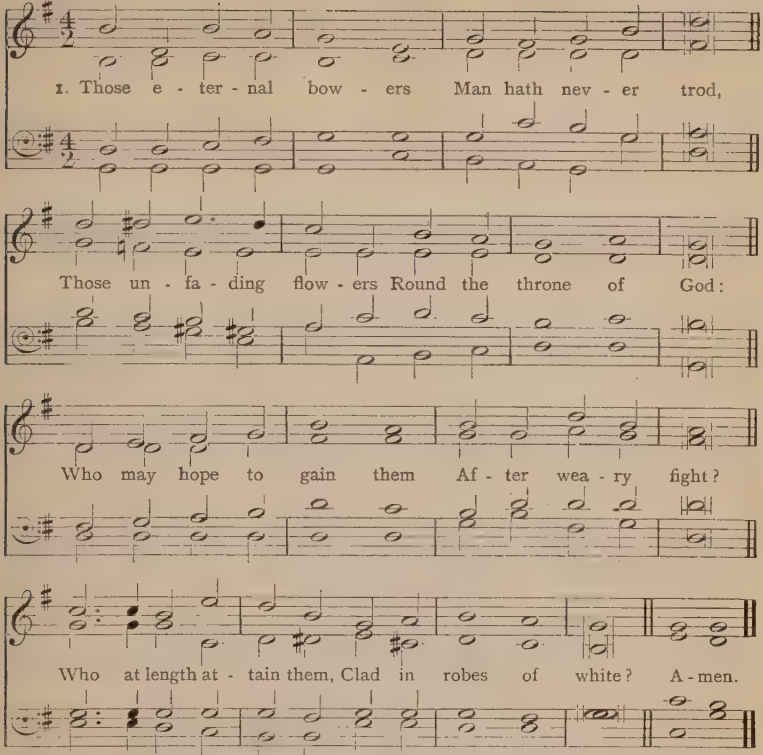
3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

ST. ALBAN'S. 6.5.6.5. D. T. MORLEY.


1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod,
Those un - fa - ding flow - ers Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them Af - ter wea - ry fight?
Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - men.

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

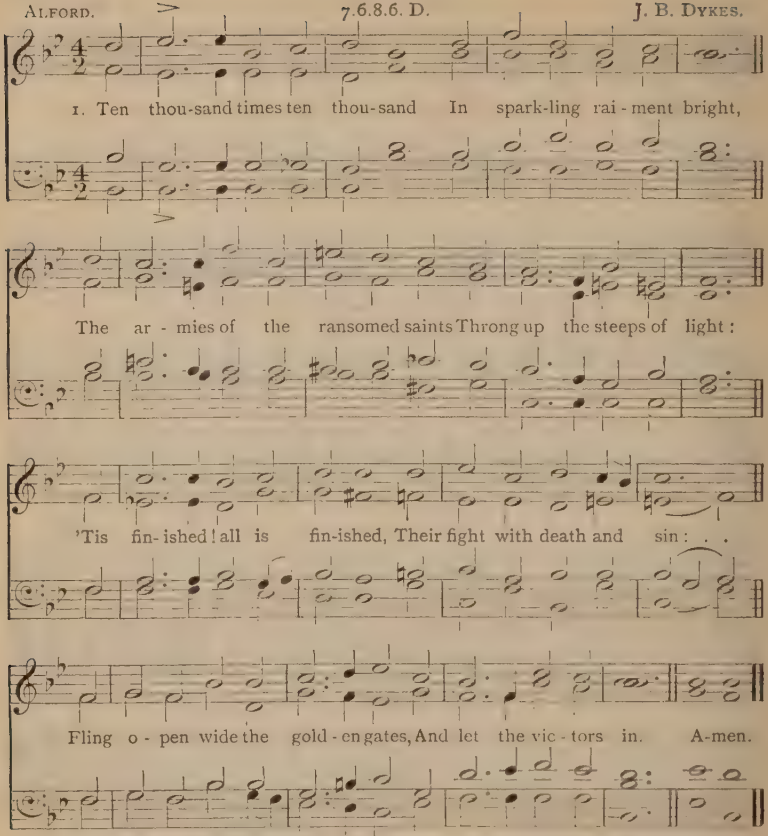
3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6. D. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
The ar-mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin: . .
Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-men.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

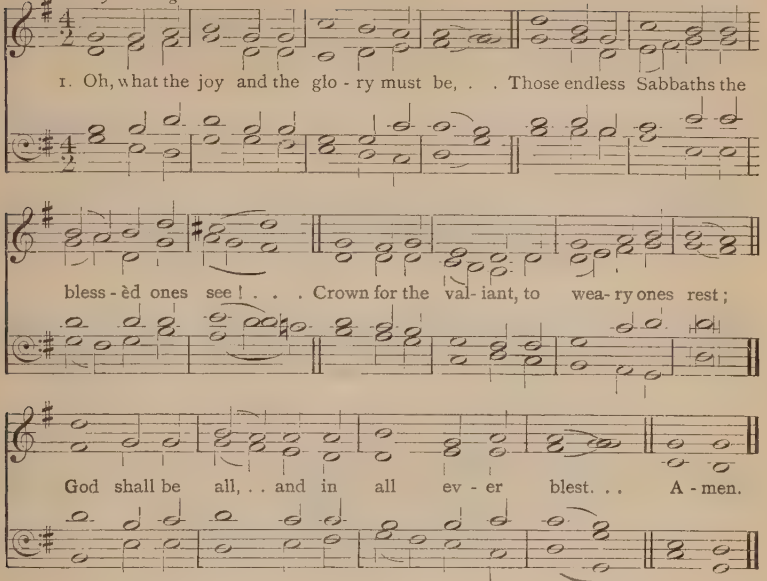
3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home: [sign!
Show in the heavens Thy promised
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen



H. ALFORD.

O Quanta Qualia. *May be sung in Unison.* Four 10's. Ancient Melody.


1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . Those endless Sabbaths the
bless - èd ones see! . . . Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest;
God shall be all, . . and in all ev - er blest. . . A - men.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

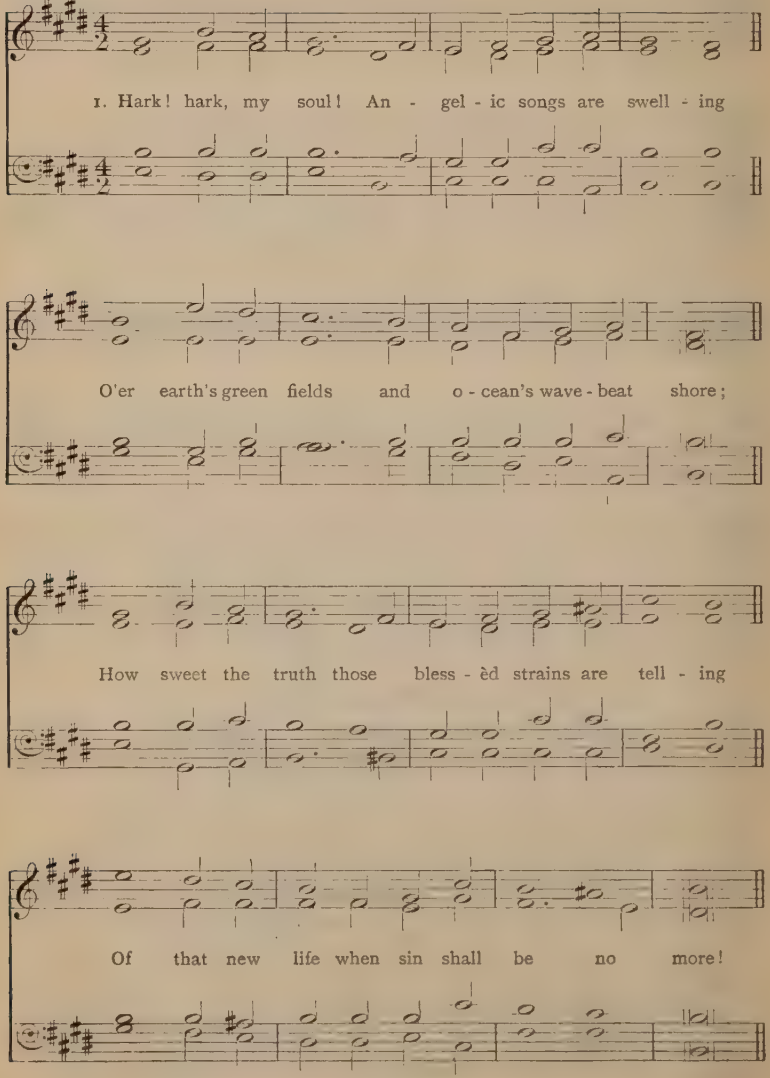
6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

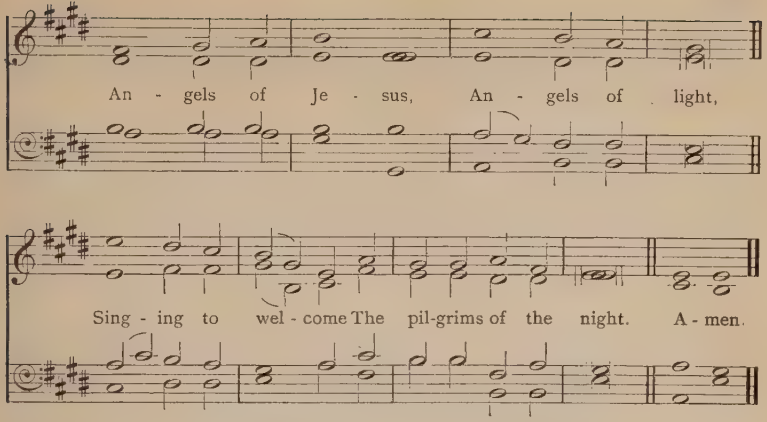
7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

**398**

PILGRIMS (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11 H. SMART.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore;
How sweet the truth those bless - èd strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!




2.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last,
Angels of Jesus, etc.

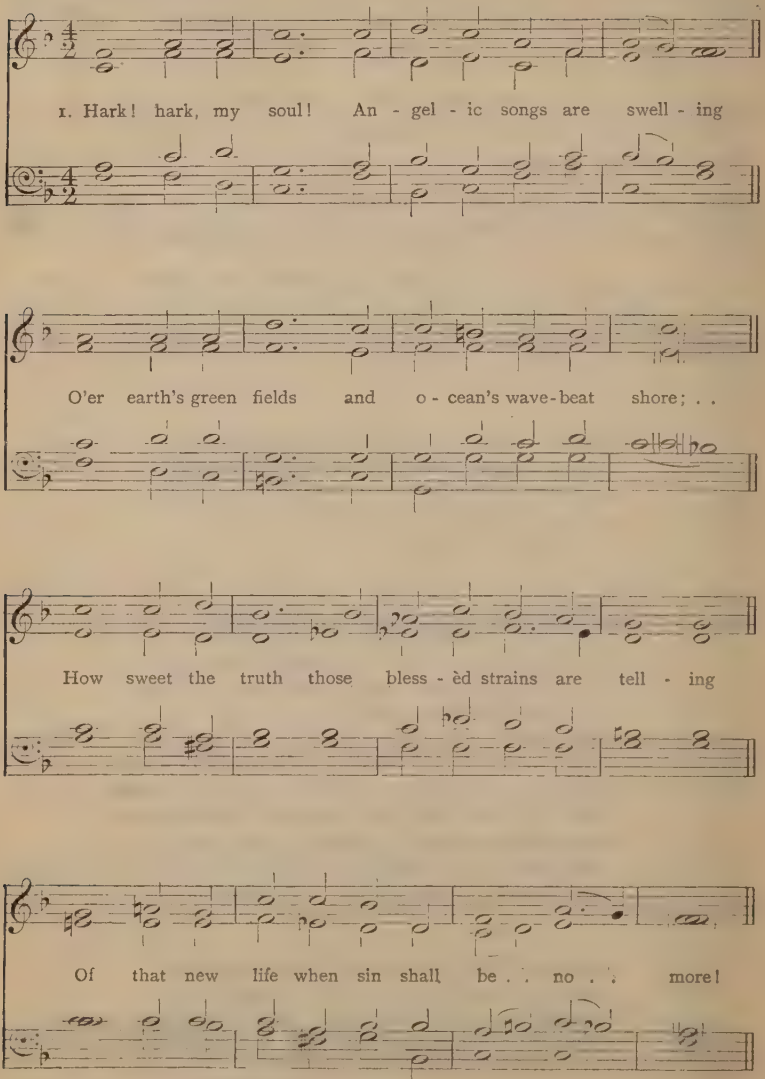
5.

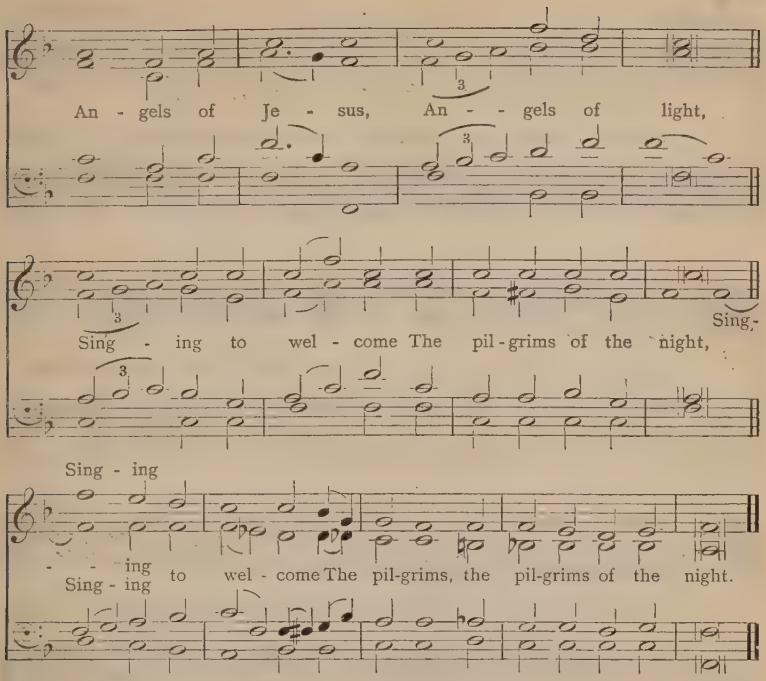
Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

398

VOX ANGELICA (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11. J. B. DYKES.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore; . .
How sweet the truth those bless - èd strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be . . no . . more!

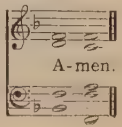

An - gels of Je - sus, An - - gels of light,
Sing - ing to wel - come The pil-grims of the night,
Sing-
Sing - ing
- - ing
Sing - ing to wel - come The pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

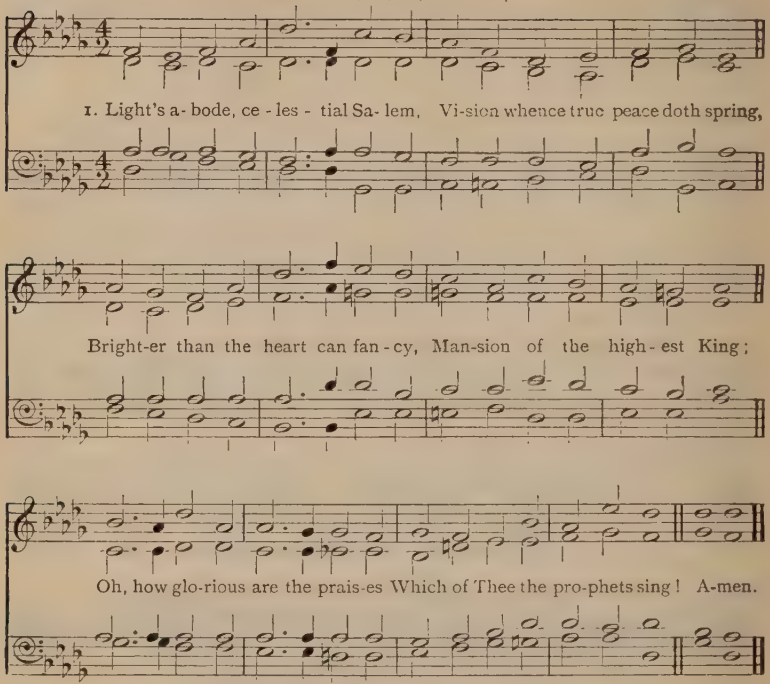
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.




F. W. FABER.

TRESLEIGH. 8.7.8.7.8.7. G. R. SINCLAIR.


1. Light's a-bode, ce-les-tial Sa-lem, Vi-sion whence true peace doth spring,
Bright-er than the heart can fan-cy, Man-sion of the high-est King;
Oh, how glo-rious are the prais-es Which of Thee the pro-phets sing! A-men.

2.

There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

3.

There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor.
For unknown are toil and care.

4.

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

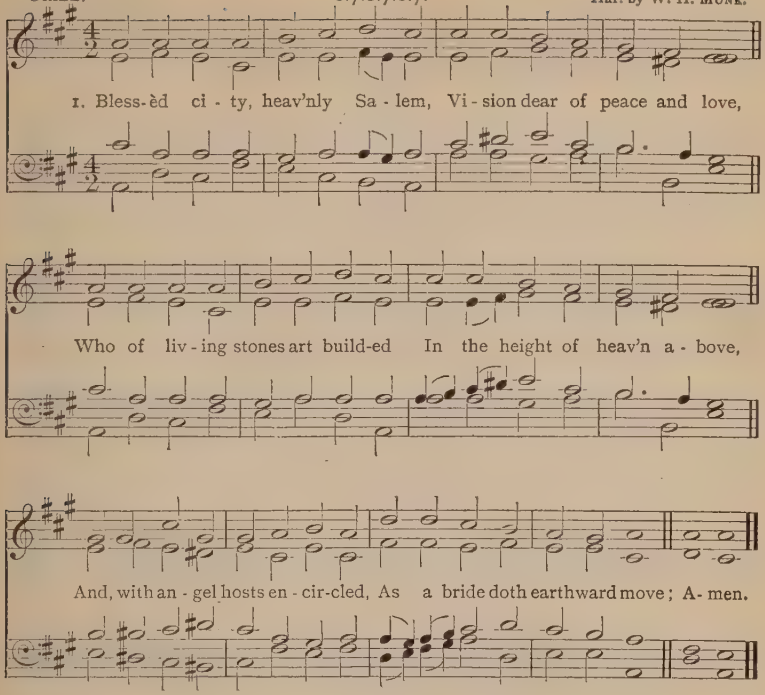
5.

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.
Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

## 400

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. German. Har. by W. H. MONK.


1. Bless-èd ci - ty, heav'nly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of peace and love,
Who of liv - ing stones art build-ed In the height of heav'n a - bove,
And, with an - gel hosts en - cir-cled, As a bride doth earthward move; A - men.

2.

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd,

3.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4.

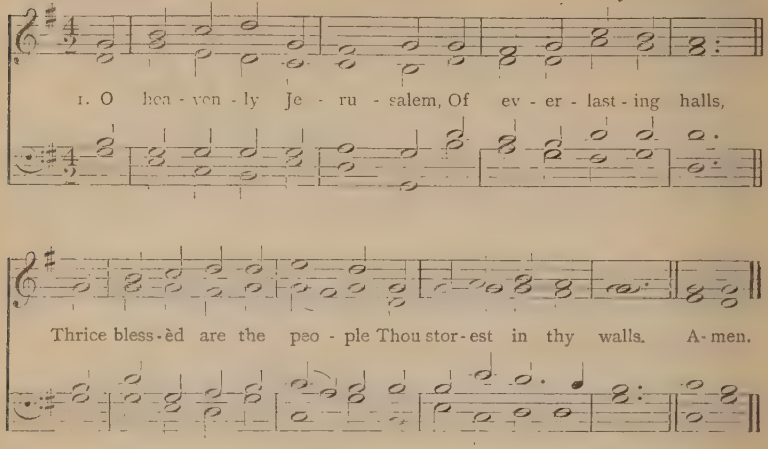
Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed forever
That His palace should be decked.

5.

Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

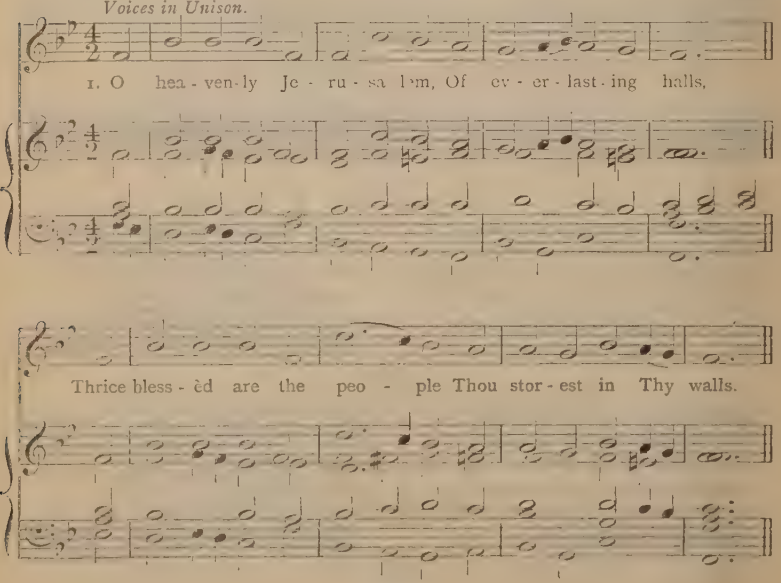
*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

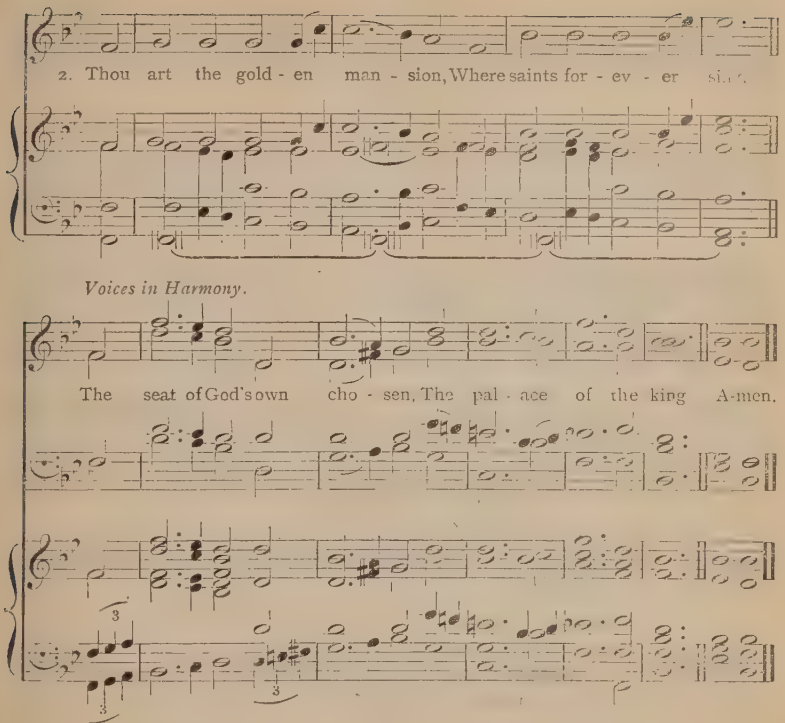
ST. ALPHEGE (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




ALL HALLOWS (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. G. C. MARTIN

*Voices in Unison.*




2. Thou art the gold - en man - sion, Where saints for - ev - er
Voices in Harmony.
The seat of God's own cho - sen, The pal - ace of the king A-men.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever.
Nor day nor night they rest.

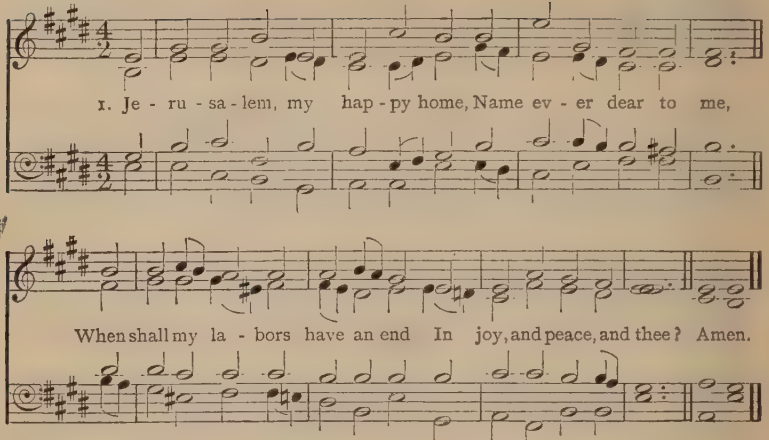
5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

*Tr.* I. WILLIAMS.

## 402

SOUTHWELL C.M. H. S. IRONS.




2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

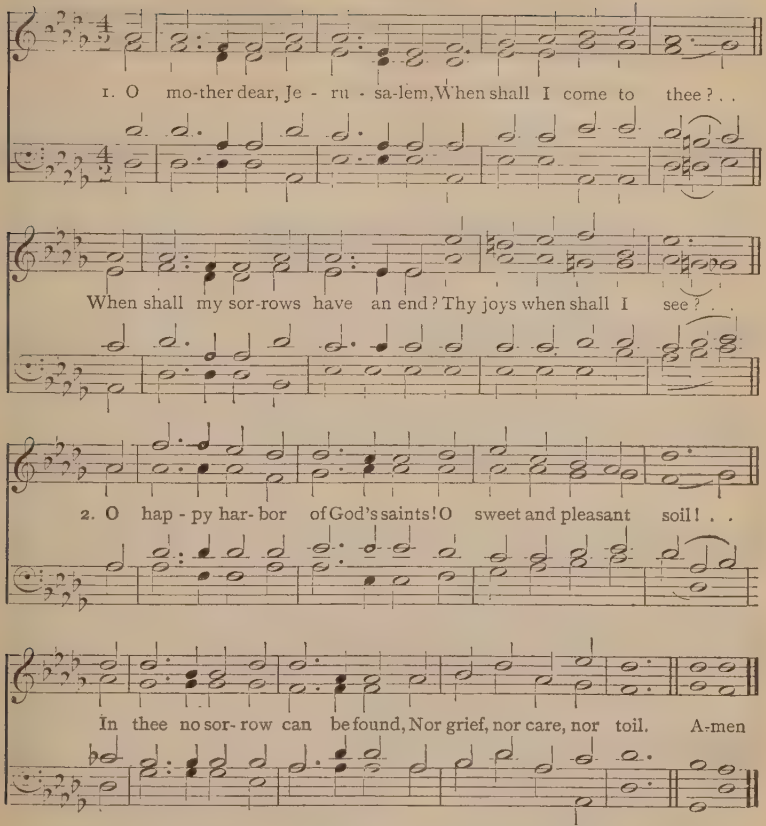
4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MATERNA. C.M. D. S. A. WARD


1. O mo-ther dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? . .
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .
2. O hap - py har- bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil! . .
In thee no sor- row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. A-men

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.

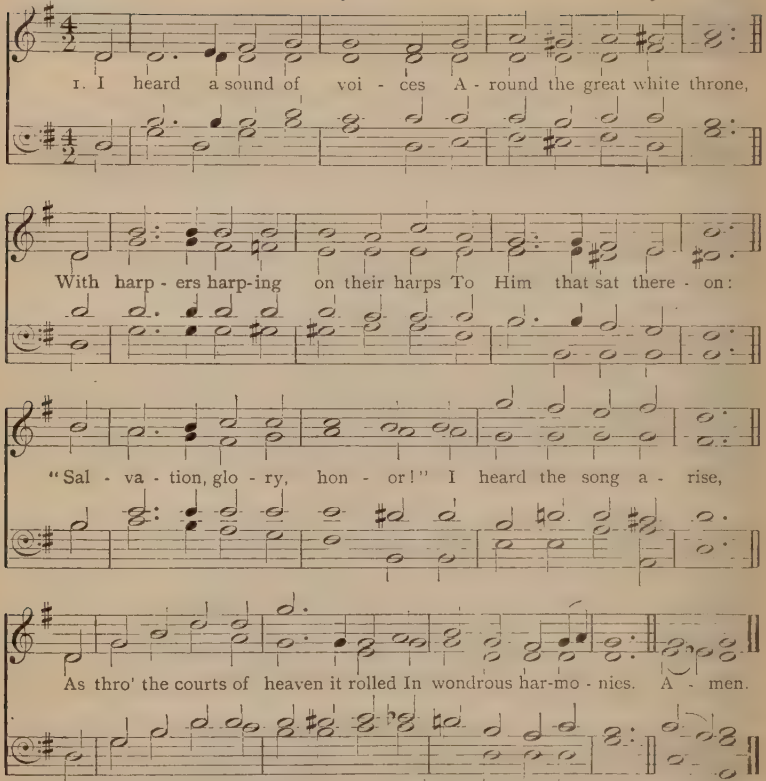
6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in Thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

D. DICKSON.

PATMOS. 7.6.8.6. D. H. J. STORER.


1. I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the great white throne,
With harp - ers harp-ing on their harps To Him that sat there - on:
"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - or!" I heard the song a - rise,
As thro' the courts of heaven it rolled In wondrous har-mo - nies. A - men.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem, [adorned
Come down from heaven, a bride
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er, [King,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,
They reign for evermore.

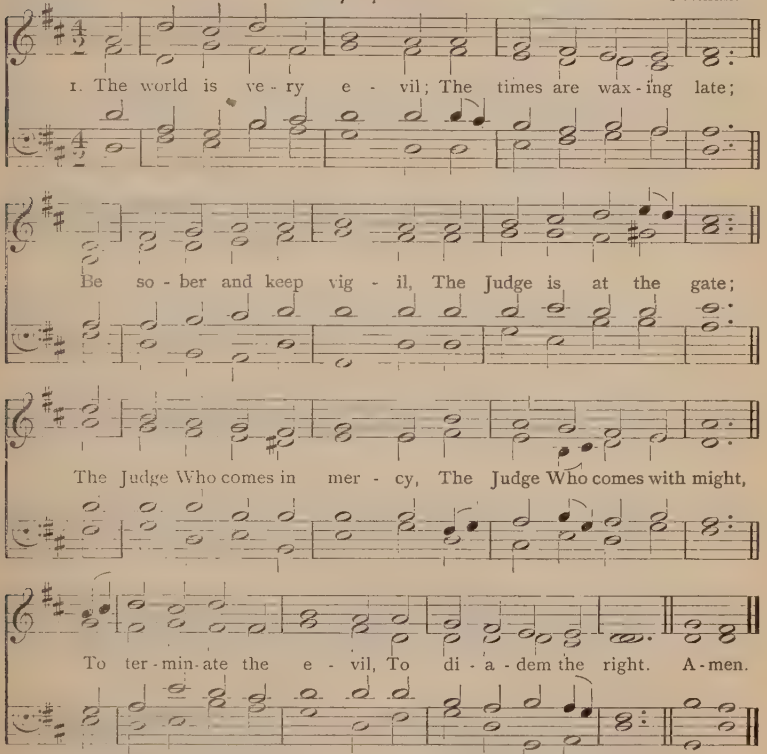
5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home. Amen.

G. THRING.

## 405

PEARSALL. 7.6.7.6. D. German.

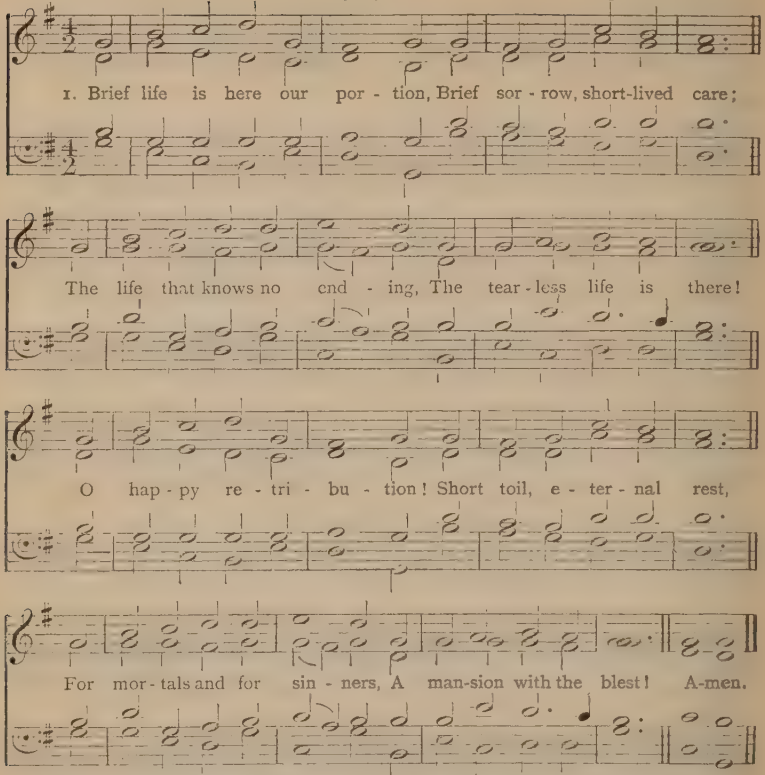

1. The world is ve - ry e - vil; The times are wax - ing late;
Be so - ber and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,
To ter - min - ate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - men.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead:
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there!
O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man-sion with the blest! A-men.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshy weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

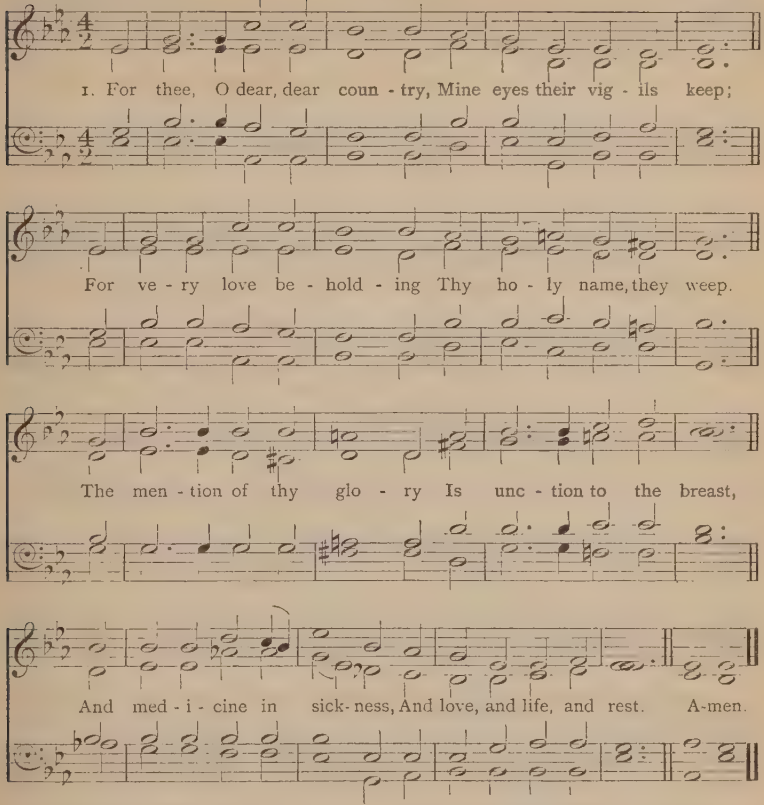
4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

## 407

THE HOMELAND. 7.6.7.6. D. A. SULLIVAN


1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
For ve - ry love be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they weep.
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-men.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

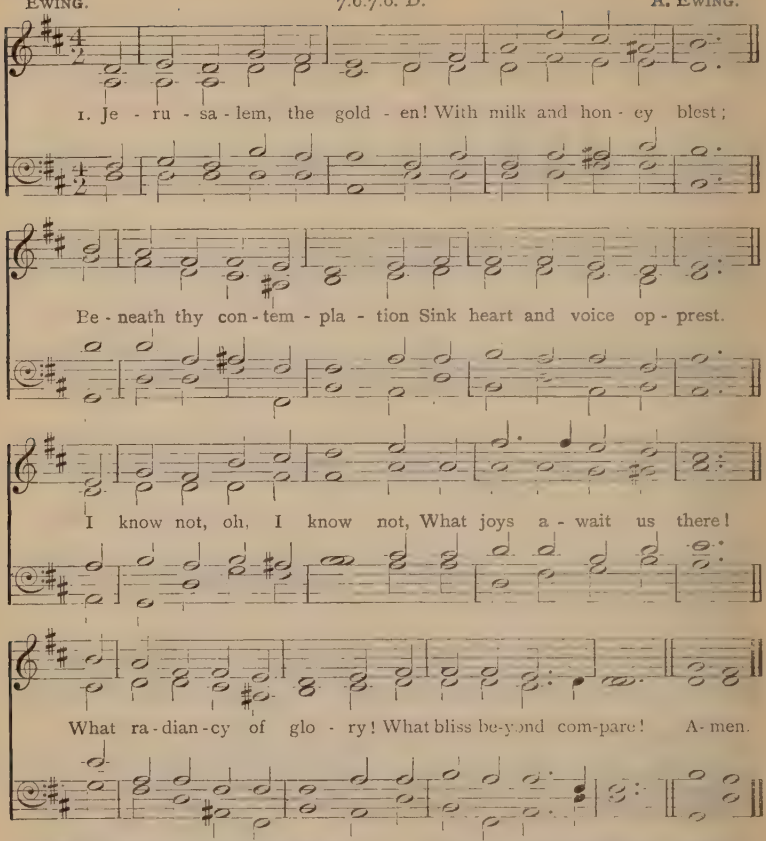
3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified Thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

## 408

EWING. 7.6.7.6. D. A. EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

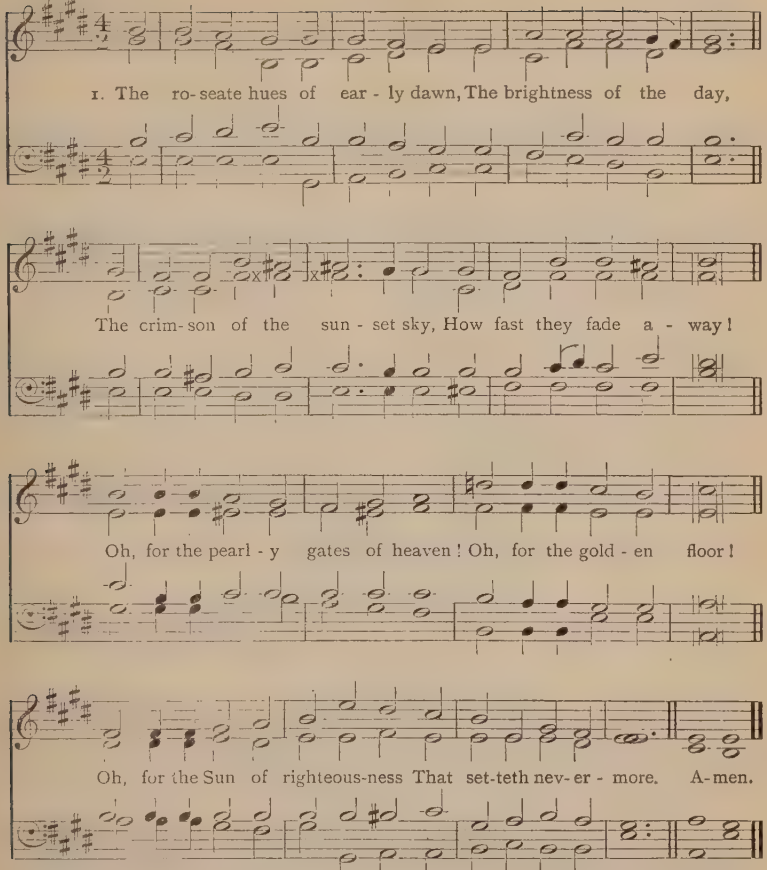
*4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

* This Verse may be sung also at the end of the three hymns preceding.

409

ROSEATE HUES. C.M. D. J. BARNBY.


1. The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day,
The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way!
Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven! Oh, for the gold-en floor!
Oh, for the Sun of righteous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more. A-men.

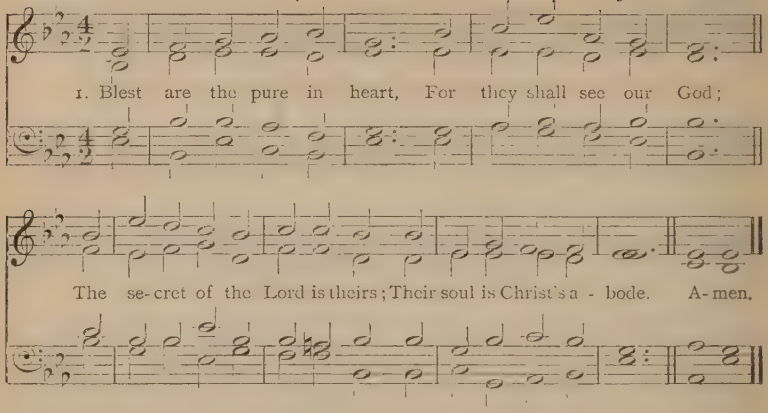
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

## 410

FRANCONIA. S.M. J. G. EBELING.




2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King:

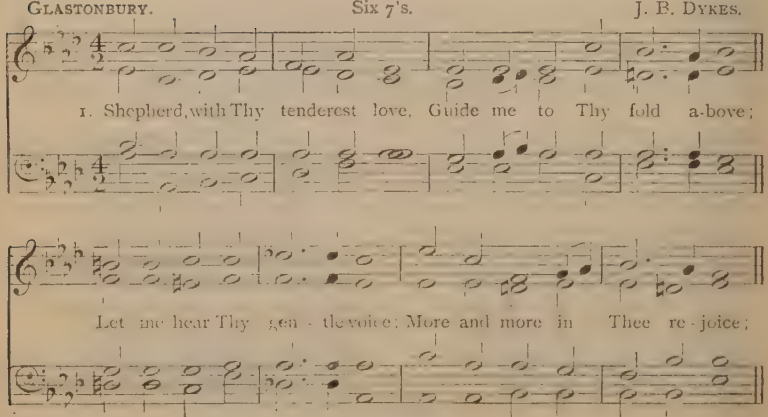
3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

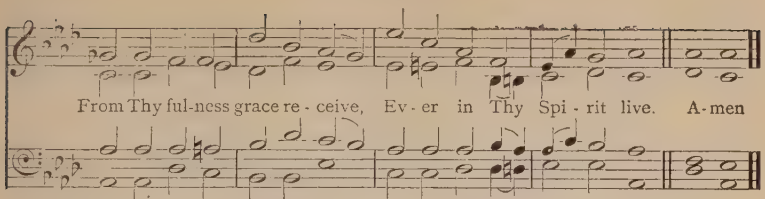
4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

## 411

GLASTONBURY. Six 7's. J. B. DYKES.





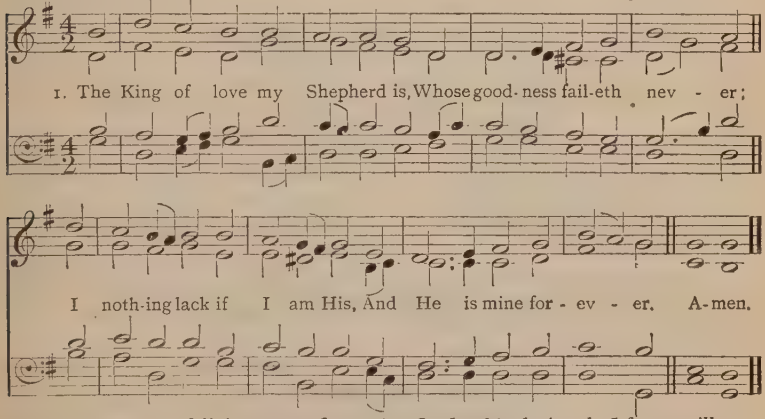

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high:
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesu, with Thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath;
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand!
Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

## 412

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.




2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

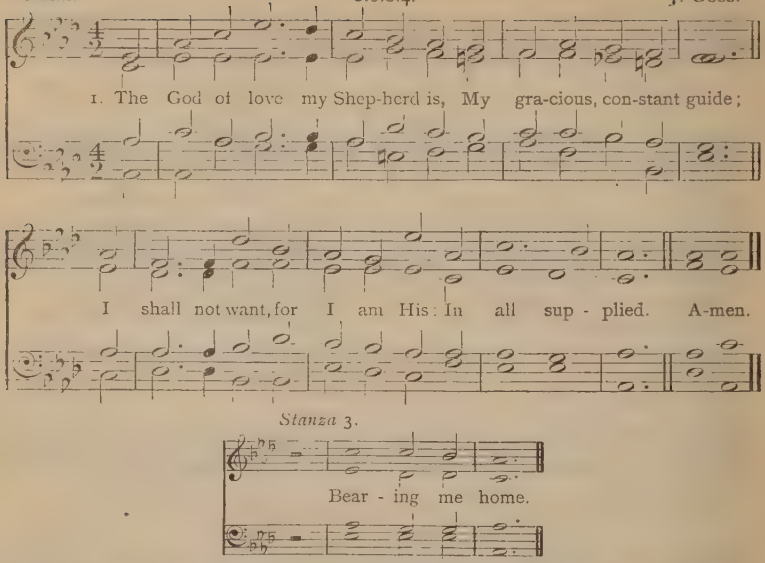
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

## 413

DONA. 8.6.8.4. J. Goss.


1. The God of love my Shep-herd is, My gra-cious, con-stant guide;
I shall not want, for I am His: In all sup - plied. A-men.
Stanza 3.
Bear - ing me home.

2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

3 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam; [whole,
Shows the right path and makes me
Bearing me home.

4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear:
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel Thee near.

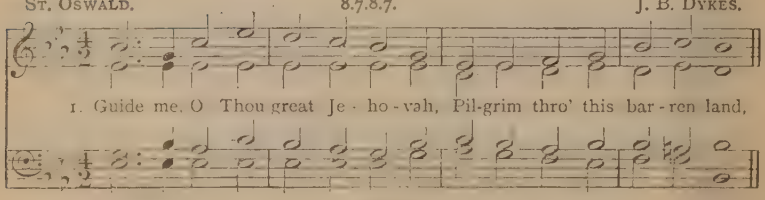
5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes;
The oil of grace is mine;
My cup with mercy overflows,
And love divine.

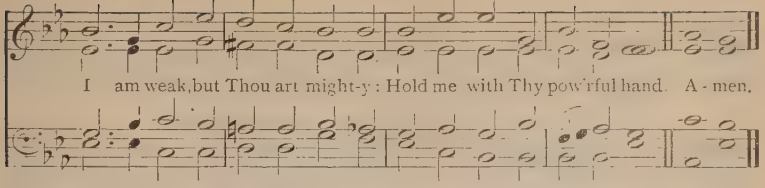
6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

## 414

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.






2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

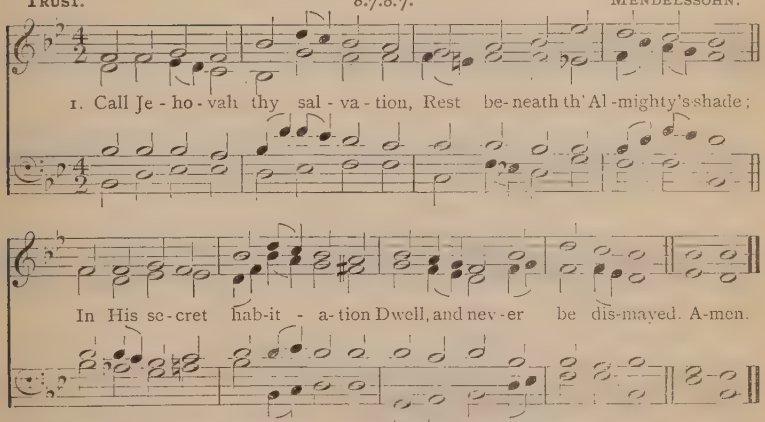
3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS.

## 415

TRUST. 8.7.8.7. MENDELSSOHN.




2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

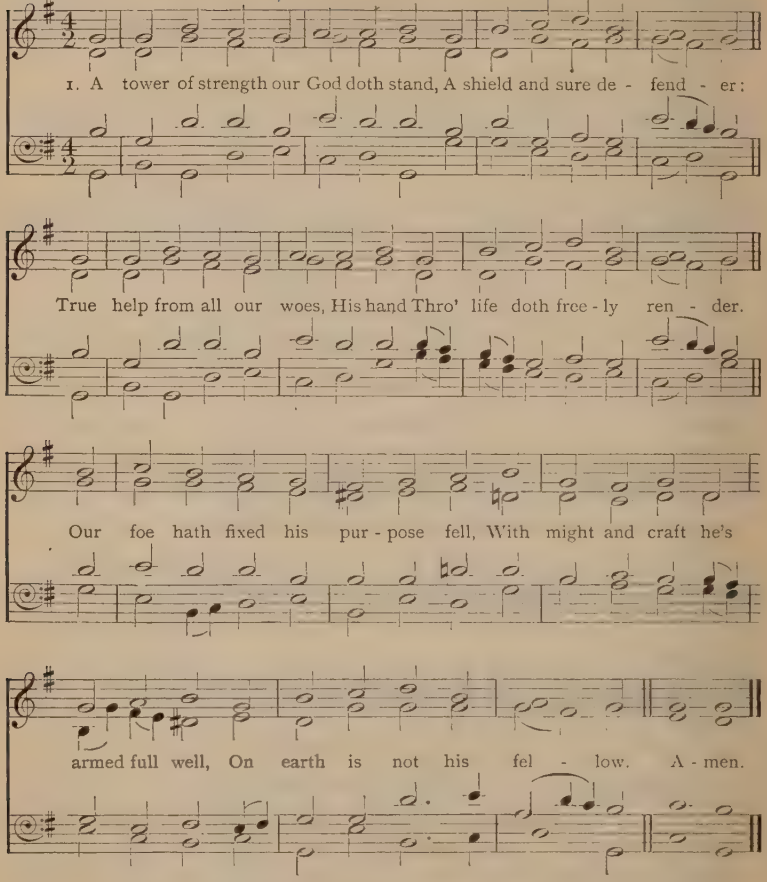
3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. J. KLUG'S *Gesangbuch.*


1. A tower of strength our God doth stand, A shield and sure de - fend - er:
True help from all our woes, His hand Thro' life doth free - ly ren - der.
Our foe hath fixed his pur - pose fell, With might and craft he's
armed full well, On earth is not his fel - low. A - men.

2 With force of arms we nothing can:
Full soon were we o'erridden:
But for us fights the goodly Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye His Name? 'Tis Christ our Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

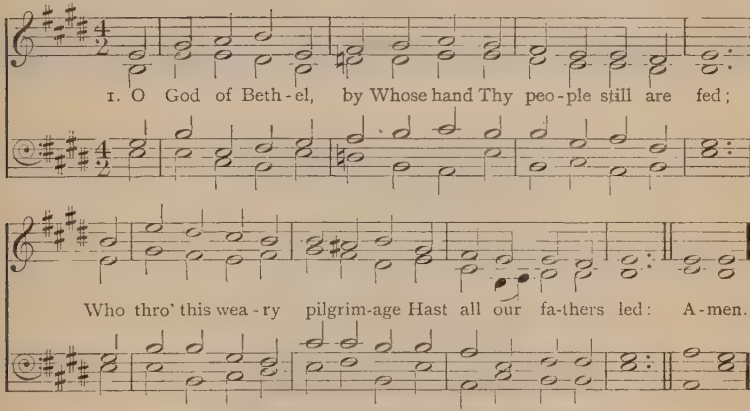
3 Should hell's whole legion round us press,
All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure;
No thanks for this they're reaping;
God's Spirit in His way secure,
God's grace our souls is keeping;
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss;
Let be! they win no gain from this,
God's kingdom still is left us. Amen.

M. LUTHER. *Tr.* H. J. BUCKOLL.

## 417

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*




2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

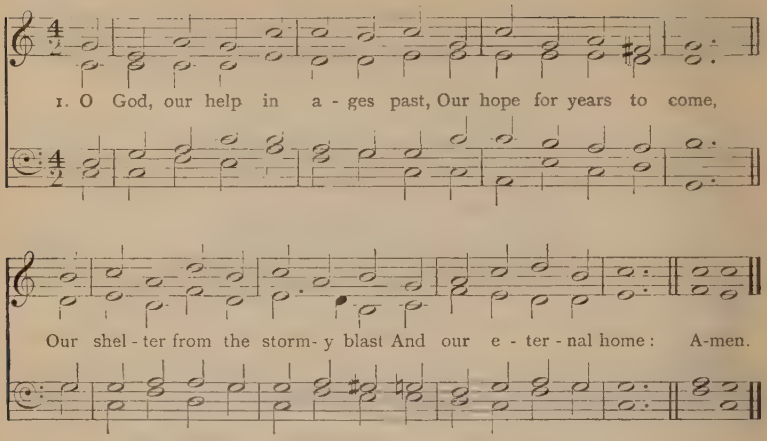
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

ST. ANNE. C.M. W. CROFT.




2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

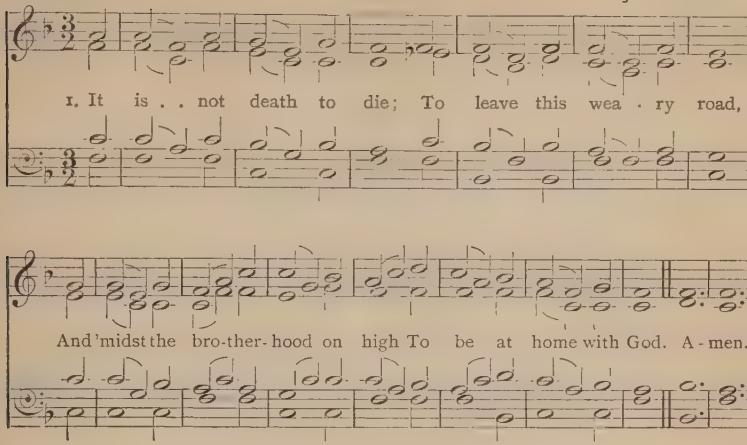
4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

I. WATTS.

DENNIS. S.M. J. G. NÄGELI.




2.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4.

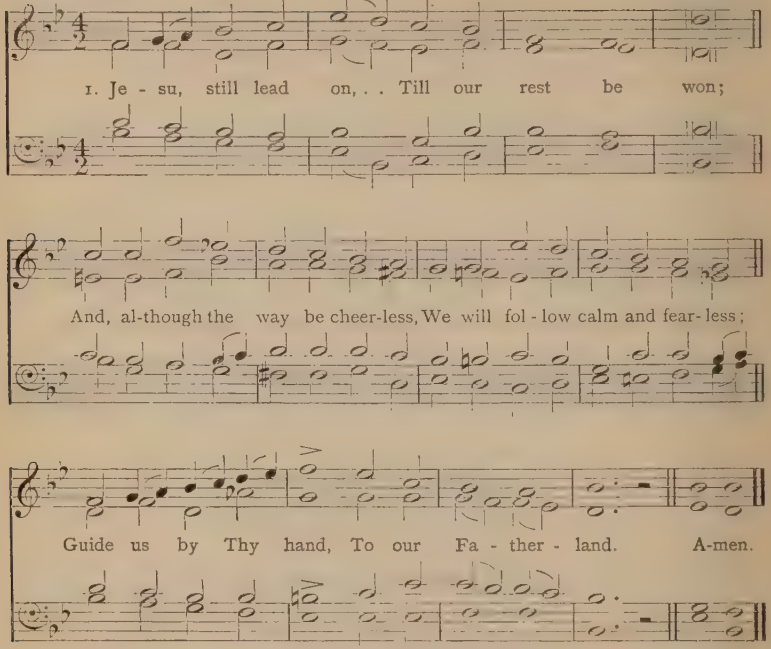
It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5.

Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high. Amen.

*Tr.* G. W. BETHUNE.

ST. HUBERT. 5 5.8.8.5.5. W. H. HALL.


1. Je - su, still lead on, . . Till our rest be won;
And, al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol - low calm and fear- less;
Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa - ther - land. A-men.

2.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

3.

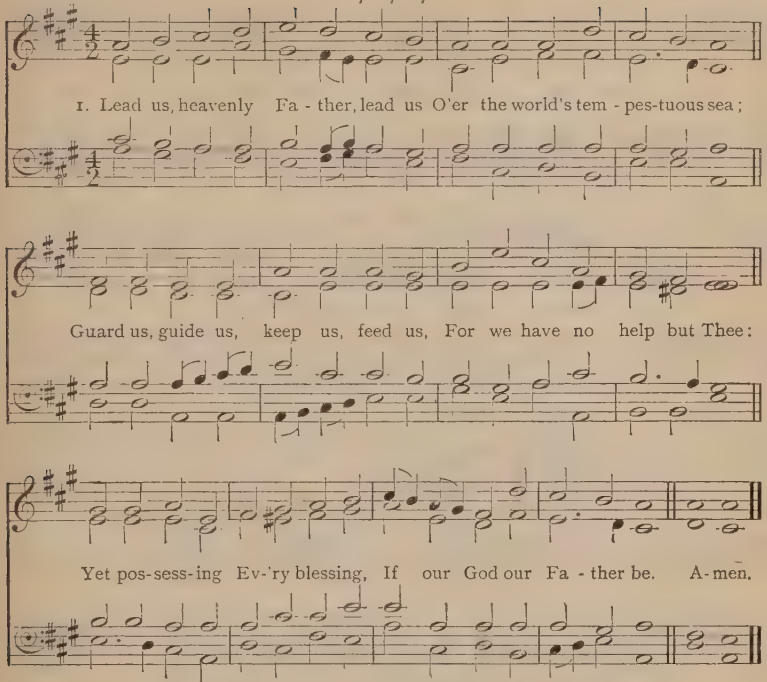
When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4.

Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

*Tr.* J. BORTHWICK.

DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE.

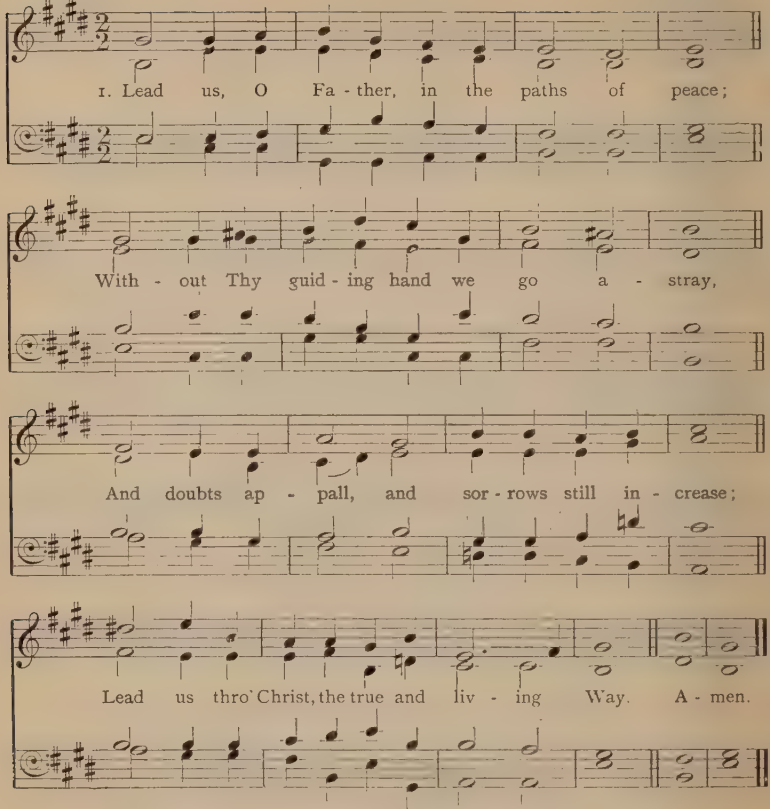

1. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes-tuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos-sess-ing Ev-'ry blessing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A-men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

LONGWOOD. Four 10's. J. BARNBY.


1. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace;
With - out Thy guid - ing hand we go a - stray,
And doubts ap - pall, and sor - rows still in - crease;
Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - men.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

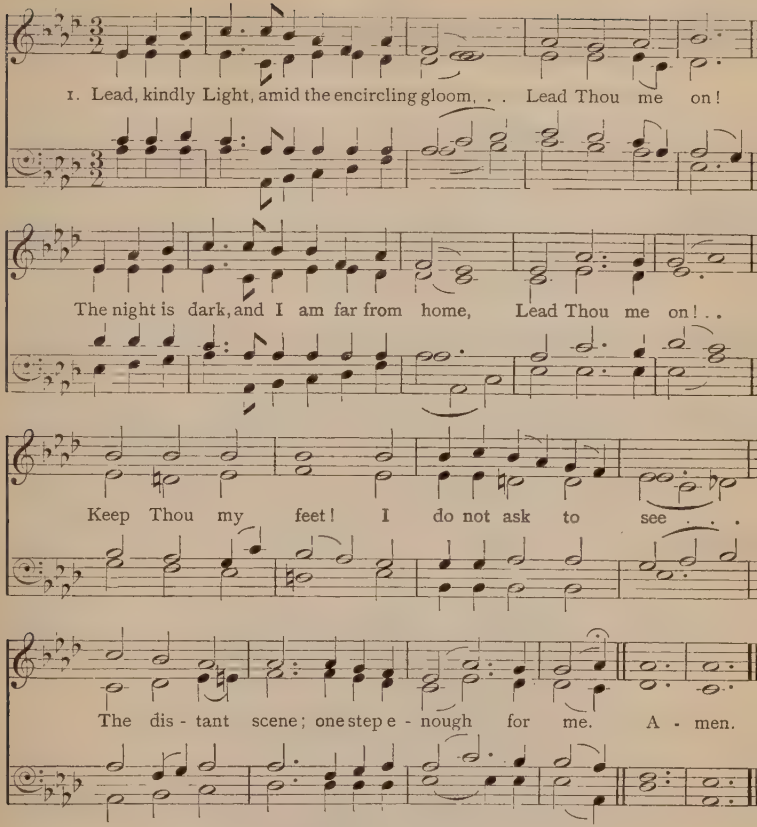
3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

## 423

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. J. B. DYKES.

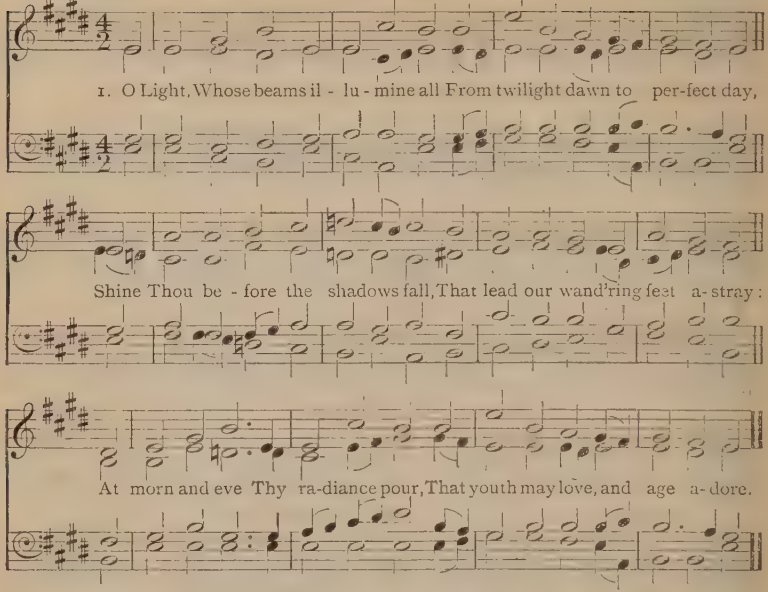

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, . . Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on! . .
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

ST. WERBERG. Six 8's. J. B. DYKES.

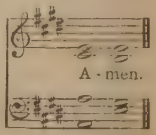

1. O Light, Whose beams il - lu - mine all From twilight dawn to per-fect day,
Shine Thou be - fore the shadows fall, That lead our wand'ring feet a-stray:
At morn and eve Thy ra-diance pour, That youth may love, and age a-dore.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our conqueror over death.

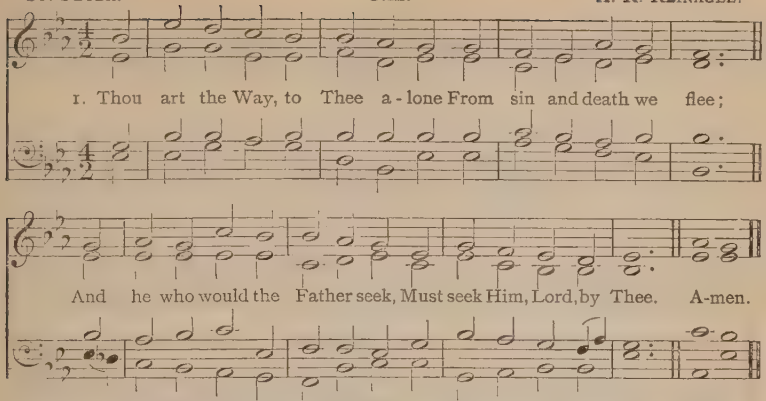
5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.




E. H. PLUMPTRE.

## 425

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.




2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

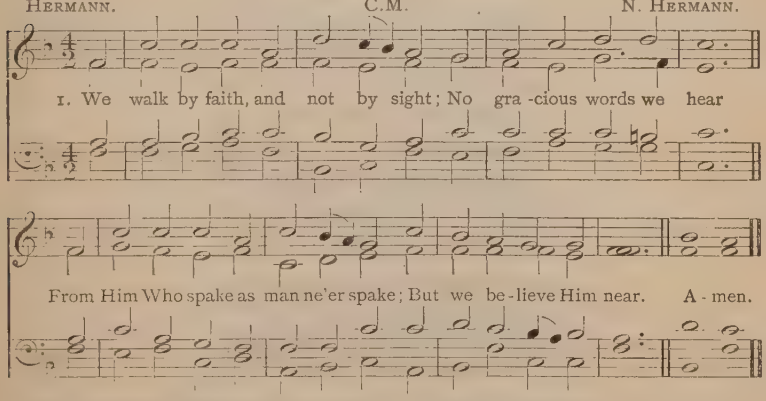
3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

G. W. DOANE.

## 426

HERMANN. C.M. N. HERMANN.


1. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No gra-cious words we hear
From Him Who spake as man ne'er spake; But we be-lieve Him near. A-men.

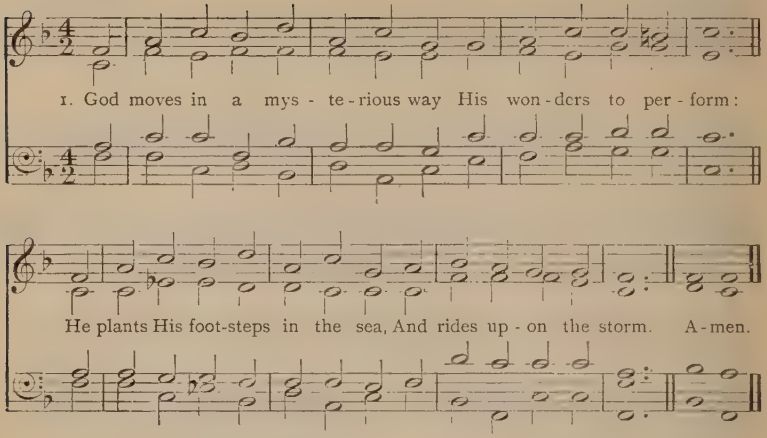
2 We may not touch His hands and side;
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight. Amen.

H. ALFORD.

YORK TUNE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*




2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

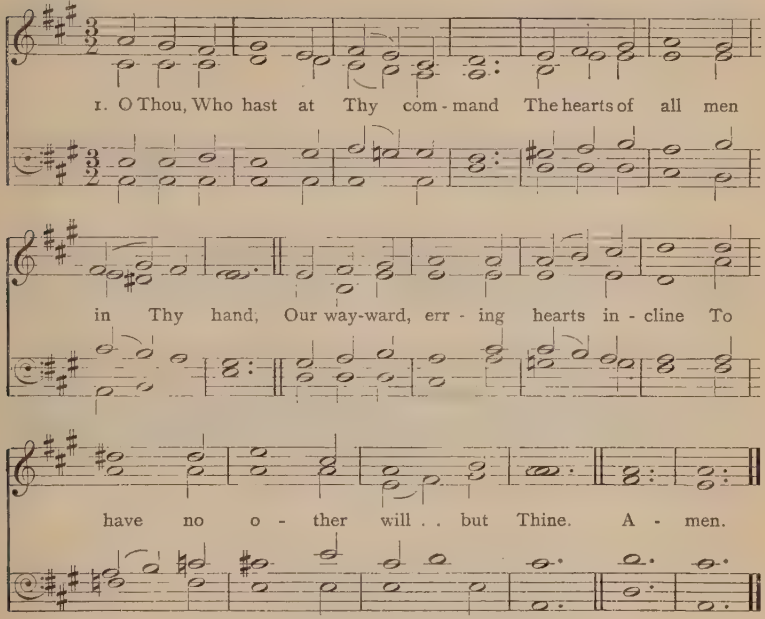
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

W. COWPER.

STRATFORD. L.M. J. BARNBY.


1. O Thou, Who hast at Thy com - mand The hearts of all men
in Thy hand, Our way-ward, err - ing hearts in - cline To
have no o - ther will . . but Thine. A - men.

2.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and Thy love.

3.

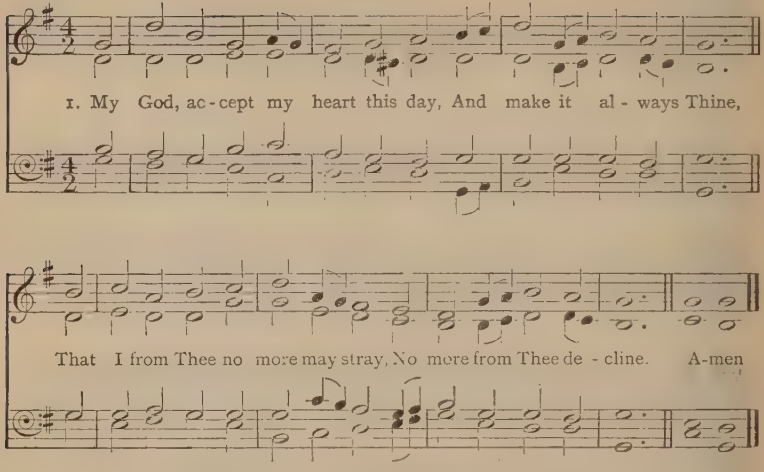
Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4.

And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home. Amen.

MRS. J. B. COTTERILL.

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. W. JONES.




2.

Before the cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3.

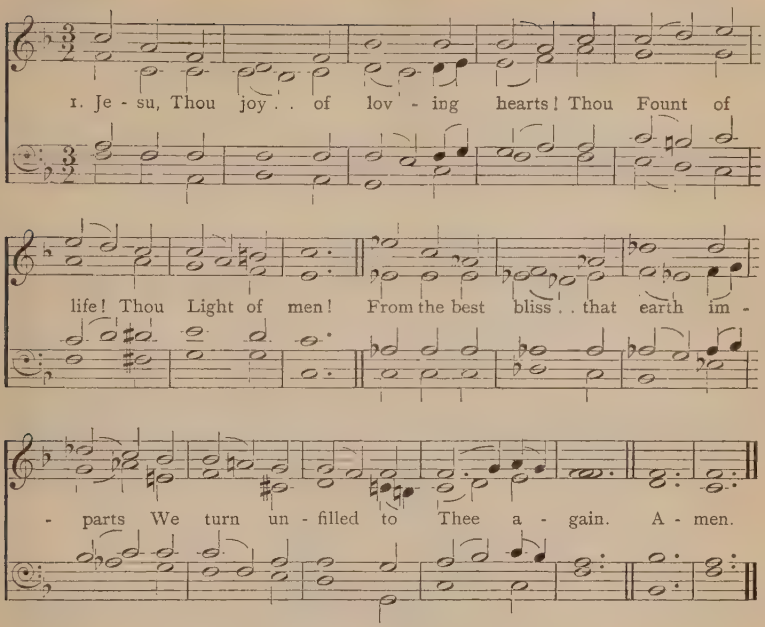
Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven! Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

ILKLEY. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Je - su, Thou joy . . of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of
life! Thou Light of men! From the best bliss . . that earth im -
- parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

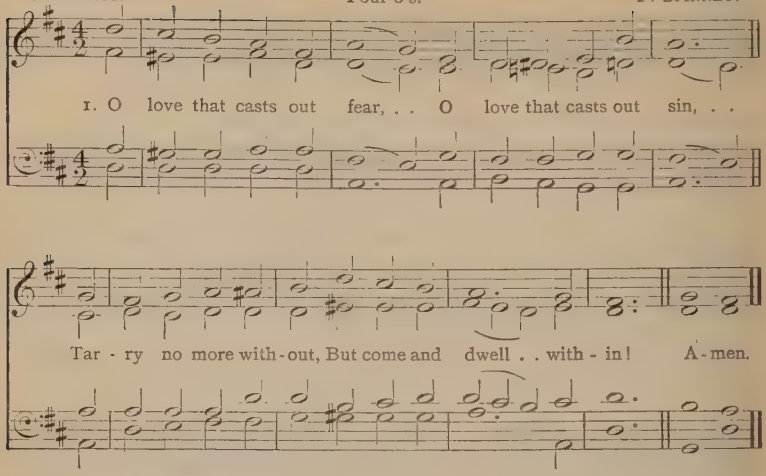
3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light! Amen.

Tune Copyright, 1906, by Novello, Ewer and Co. R. PALMER.

ST. DENYS. Four 6's. F. SPINNEY.




2.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

3.

Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

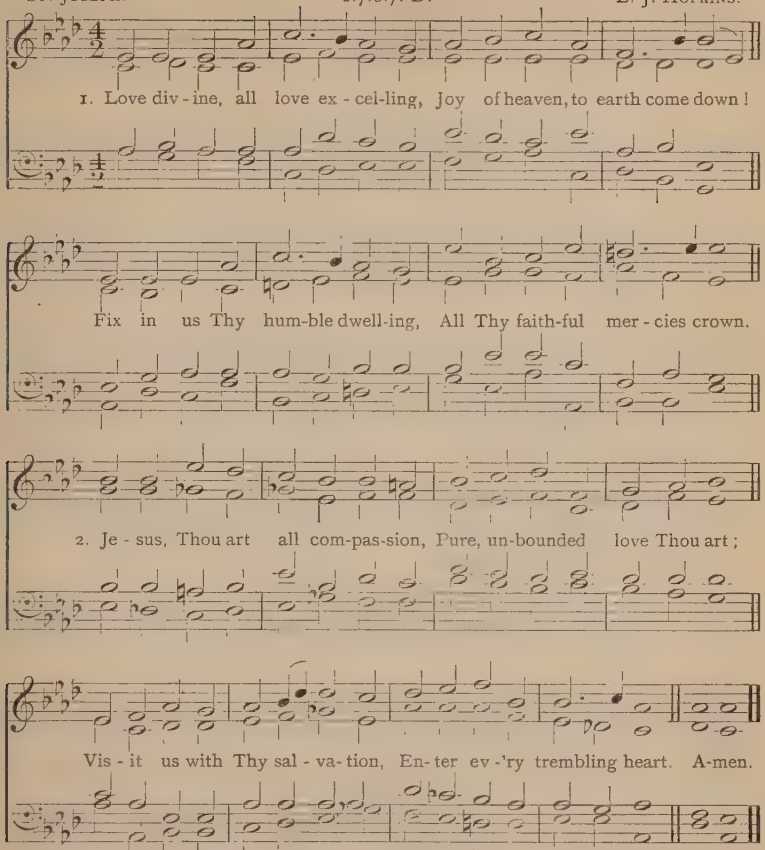
4.

Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

H. BONAR.

## 432

ST. JOSEPH. 8.7.8.7. D. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Love div - ine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
2. Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bounded love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart. A-men.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee:

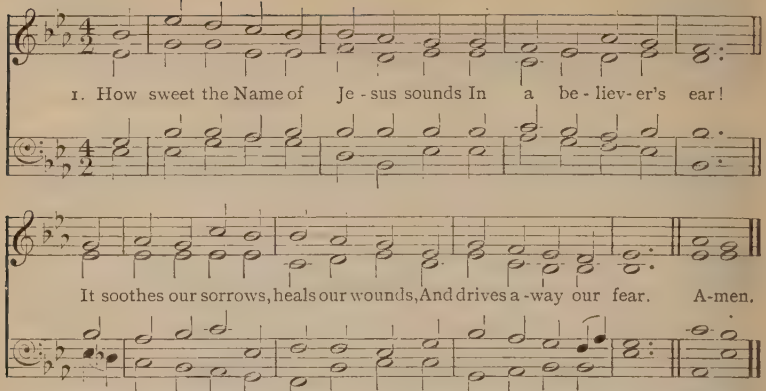
6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Amen

C. WESLEY.

## 433

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

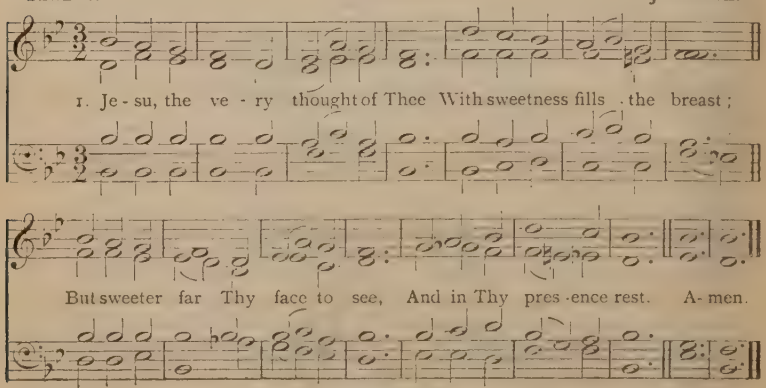
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

## 434

SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.


1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest. A - men.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

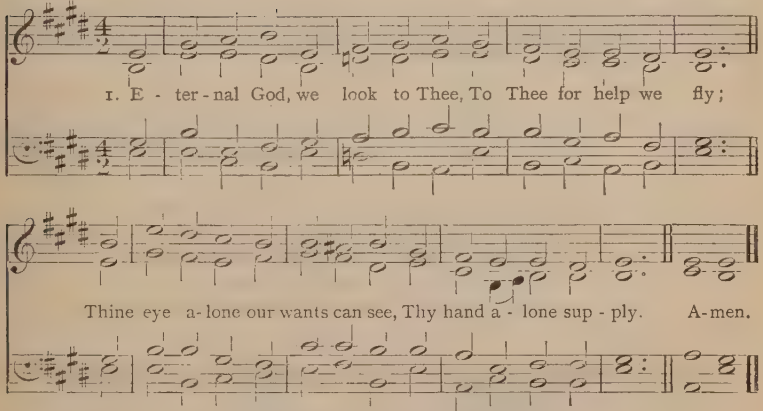
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. *Tr.* E. CASWALL.

## 435

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*



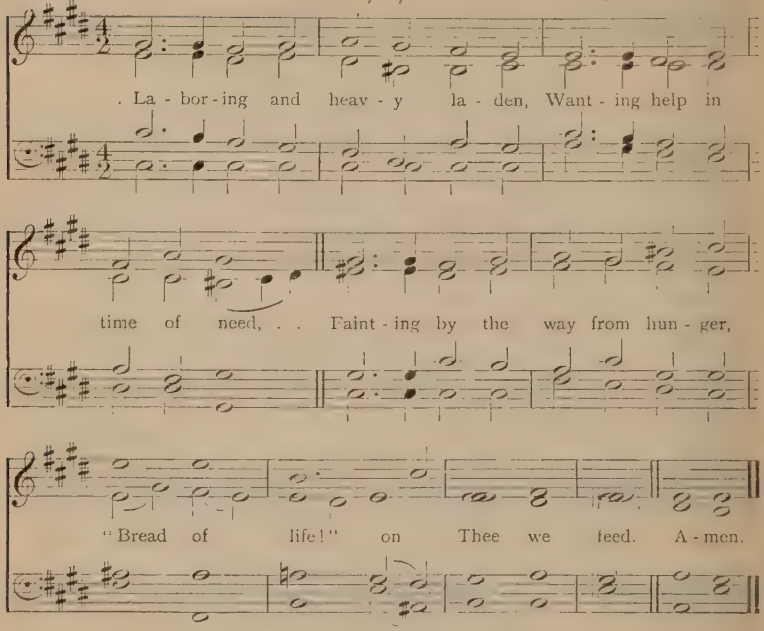

2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply!
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

J. MERRICK.

436 HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

SPES VITÆ. 8.7.8.7. HORATIO PARKER.




2.

Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

3.

In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4.

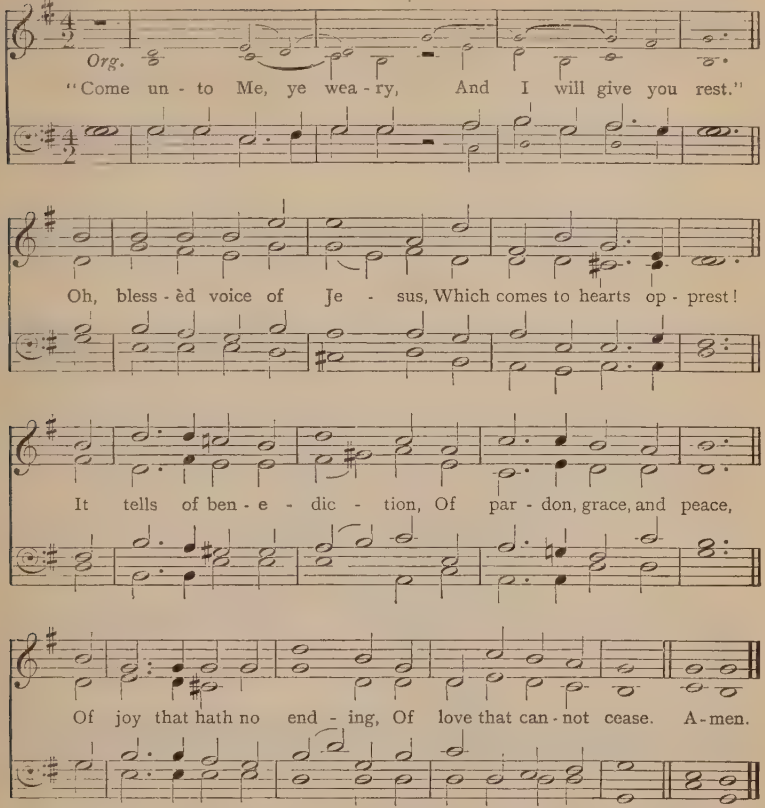
Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in Thee we live. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Tune Copyright, 1903, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

## 437

COME UNTO ME. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. DYKES.


Org.
"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
Oh, bless - èd voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - men.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

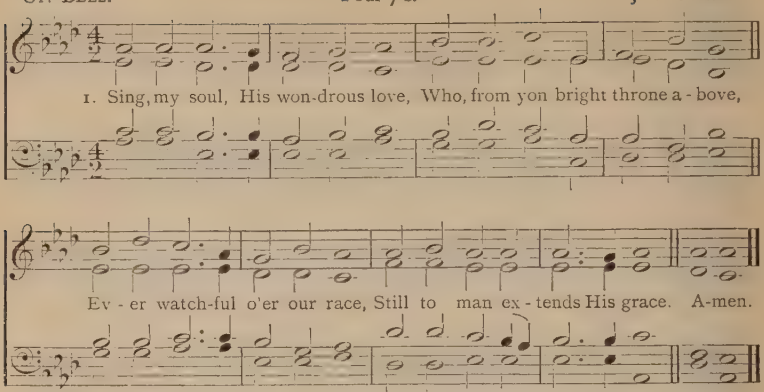
3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

## 438

ST. BEES. Four 7's. J. B. DYKES.


1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,
Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace. A-men.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made;
All is by His sceptre swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

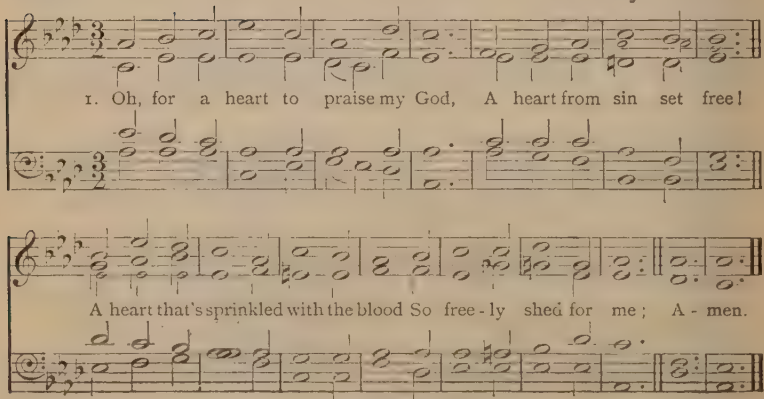
3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

## 439

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES.



2.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

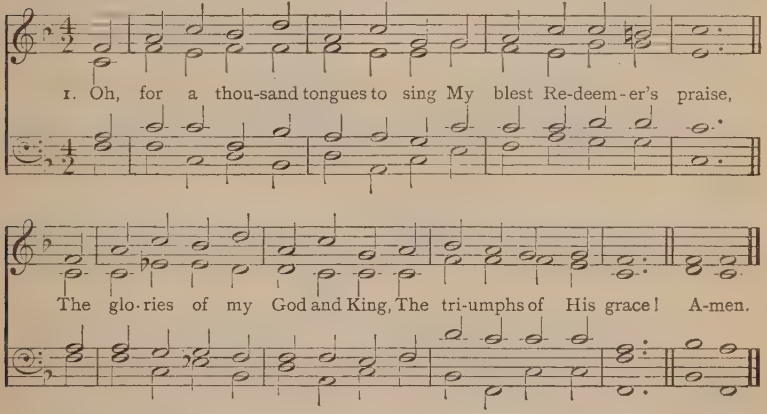
5.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 440

YORK TUNE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*




2.

Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3.

He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

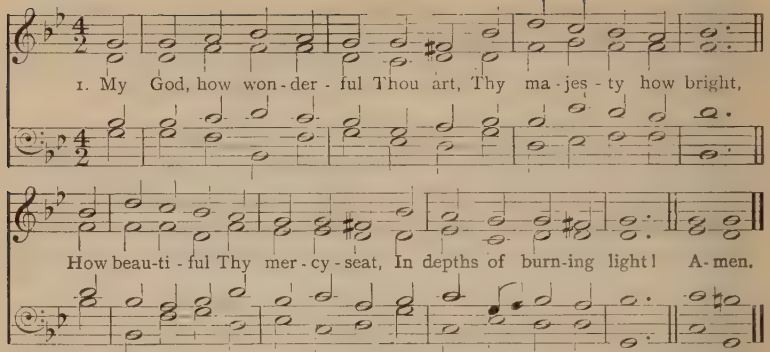
5.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the world abroad
The honors of Thy Name. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 441

WINDSOR. C.M. G. KIRBYE.




2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

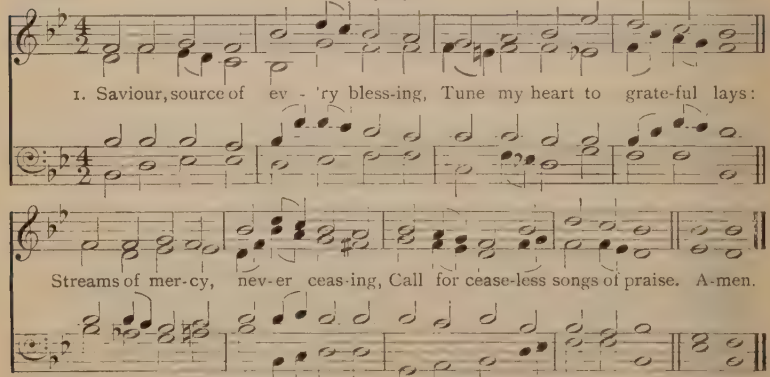
4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

## 442

TRUST. 8.7.8.7. MENDELSSOHN.


1. Saviour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A-men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

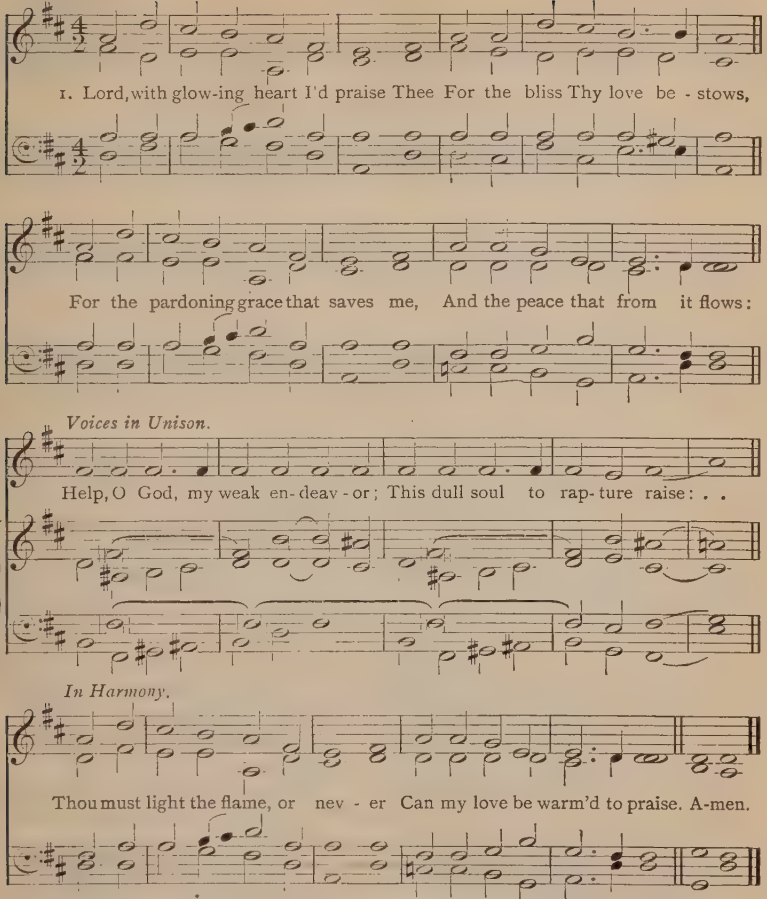
3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.
Amen.

R. ROBINSON.

## 443

ST. CHAD. 8.7.8.7. D. R. REDHEAD.


1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
Voices in Unison.
Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise: . .
In Harmony.
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-men.

2.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

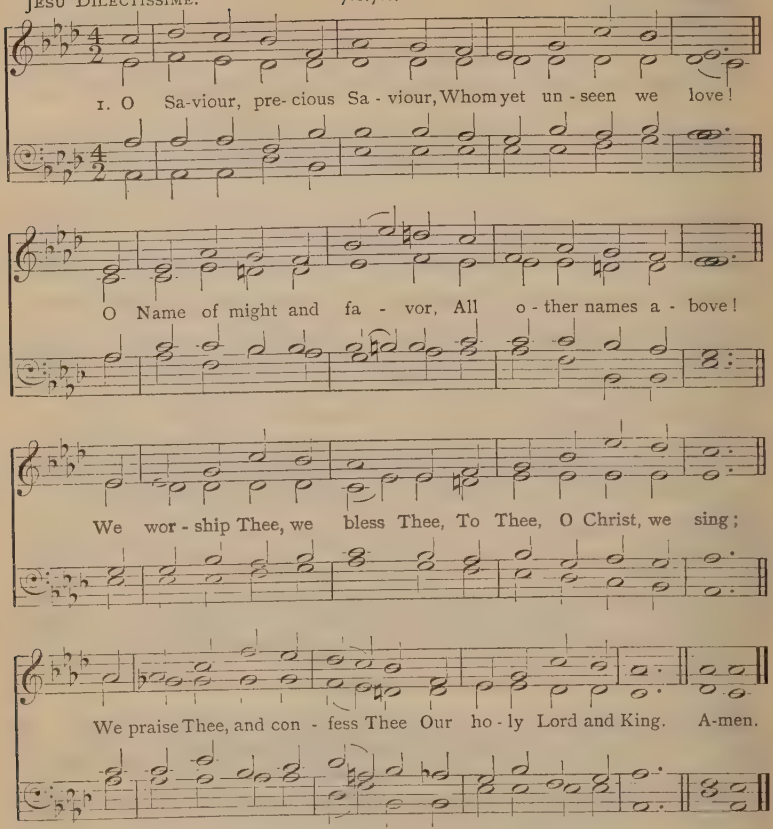
3.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

F. S. KEY.

## 444

JESU DILECTISSIME. 7.6.7.6. D. R. H. McCARTNEY.


1. O Sa-viour, pre- cious Sa - viour, Whom yet un - seen we love!
O Name of might and fa - vor, All o - ther names a - bove!
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A-men.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

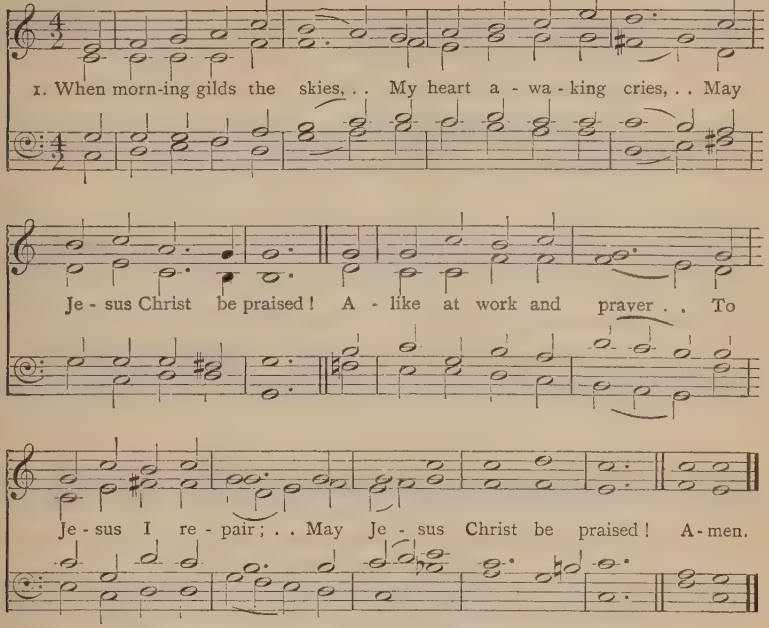
3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine,
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love! [Thee
Then shall we praise and bless
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.
Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## 445

LAUDES DOMINI. Six 6's. J. BARNBY.


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, . . My heart a - wa - king cries, . . May
Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer . . To
Je - sus I re - pair; . . May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

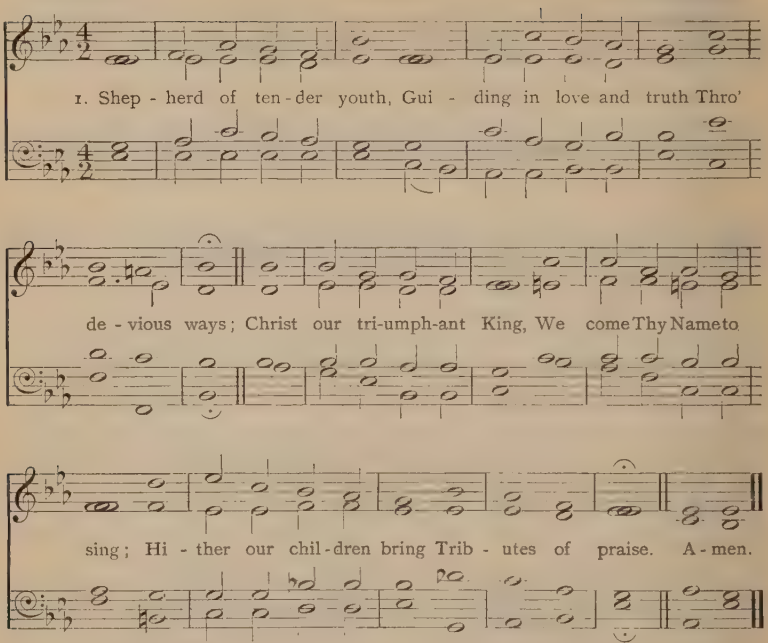
6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

ST. AMBROSE. 6.6 4.6 6.6.4. W. H. MONK.


1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Gui - ding in love and truth Thro'
de - vious ways; Christ our tri-umph-ant King, We come Thy Name to
sing; Hi - ther our chil - dren bring Trib - utes of praise. A - men.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

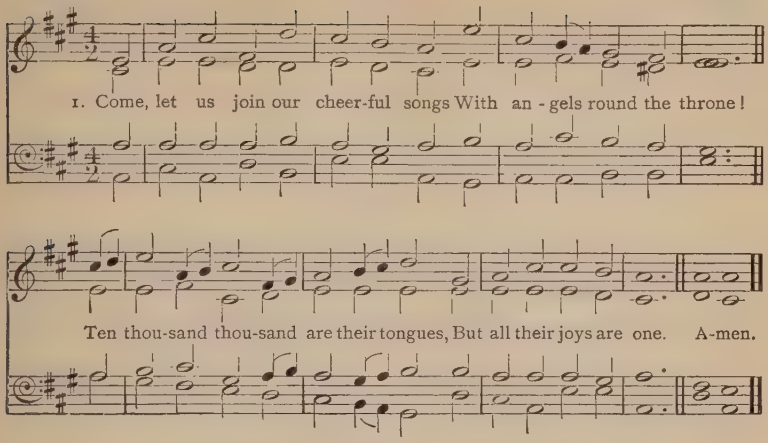
3 Thou art the great High-Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King! Amen.

*Tr.* H. M. DEXTER.

BRISTOL. C.M. E. HODGES.


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne!
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

2.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine!

4.

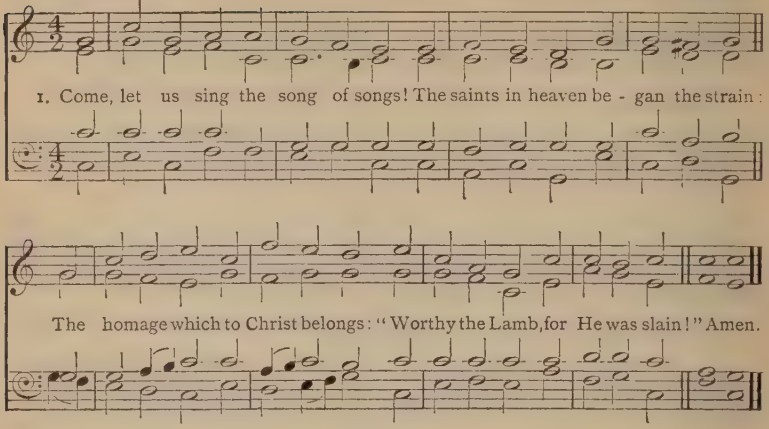
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!

5.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

I. WATTS.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. *Hamburger Musicalisches Handbuch.*


1. Come, let us sing the song of songs! The saints in heaven be - gan the strain:
The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" Amen.

2.

Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3.

To Him Who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4.

To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

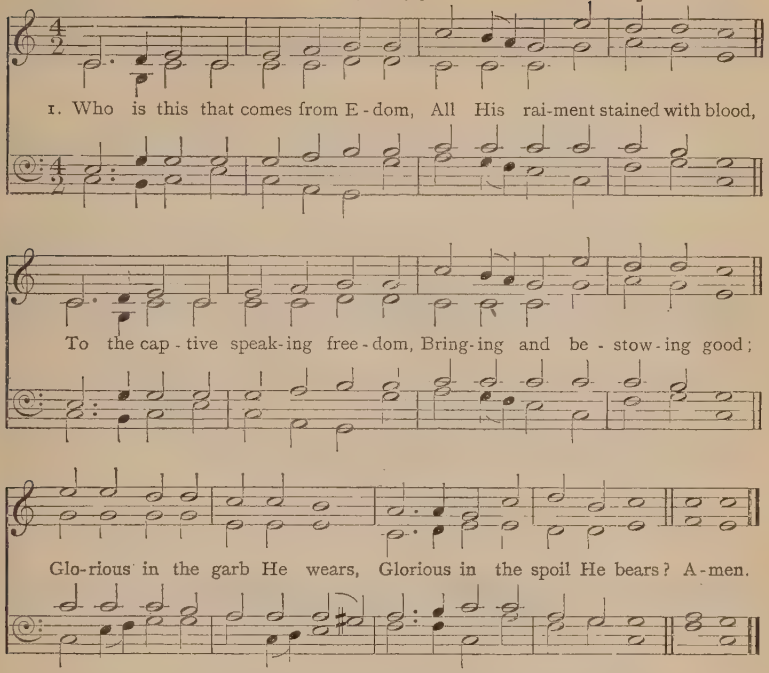
5.

Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 449

NEANDER. 8.7.8.7.7. J. NEANDER.


1. Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His rai-ment stained with blood,
To the cap - tive speak-ing free - dom, Bring-ing and be - stow-ing good;
Glo-rious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears? A - men.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; Oh, how glorious,
To His people, is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

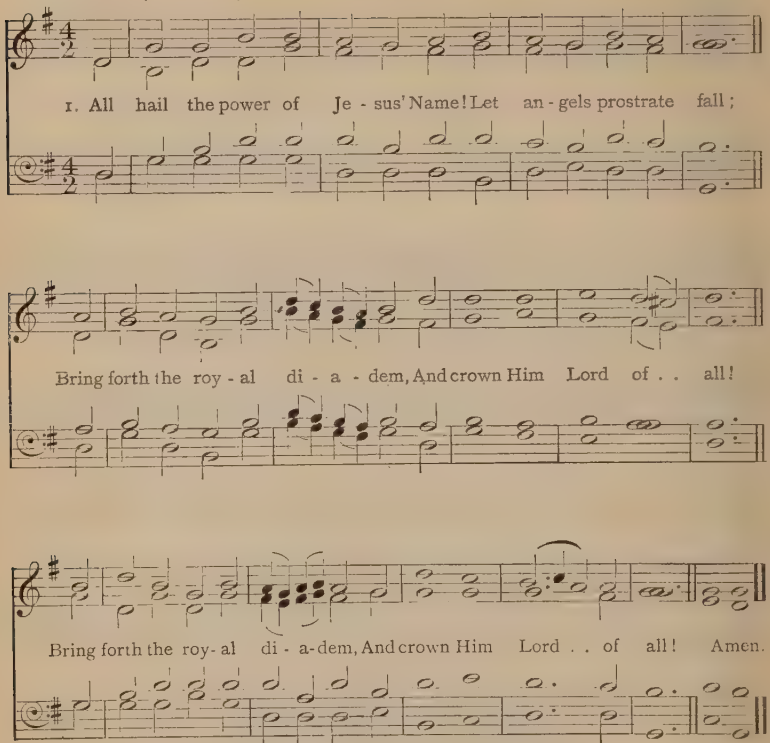
3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise:
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign forever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes. Amen.

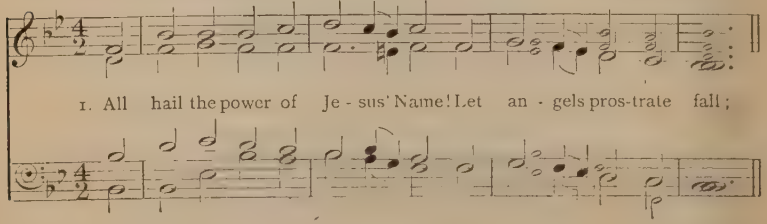
T. KELLY.

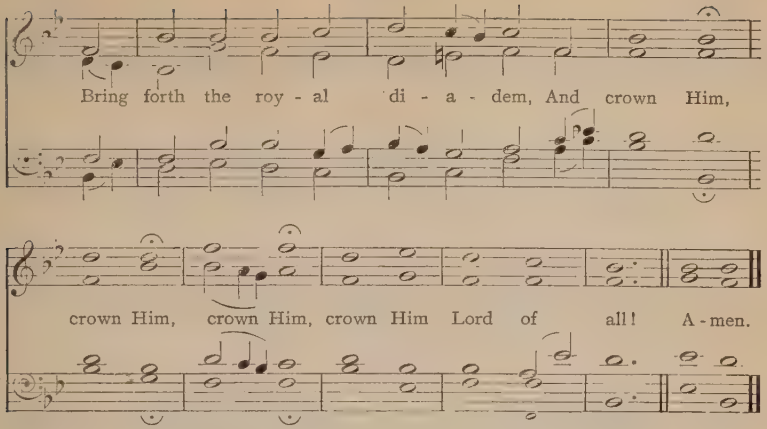
## 450

CORONATION (*First Tune*). C.M. O. HOLDEN.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of . . all!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord . . of all! Amen.

MILES' LANE (*Second Tune*). C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.






2.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3.

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

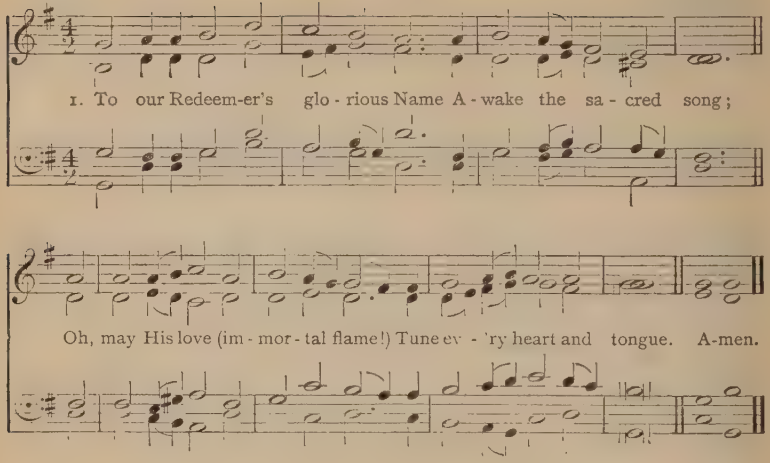
6.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

E. PERRONET.

451

DEDHAM. C.M. W. GARDINER.




2.

His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3.

He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4.

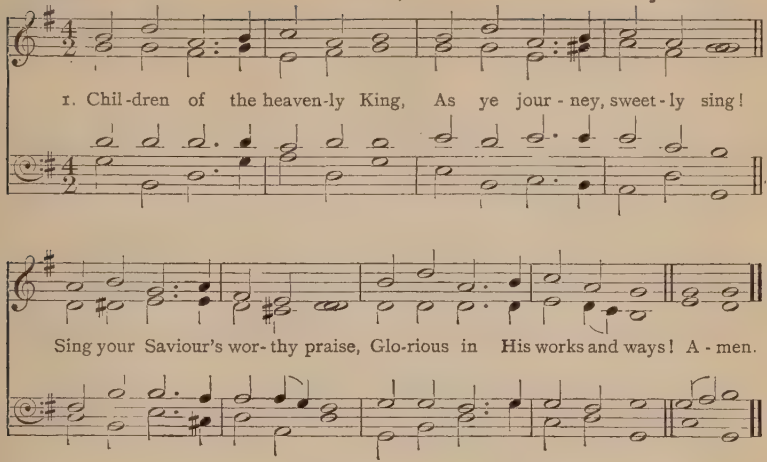
Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5.

Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song. Amen.

A. STEELE.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. Four 7's. I. J. PLEYEL.


1. Chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing!
Sing your Saviour's wor- thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A - men.

2.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

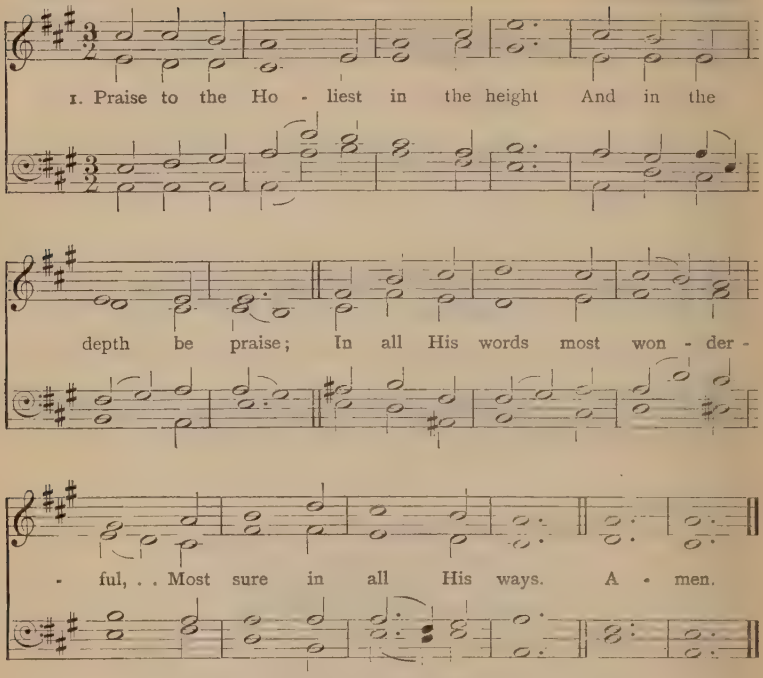
5.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

## 453

GERONTIUS. C.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height And in the
depth be praise; In all His words most won - der -
- ful, . . Most sure in all His ways. A - men.

2.
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3.
O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail:

4.
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

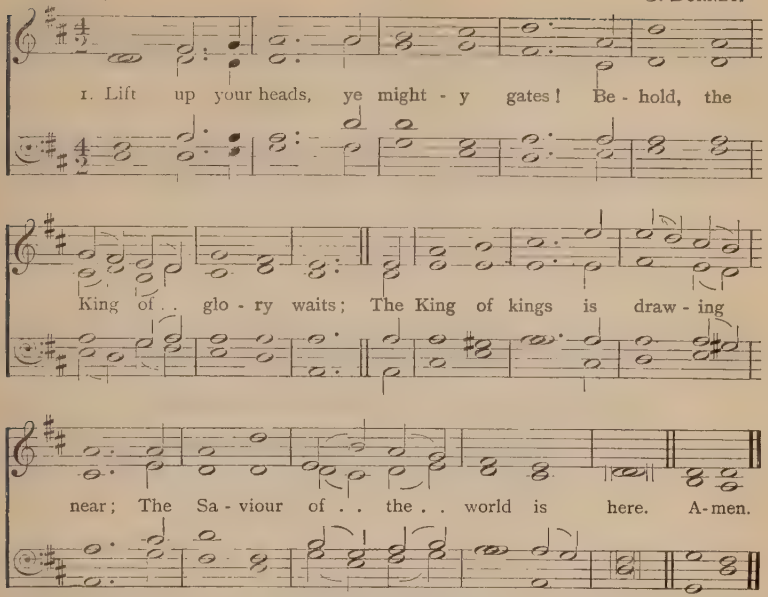
5.
O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe;
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6.
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

TRURO. L.M. C. BURNEY.


1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold, the
King of . . glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing
near; The Sa - viour of . . the . . world is here. A - men.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

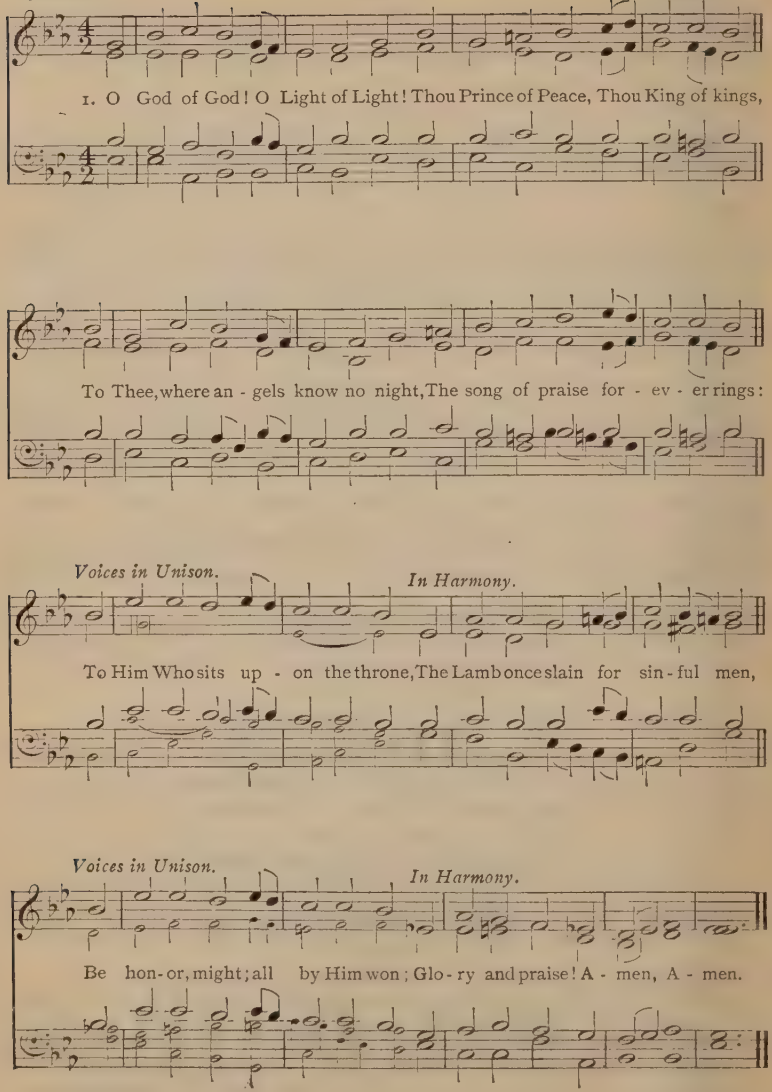
5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won! Amen.

G. WEISSEL. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

455

JORDAN. L.M. D. J. BARNBY.


1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,
To Thee, where an - gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings:
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
To Him Who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Be hon - or, might; all by Him won; Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men.

2.

Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song "Good-will to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

3.

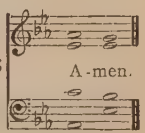
That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4.

Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

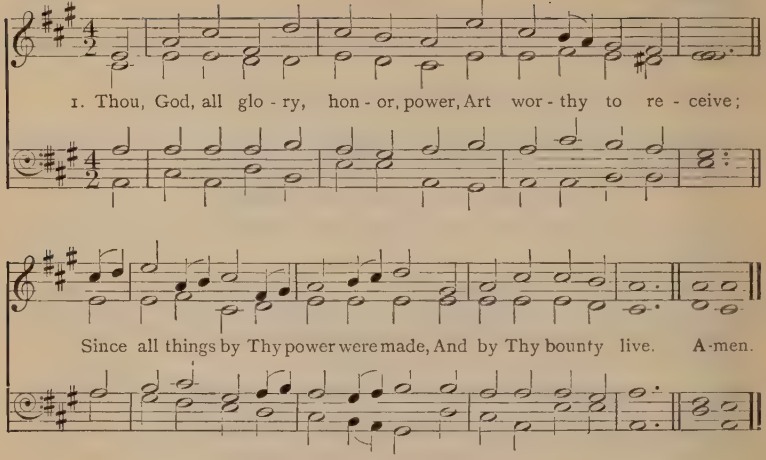
5.

Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!




J. JULIAN.

BRISTOL. C.M. E. HODGES.




2.

And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honor, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3.

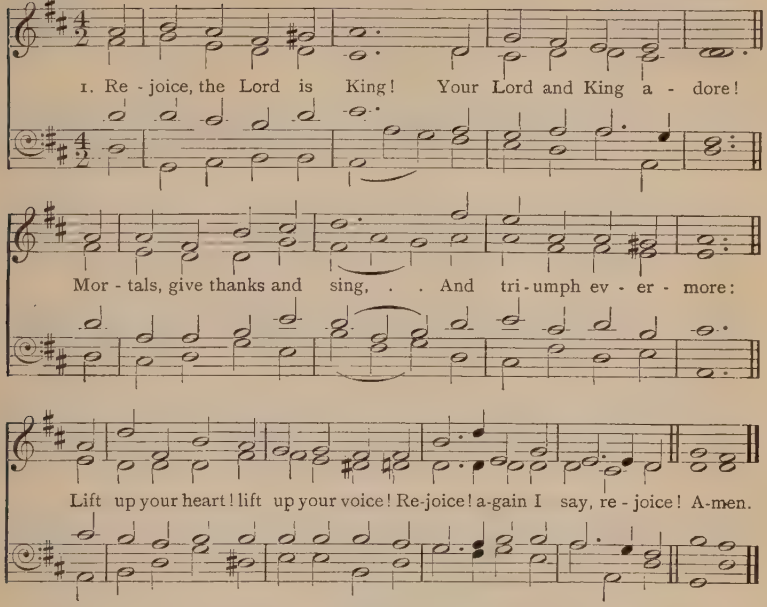
All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

4.

Blessing and honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

GOPSAL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. G. F. HANDEL.


1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!
Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, . . And tri - umph ev - er - more:
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Re-joice! a-gain I say, re - joice! A-men.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

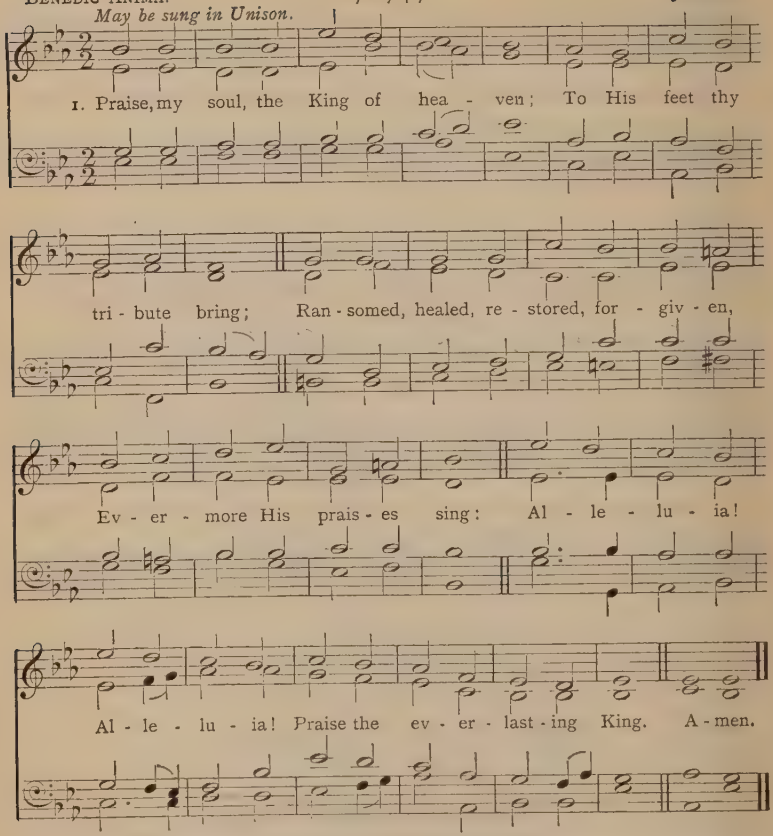
3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

BENEDIC ANIMA. 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. Goss.

*May be sung in Unison.*


1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy
tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
Ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.

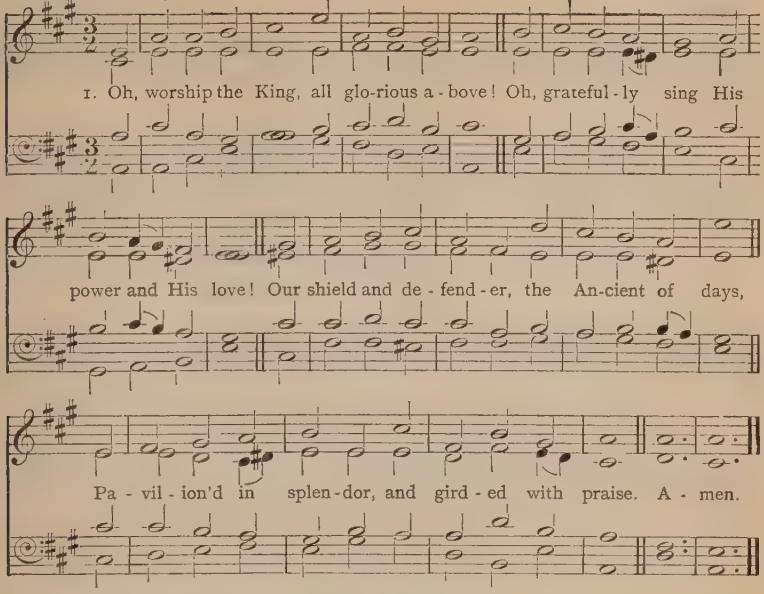
2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

HANOVER. 10.10.11.11. W. CROFT.


1. Oh, worship the King, all glo-rious a-bove! Oh, grateful-ly sing His
power and His love! Our shield and de-fend-er, the An-cient of days,
Pa-vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light; Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

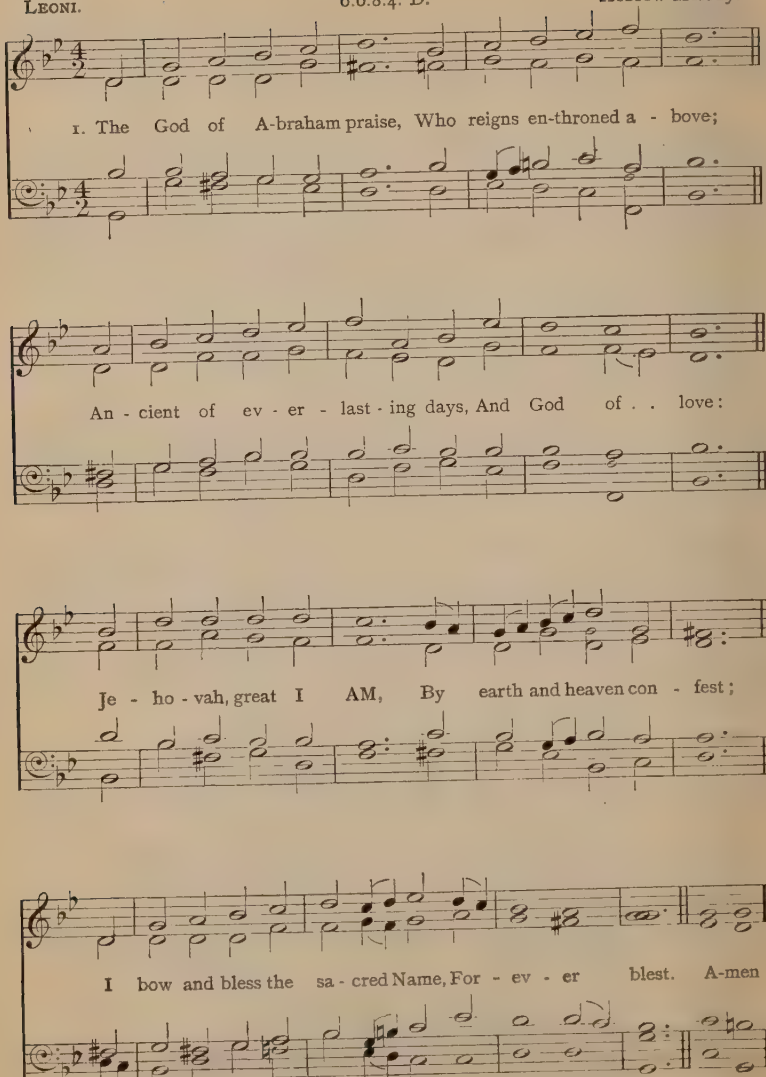
5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

R. GRANT.

460

LEONI. 6.6.8.4. D. Hebrew Melody.


1. The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of . . love:
Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heaven con - fest;
I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest. A-men

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3.

There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

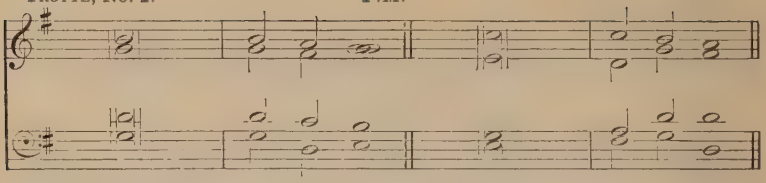
4.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

T. OLIVERS.

# 461 General.

TROYTE, No. 2. P.M.



1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- lu - - - ia! | To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed peo - ple sing,

And the choirs that . dwell on high | Shall re-echo . . through the sky

2 They through the fields of Para- dise who roam, | The blessèd ones repeat through that bright home

The planets beaming on their heaven - ly way, | The shining constellations, join and say

3 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pin - ions light, | Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wild - ly bright,

4 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and win - ter snow, | Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and sum - mer glow:

5 First let the birds, with painted plu - mage gay, | Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say

Then let the beasts of earth, with vary - ing strain, | Join in creation's hymn, and cry a - gain

6 Here let the mountains thunder forth so- nor - - ous | Alle - - - lu - ia!

Thou jubilant abyss of o - cean cry | Alle - - - lu - ia!

7 To God, Who all creation made, | The frequent hymn be du - ly paid:

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- might - y loves; | Alle - - - lu - ia!

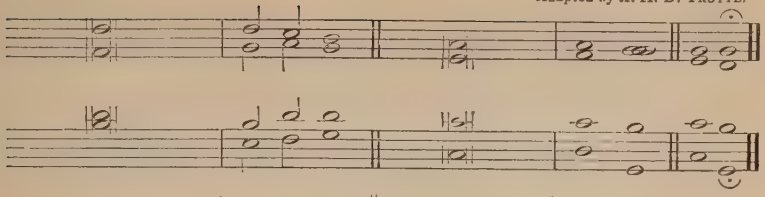
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- wa - - king, | Alle - - - lu - ia!

8 Now from all men . . be out - poured | Alleluia . . . . to the Lord;

Praise be done to the Three in One, | Alle - - - lu - ia!

# General.

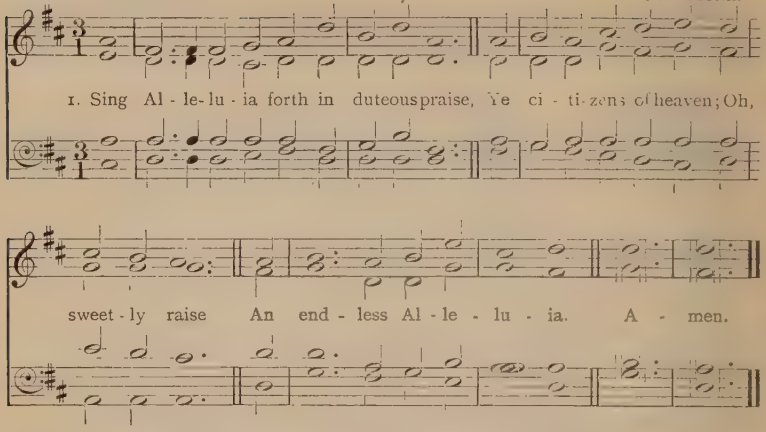
W. Hayes.
Adapted by A. H. D. Troyte.



| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Alle - - - - | lu - lu! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| In sweet con - - | sent u - nite | your Alle - - | lu - ia! |
| Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious | for - ests, sing | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| There let the valleys sing in gentler | cho - rus | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Ye tracts of earth and conti- | nents, re - ply | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ, the | King, approves: | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| And children's voices echo, answer | ma - king | Alle - - - | lu - ia! |
| With Alleluia . . . | ev - er - more | The Son and Spirit | we a - dore. |
| Alle - - - - | lu - ia! | Alle - - - | lu - ia! A-men. |

B. Notker. *Tr.* J. M. Neale.

ALLELUIA PERENNE. 10.10.7. W. H. MONK.




2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

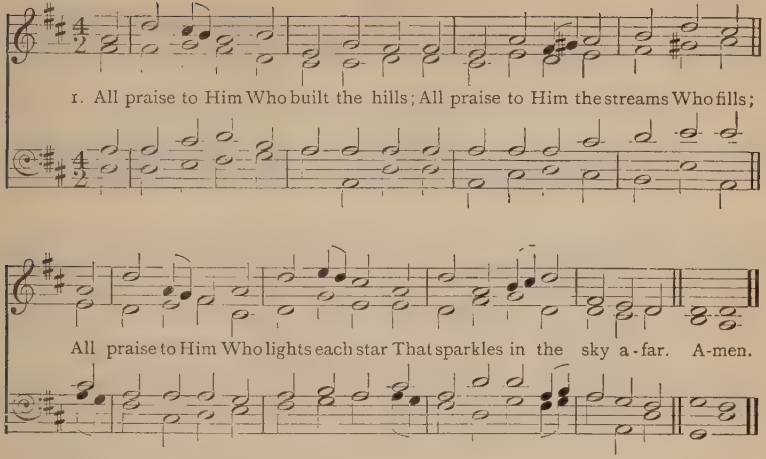
7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back;
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

*Tr.* J. ELLERTON.

FESTUS. L.M. German.


1. All praise to Him Who built the hills; All praise to Him the streams Who fills;
All praise to Him Who lights each star That sparkles in the sky a-far. A-men.

2 All praise to Him Who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

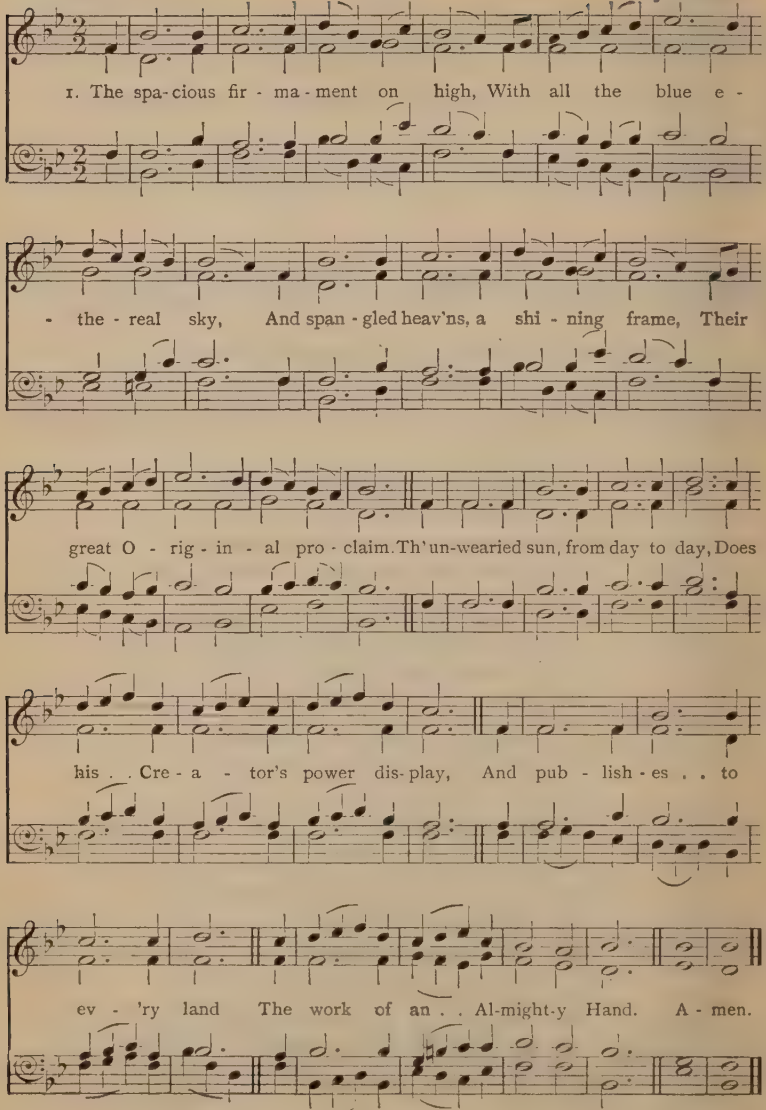
4 All praise to Him in love Who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The all-prevailing sacrifice.

5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God:
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The fount of joy and holiness.

6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise. Amen.

H. BONAR.

CREATION. L.M. D. J. HAYDN.


1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
- the - real sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shi - ning frame, Their
great O - rig - in - al pro - claim. Th' un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does
his . . Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es . . to
ev - 'ry land The work of an . . Al-might-y Hand. A - men.

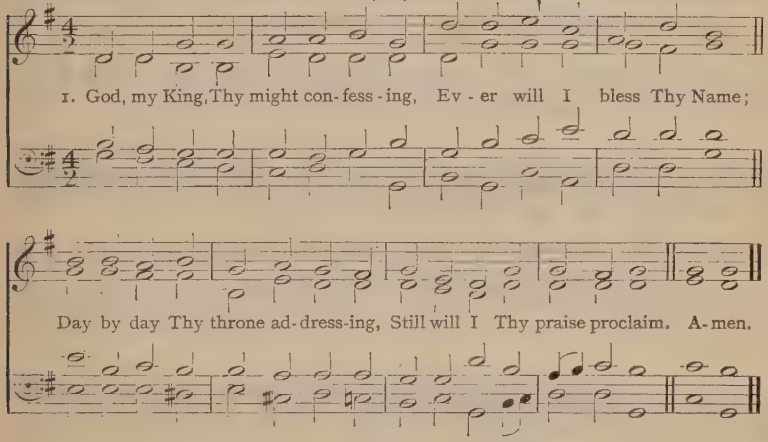
2.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball:
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."
Amen.

J. ADDISON.

## 465

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. German.


1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2.
Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3.
They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4.
Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

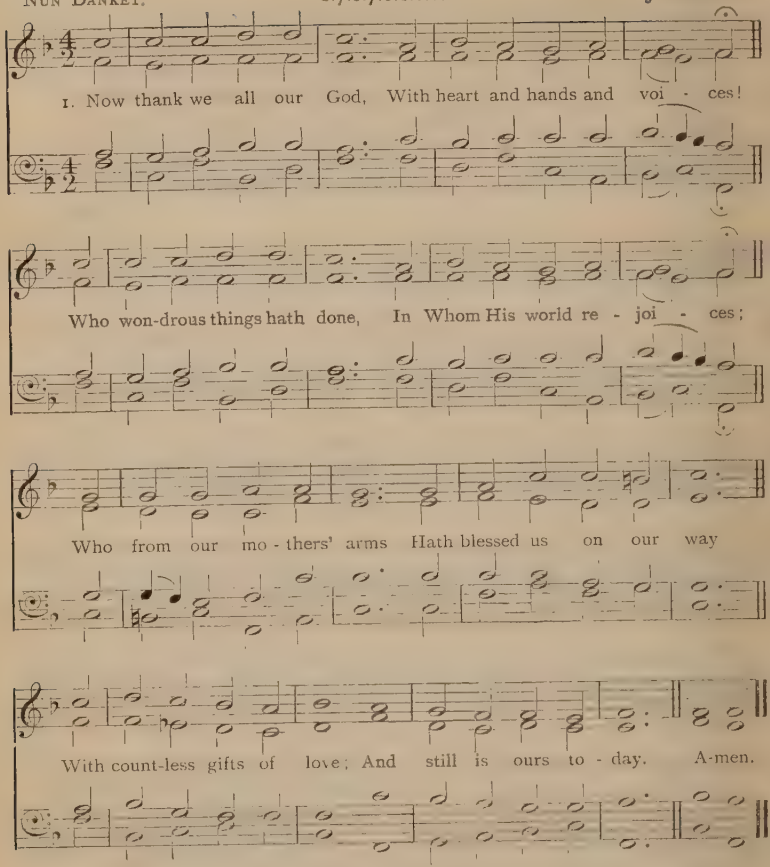
5.
Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6.
All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power. Amen.

R. MANT.

466

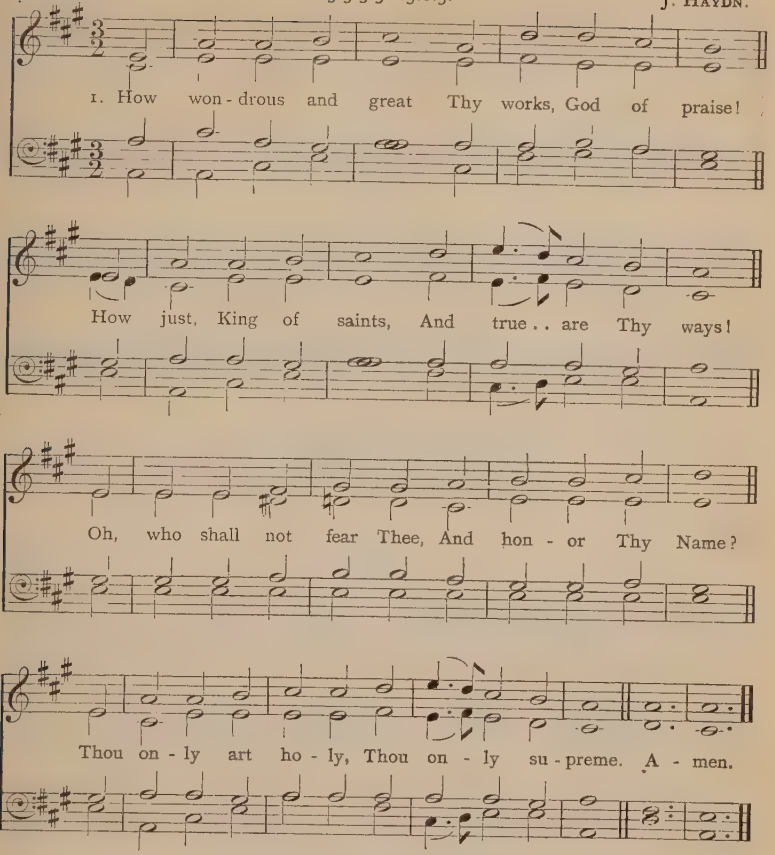
NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. J. CRÜGER.


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces!
Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces;
Who from our mo - thers' arms Hath blessed us on our way
With count-less gifts of love; And still is ours to - day. A-men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next. Amen.

M. RINCKART. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

LYONS. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. J. HAYDN.

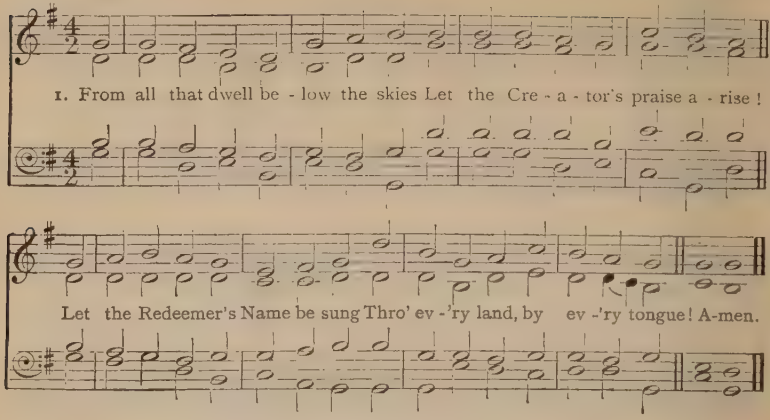

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints, And true . . are Thy ways!
Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy Name?
Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme. A - men.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God. Amen.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

## 468

THE OLD 100TH. L.M. *Genevan Psalter.*


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise!
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue! A-men.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

I. WATTS.

## 469

THE OLD 100TH. L.M.

1.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2.

Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3.

Oh, enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

4.

For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.
Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 470

THE OLD 100TH. L.M.

1.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3.

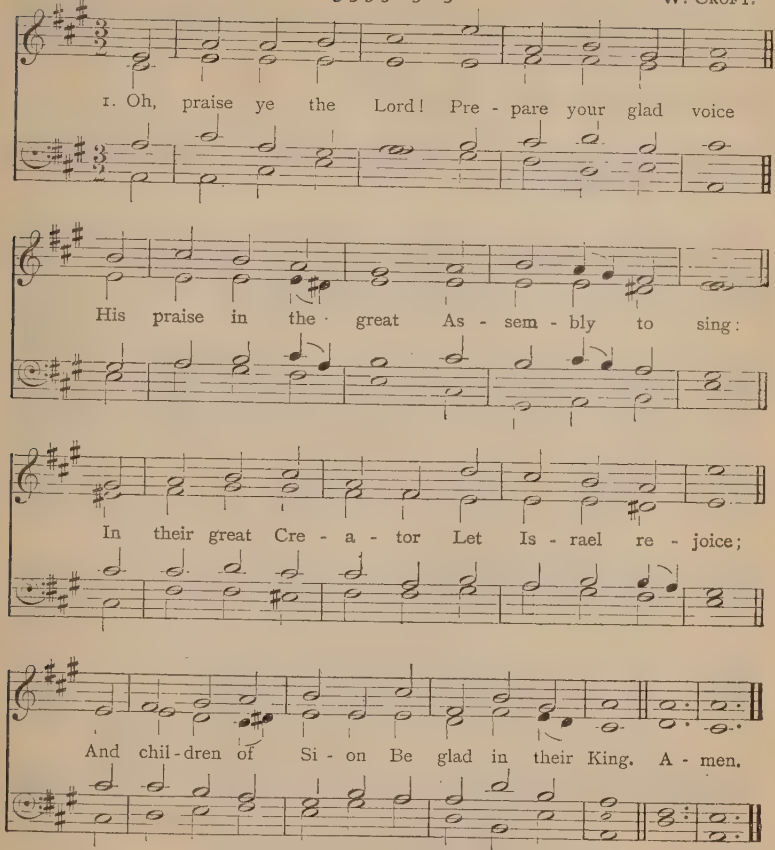
Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

W. KETHE.

HANOVER. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. W. CROFT.


1. Oh, praise ye the Lord! Pre - pare your glad voice
His praise in the great As - sem - bly to sing:
In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re - joice;
And chil - dren of Si - on Be glad in their King. A - men.

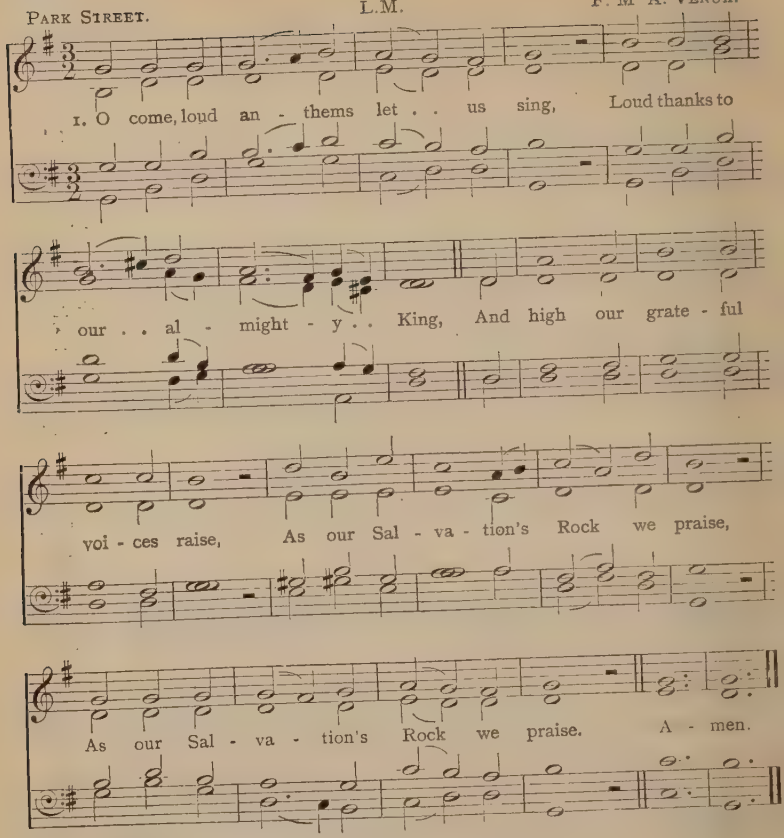
2 Let them His great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, Who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honor and triumph
His favor shall bring:
Oh, therefore forever
All praise to Him yield! Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 472

PARK STREET. L.M. F. M A. VENUA.


1. O come, loud an - thems let . . us sing, Loud thanks to
our . . al - might - y . . King, And high our grate - ful
voi - ces raise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise,
As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise. A - men.

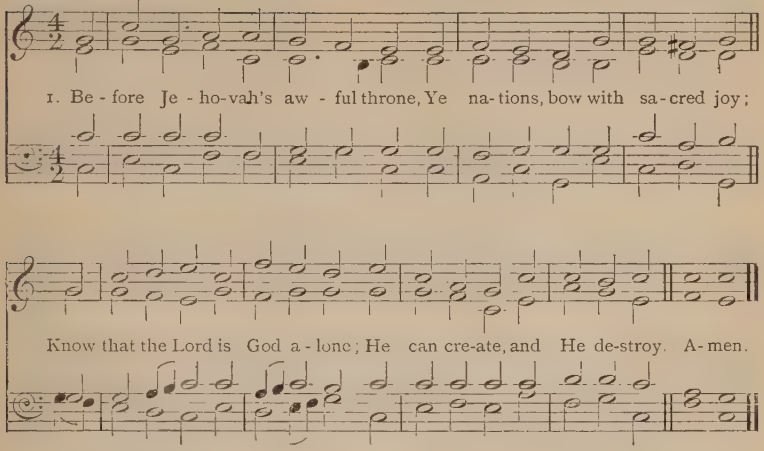
2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on our Lord our Maker call. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. *Hamburger Musicalisches Handbuch.*


1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy. A-men.

2.

His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

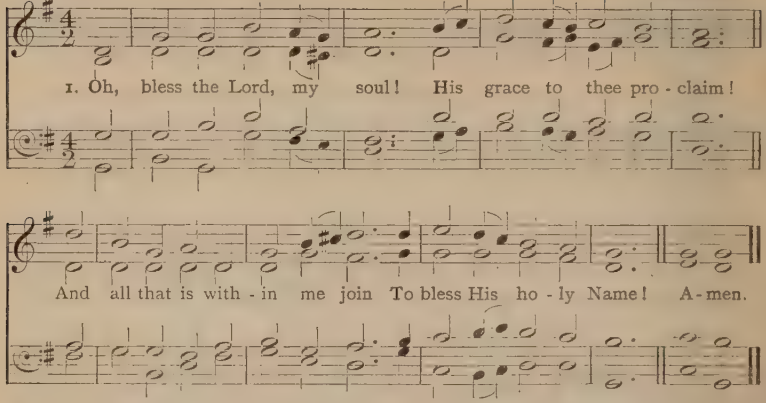
5.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

I. WATTS.

## 474

ST. THOMAS. S.M. A. WILLIAMS.




2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

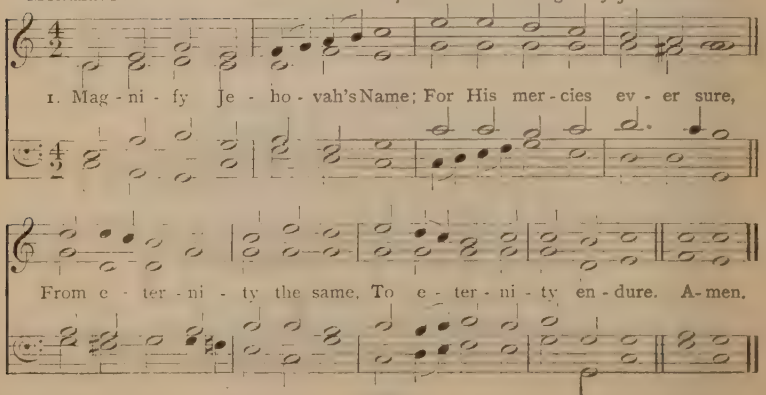
5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 475

MONKLAND. Four 7's. Arranged by J. B. WILKES.



2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

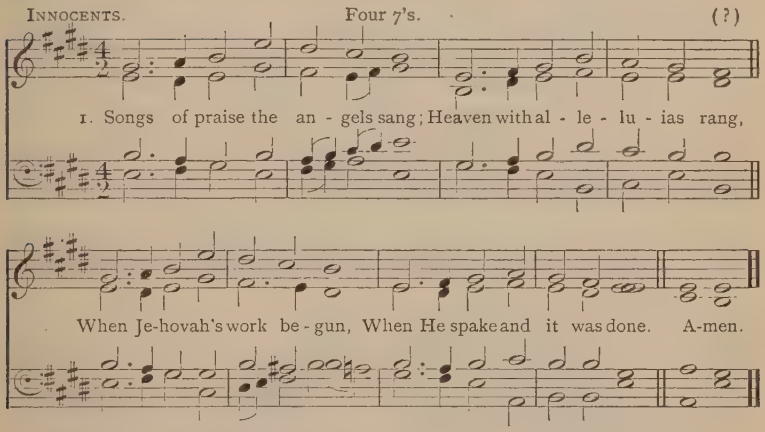
4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 Oh, that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race!
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 476


INNOCENTS.
Four 7's.
(?)
1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heaven with al - le - lu - ias rang,
When Je-hovah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A-men.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

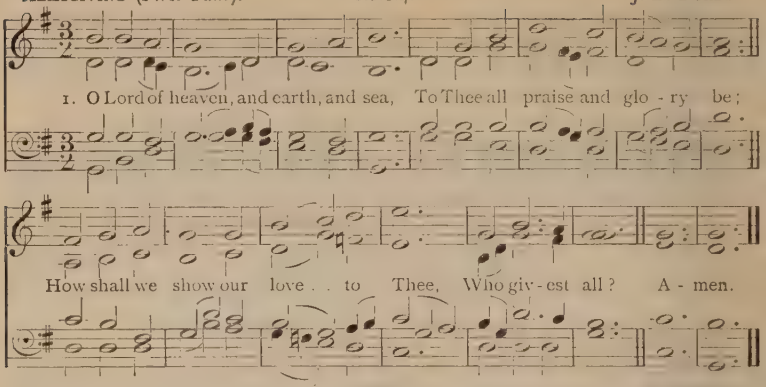
4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

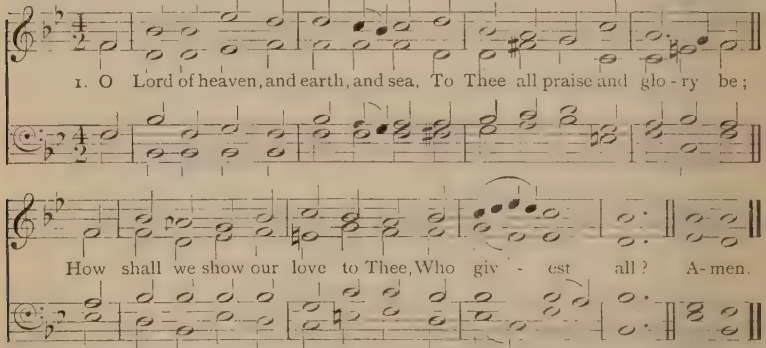
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ALMSGIVING (*First Tune*). 8.8.8.4. J. B. DYKES.




ALMSGIVING (*Second Tune*). 8.8.8.4. J. BARNBY.




2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all!

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
O Lord, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

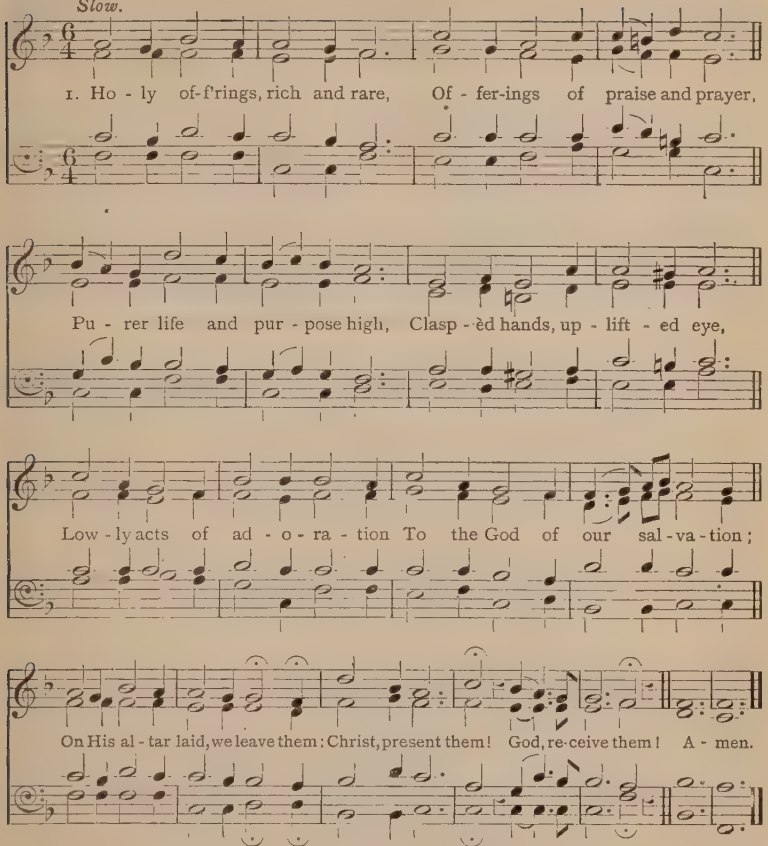
8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all! Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

HOLY OFFERINGS. 7·7·7·7.8.8.8.8. R. REDHEAD.

*Slow.*


1. Ho - ly of-f'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and prayer,
Pu - rer life and pur - pose high, Clasp - èd hands, up - lift - ed eye,
Low - ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion;
On His al - tar laid, we leave them: Christ, present them! God, re-ceive them! A - men.

2.

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

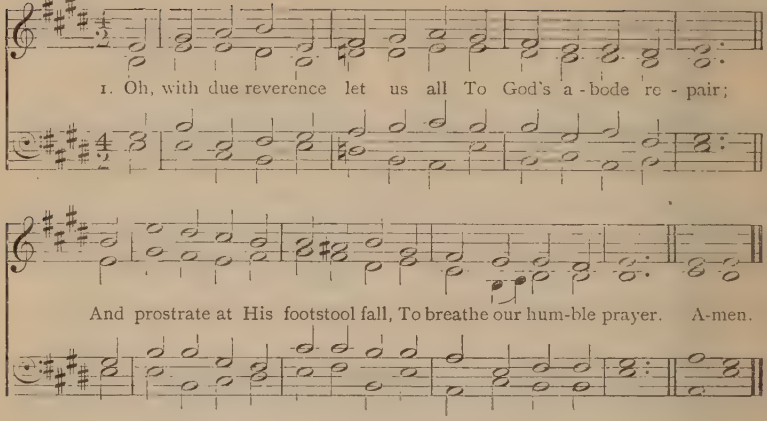
3.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them: God, receive them! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 479

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*


1. Oh, with due reverence let us all To God's a-bode re-pair;
And prostrate at His footstool fall, To breathe our hum-ble prayer. A-men.

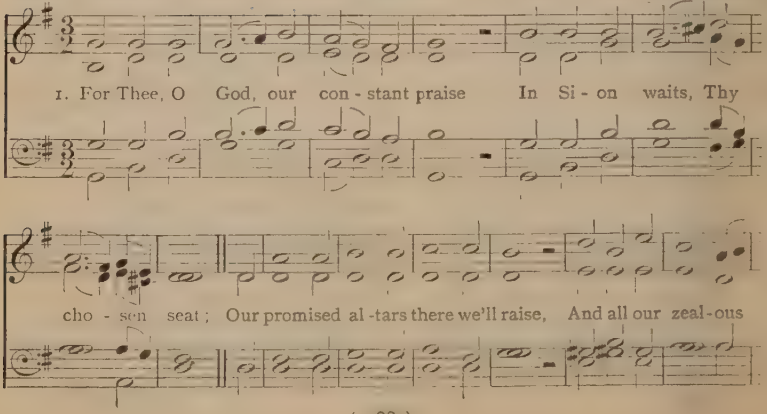
2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with Thy ark,
But with Thy presence blest.

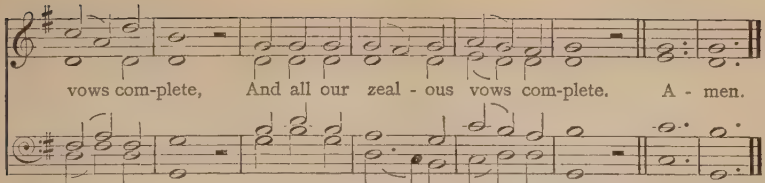
3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;
And, for Thy servant David's sake,
Hear Thy Anointed's voice. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 480

PARK STREET. L.M. F. M. A. VENUA.


1. For Thee, O God, our con-stant praise In Si-on waits, Thy
cho-sen seat; Our promised al-tars there we'll raise, And all our zeal-ous




2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

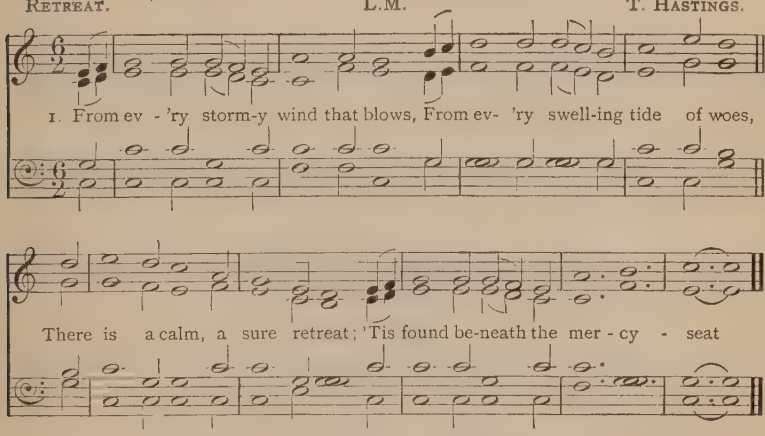
3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.
Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 481

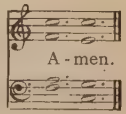
RETREAT. L.M. T. HASTINGS.


1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

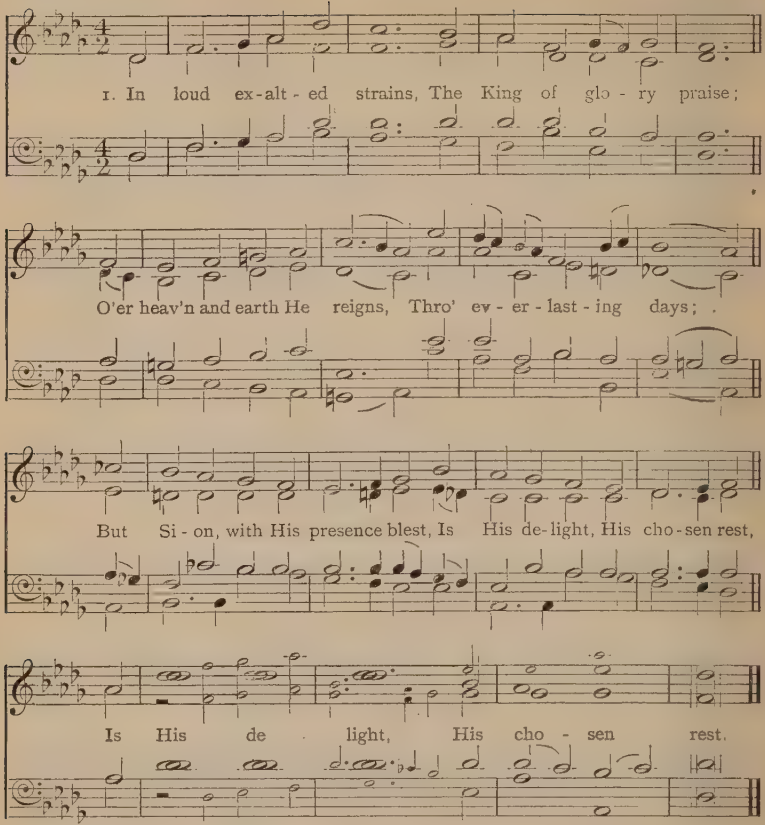
3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.




H. STOWELL.

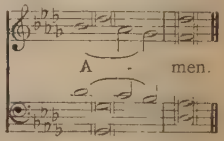
KING OF GLORY. 6.6.6.6.8.8. HORATIO PARKER.


1. In loud ex-alt-ed strains, The King of glo-ry praise;
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev-er-last-ing days;
But Si-on, with His presence blest, Is His de-light, His cho-sen rest,
Is His de-light, His cho-sen rest.

2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

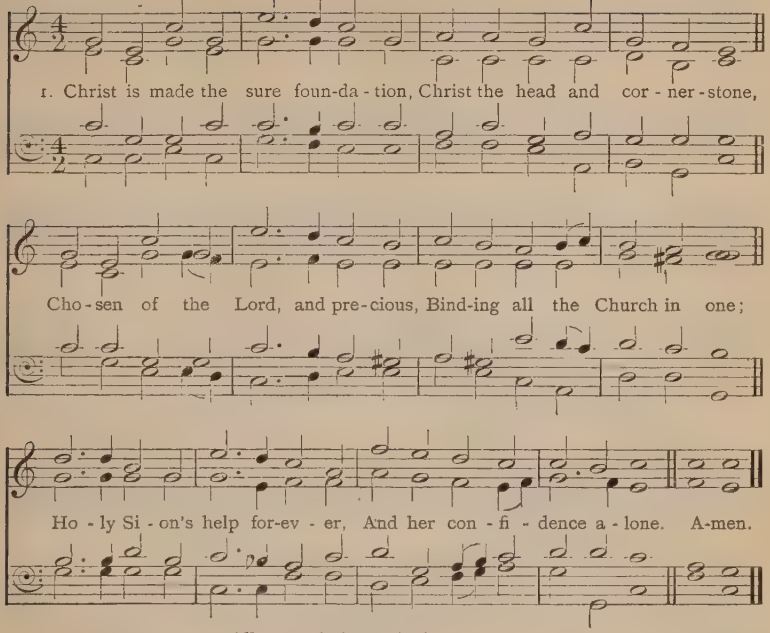
3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.




B. FRANCIS.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. SMART.


1. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,
Cho-sen of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one;
Ho-ly Si-on's help for-ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

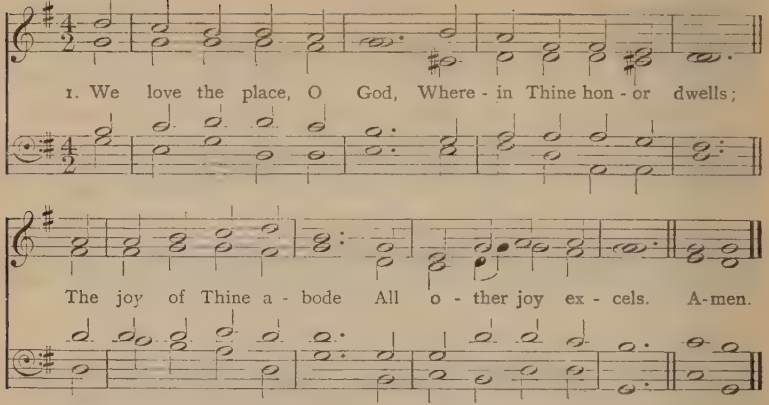
3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

## 484

St. Cecilia. Four 6's. L. G. Hayne.




2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

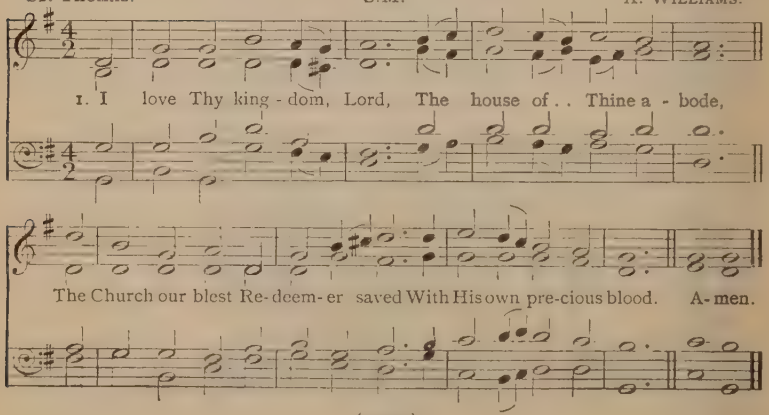
5 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven. Amen.

W. BULLOCK.

## 485

St. Thomas. S.M. A. Williams.



2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

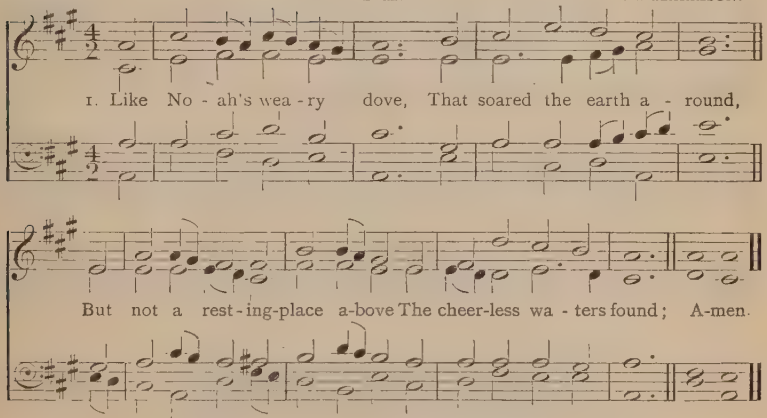
4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

T. DWIGHT.

## 486

CAMBRIDGE. S.M. R. HARRISON.




2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

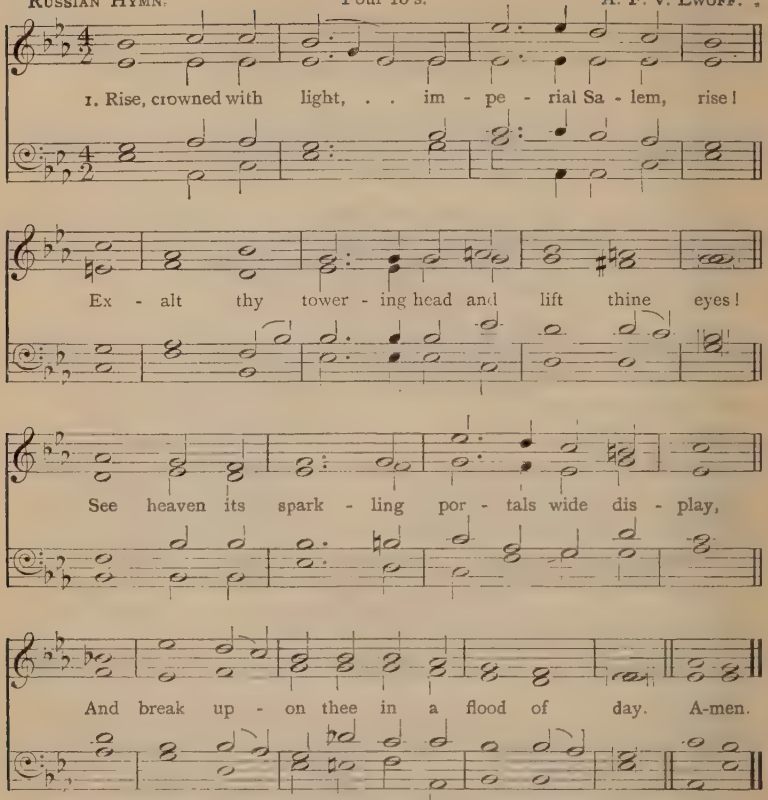
4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be Thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill. Amen.

W. A. MÜHLENBERG.

## 487

RUSSIAN HYMN. Four 10's. A. F. v. LWOFF.


1. Rise, crowned with light, . . im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise!
Ex - alt thy tower - ing head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its spark - ling por - tals wide dis - play,
And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

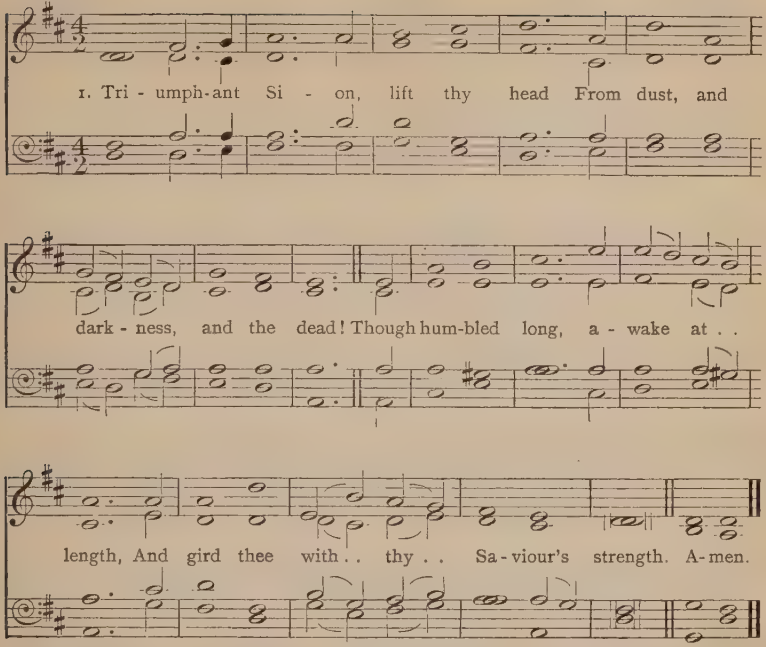
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

A. POPE.

488

TRURO. L.M. C. BURNEY.


1. Tri - umph-ant Si - on, lift thy head From dust, and
dark - ness, and the dead! Though hum-bled long, a - wake at . .
length, And gird thee with . . thy . . Sa - viour's strength. A-men.

2.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world Thy glories shall confess.

3.

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

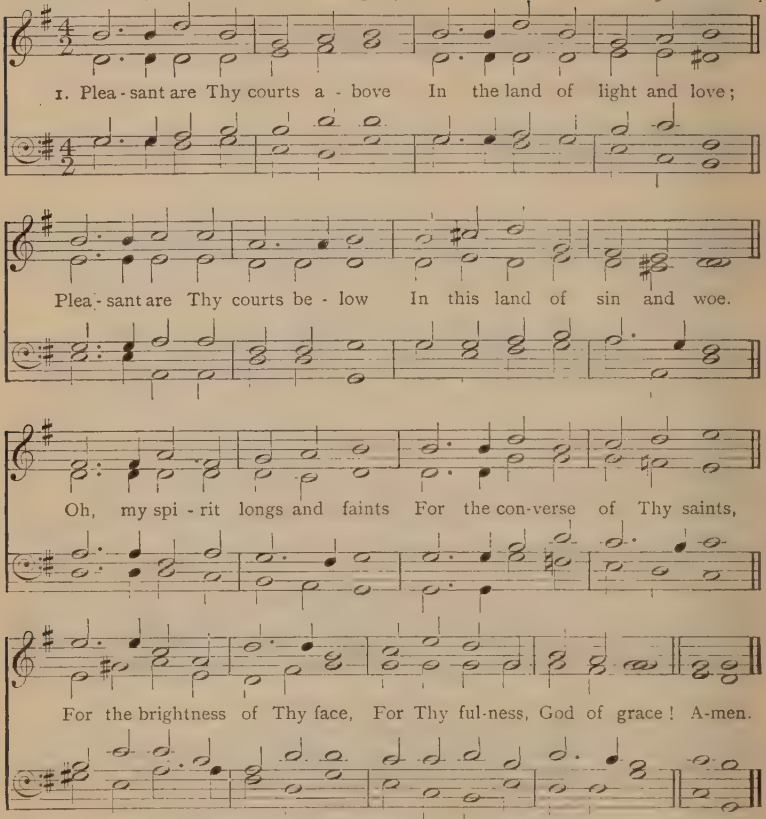
4.

God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 489

St. George's, Windsor. Eight 7's. G. J. Elvey.


1. Plea - sant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of light and love;
Plea - sant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spi - rit longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace! A-men.

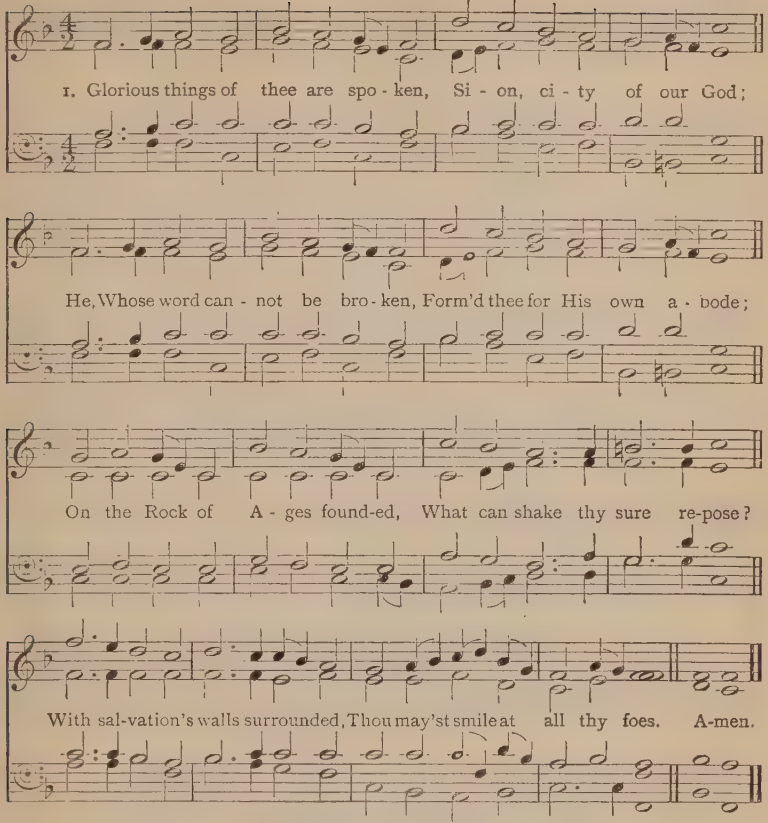
2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart,
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.
Amen.

H. F. Lyte.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN.


1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;
He, Whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
With sal-vation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

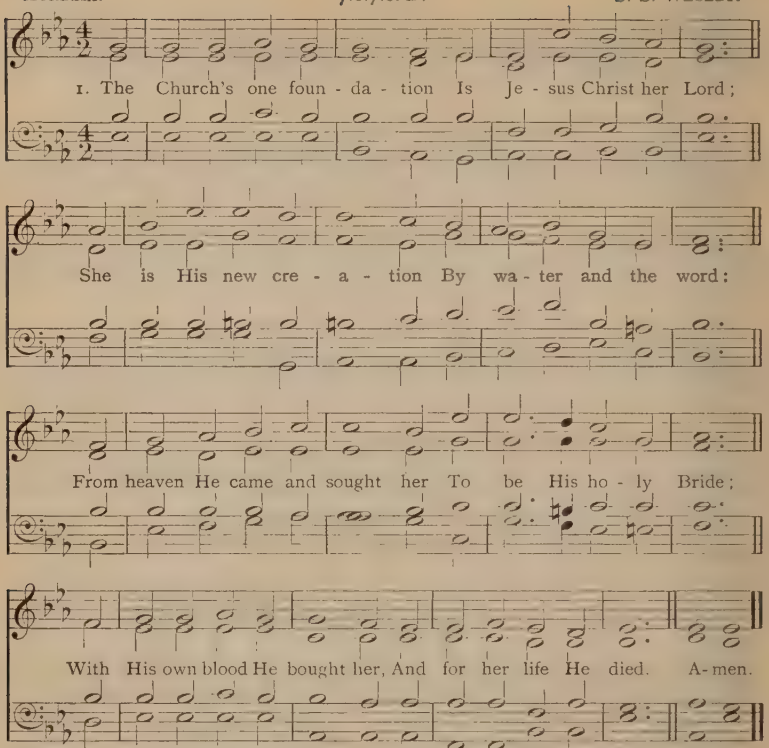
2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.
Amen.

J. NEWTON.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

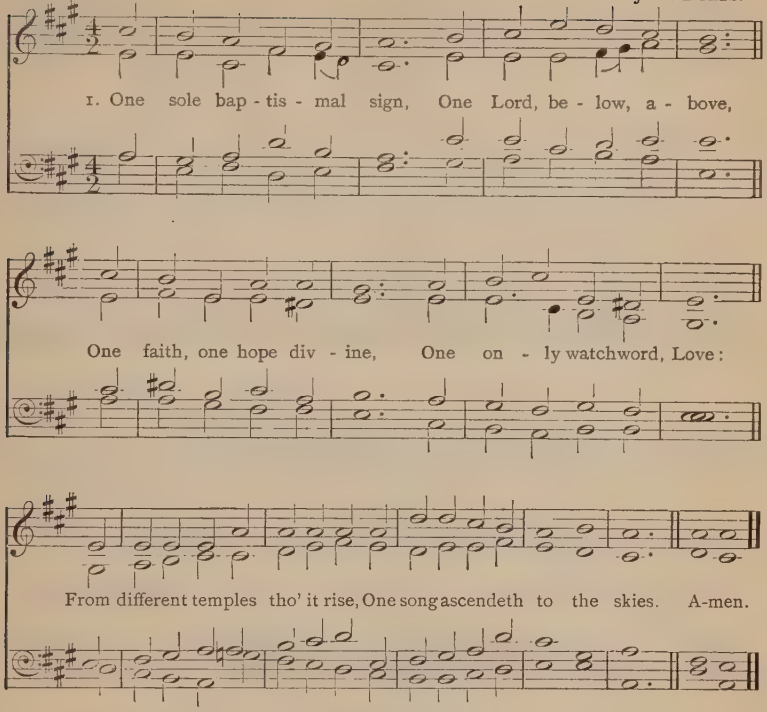
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

S. J. STONE.

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. B. DYKES.


1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove,
One faith, one hope div - ine, One on - ly watchword, Love:
From different temples tho' it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies. A-men.

2.

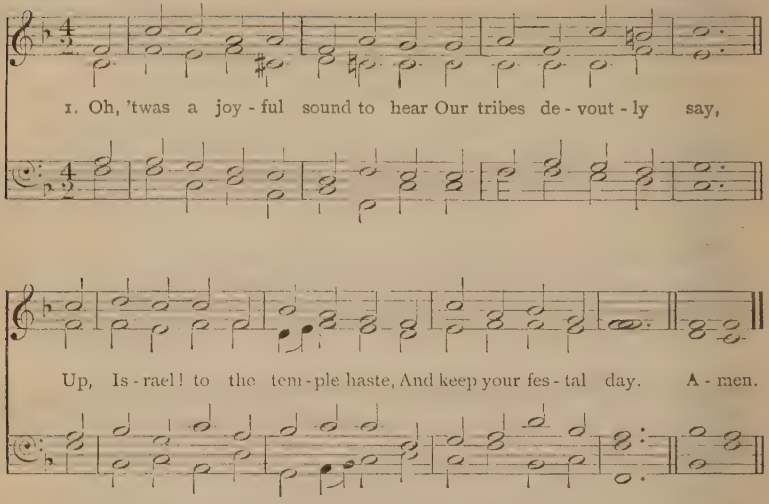
Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3.

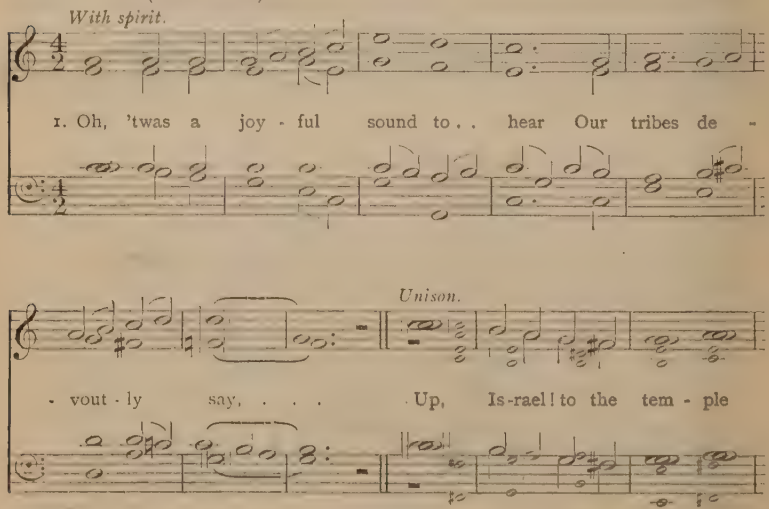
Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one. Amen.

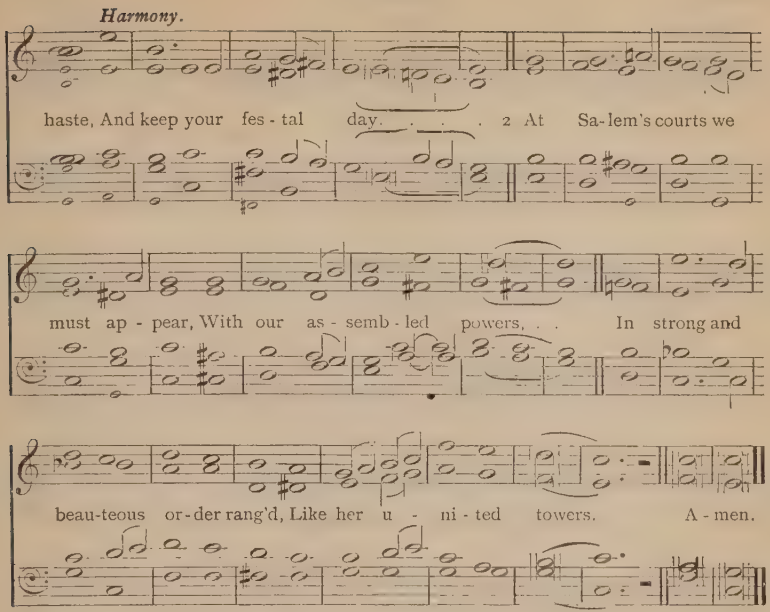
G. ROBINSON.

MEAR (*First Tune*). C.M. A. WILLIAMS. (?)




MOUNT SION (*Second Tune*). C.M. D. HORATIO PARKER.




Harmony.
haste, And keep your fes - tal day. 2 At Sa-lem's courts we
must ap - pear, With our as - semb - led powers, In strong and
beau-teous or-der rang'd, Like her u - ni - ted towers. A - men.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

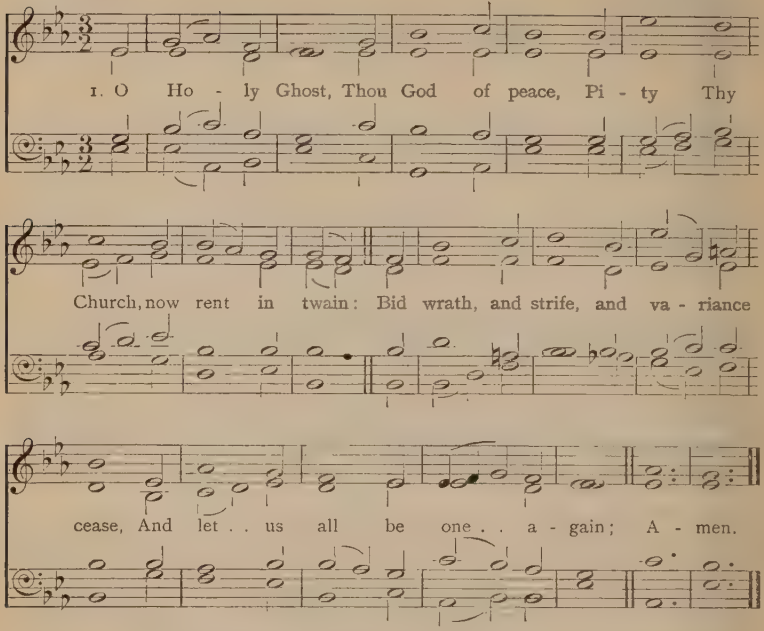
4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER.


1. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thou God of peace, Pi - ty Thy
Church, now rent in twain: Bid wrath, and strife, and va - riance
cease, And let . . us all be one . . a - gain; A - men.

2.

One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest,
And one with angel hosts above,
And one with God forever blest.

3.

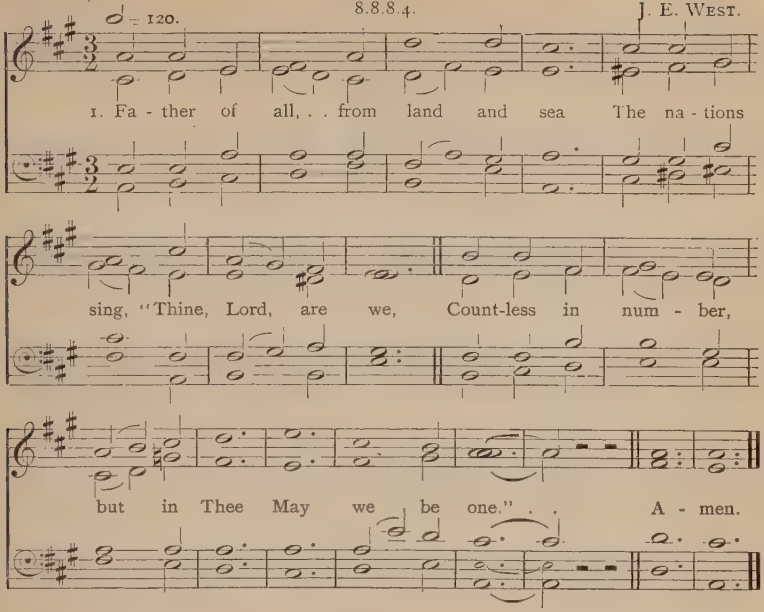
Oh, make on earth all churches one,
One with the blessèd gone before,
All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

4.

For one the Lord on Whom we call,
The Spirit one Whom He hath given,
One God and Father of us all,
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven. Amen.

I. WILLIAMS.

UNITAS, No. 2. 8.8.8.4. J. E. WEST.




2.
O Son of God, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

3.
Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

4.
Thou art the fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,
And feeding us with angels' food,
Making us one.

5.
Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

6.
O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
Oh, make us one!

7.
O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.

8.
So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one." Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

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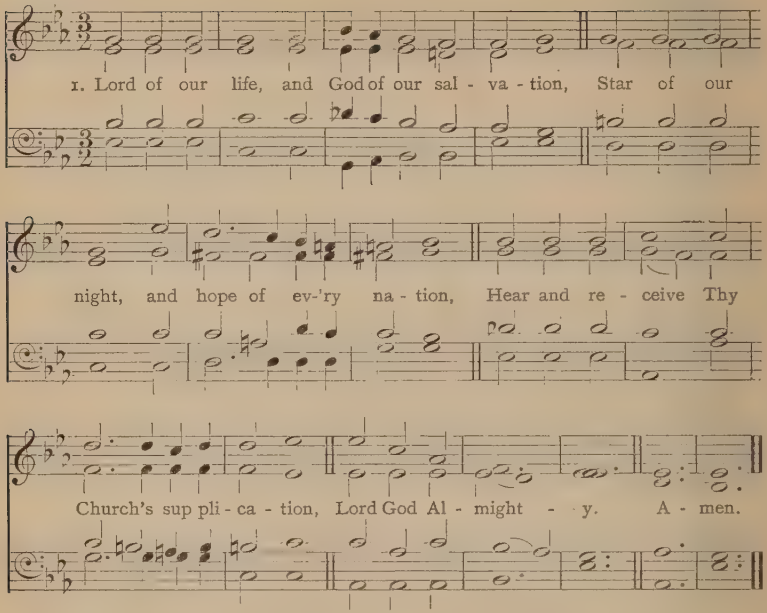
CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. J. BARNBY.


1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
night, and hope of ev-'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
Church's sup pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

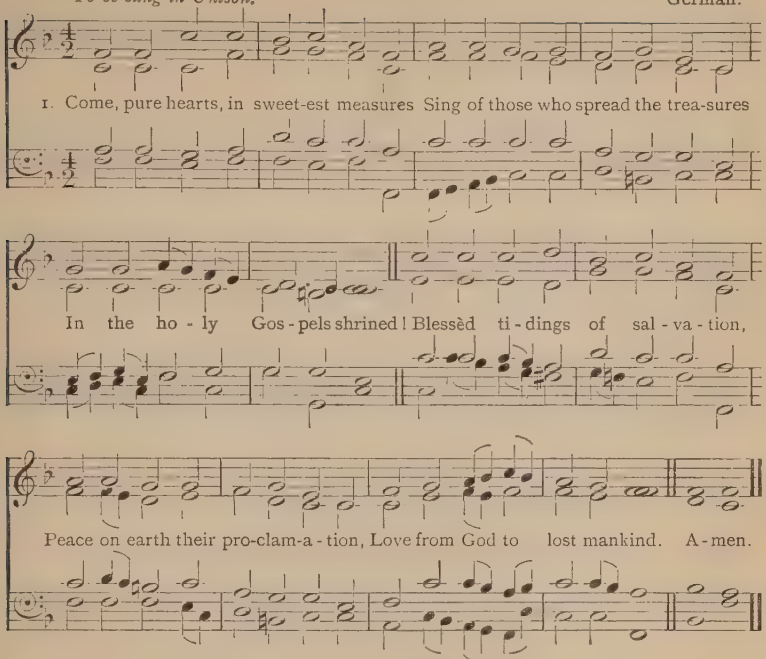
4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

P. PUSEY.

EVANGELISTS. 8.8.7.8.8.7.

*To be sung in Unison.* German.


1. Come, pure hearts, in sweet-est measures Sing of those who spread the trea-sures
In the ho - ly Gos - pels shrined! Blessèd ti - dings of sal - va - tion,
Peace on earth their pro-clam-a - tion, Love from God to lost mankind. A - men.

2.

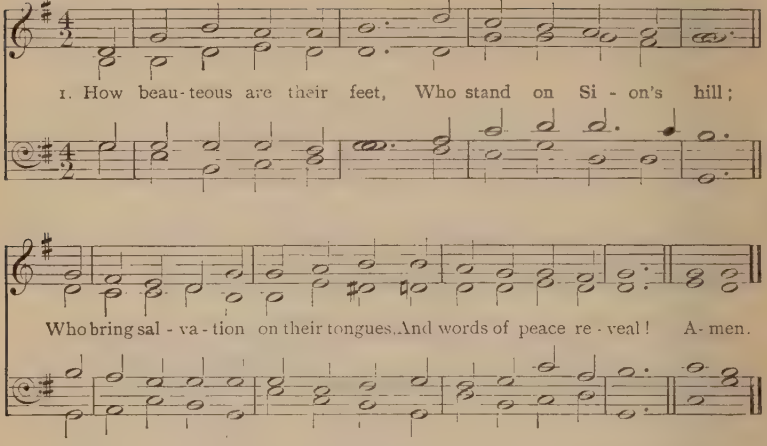
See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.

3.

Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesu, may Thy love adore!
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

*Tr.* R. CAMPBELL.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. From DAY'S *Psalter*.


1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill;
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! A - men.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

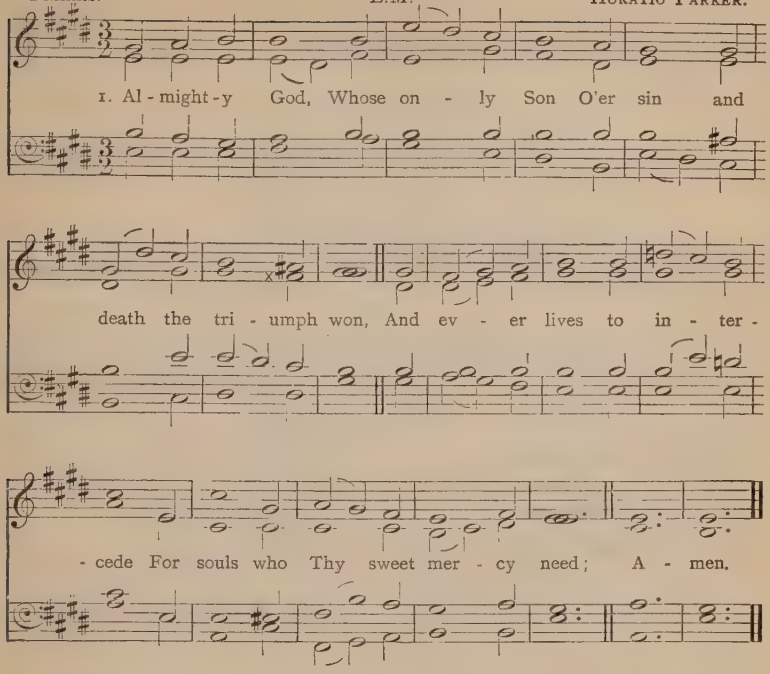
4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. Amen.

I. WATTS.

PIXHAM. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Al - might - y God, Whose on - ly Son O'er sin and
death the tri - umph won, And ev - er lives to in - ter -
- cede For souls who Thy sweet mer - cy need; A - men.

2.
In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

3.
And some within Thy sacred fold,
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

4.
And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years:

5.
Oh, give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep!
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire:

6.
That so from angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

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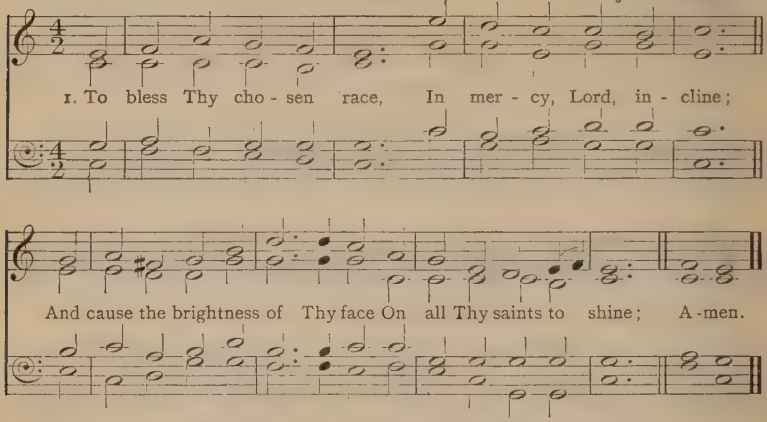
## 500

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

3 Oh, let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth! [King,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and
Shalt govern all the earth.

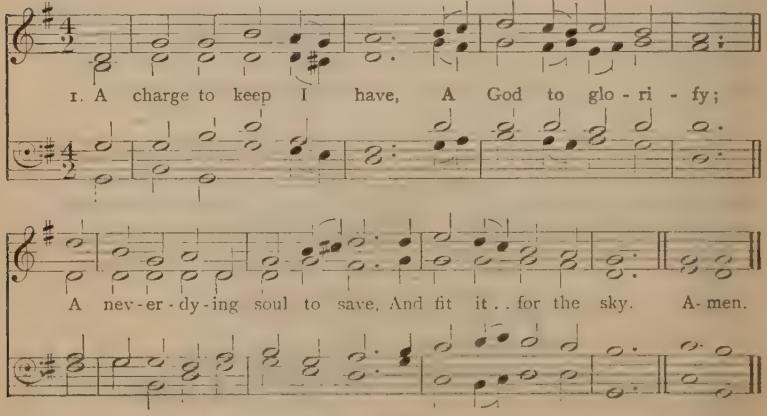
4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame!
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name!

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 501

ST. THOMAS. S.M. A. WILLIAMS.



2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

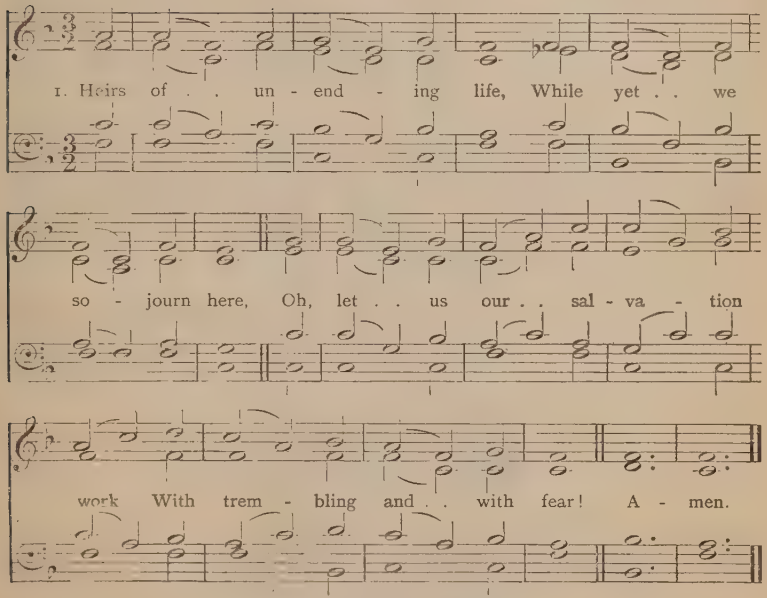
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear way,
And God to glorify. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 502

DENNIS. S.M. J. G. NÄGELI.



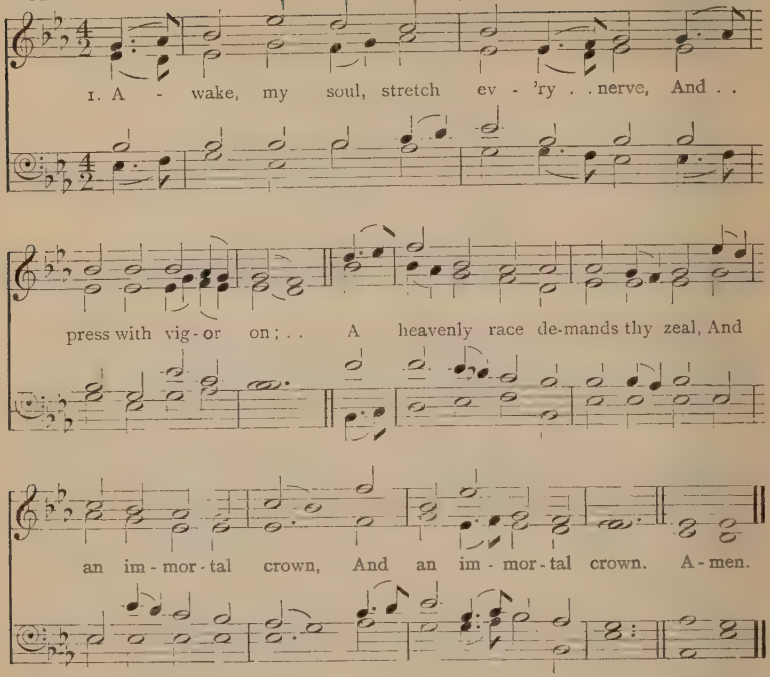

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too! Amen.

B. BEDDOME.

503

CHRISTMAS. C.M. G. F. HANDEL.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry . . nerve, And . .
press with vig - or on; . . A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal, And
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A - men.

2.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

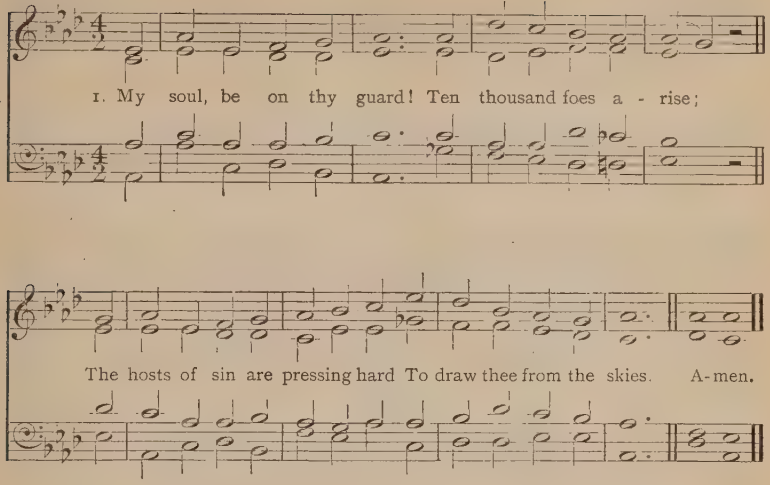
4.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

504

SCHUMANN. S.M. R. SCHUMANN.




2.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3.

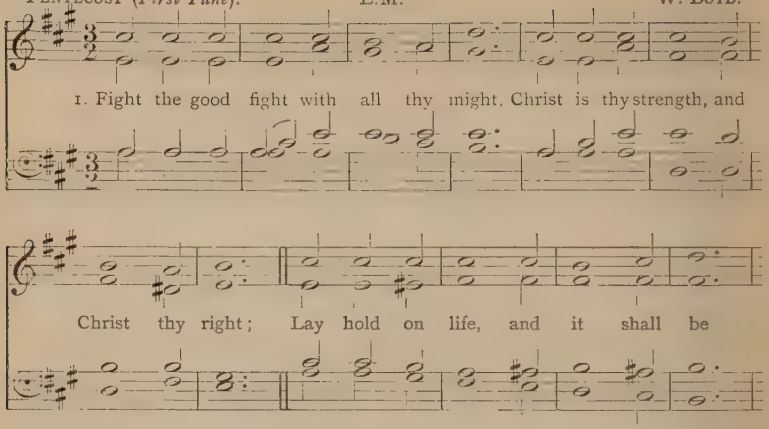
Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode. Amen.

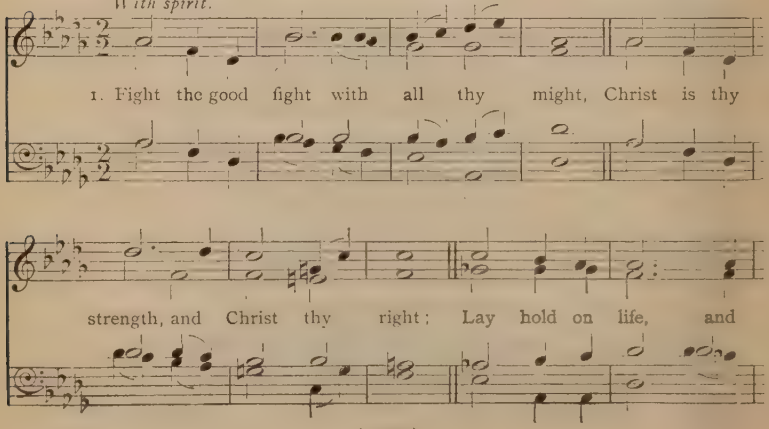
G. HEATH.

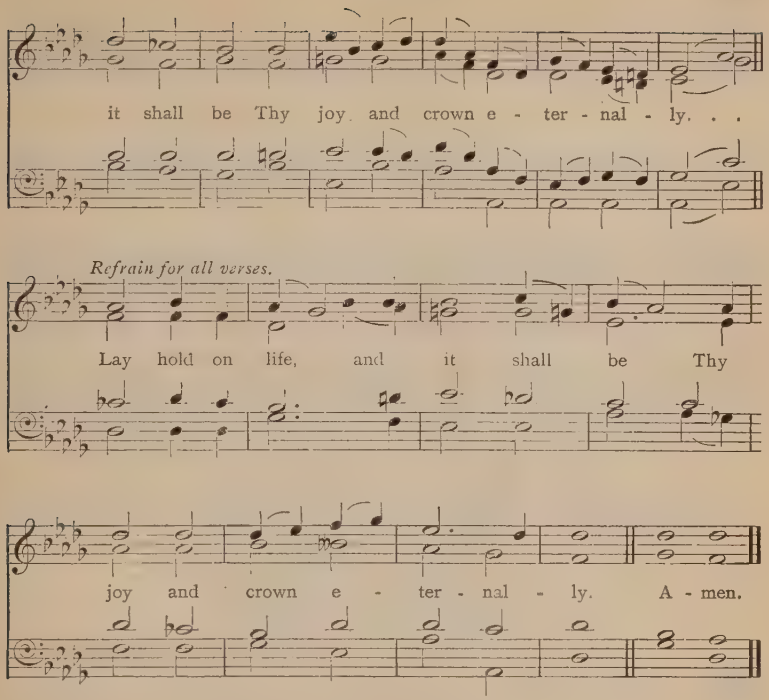
PENTECOST (*First Tune*). L.M. W. BOYD.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and
Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

COURAGE (*Second Tune*). L.M., with Refrain. HORATIO PARKER.

*With spirit.*




it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. . .
Refrain for all verses.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy
joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

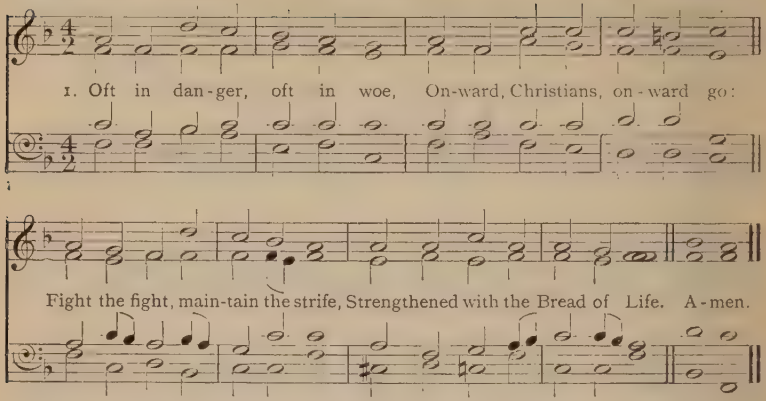
4.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 506

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. Four 7's. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go:
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

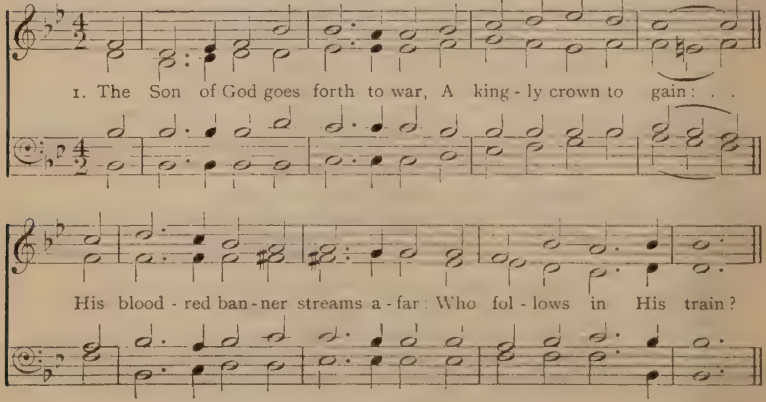
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

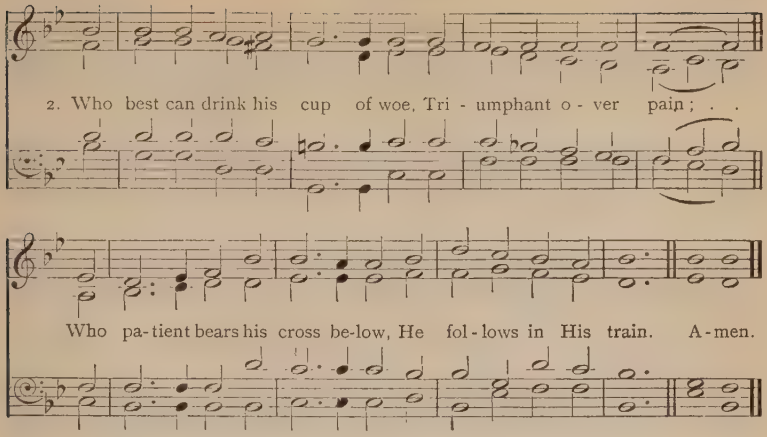
4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

H. K. WHITE.

## 507

ALL SAINTS. C.M. D. H. S. CUTLER.






3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

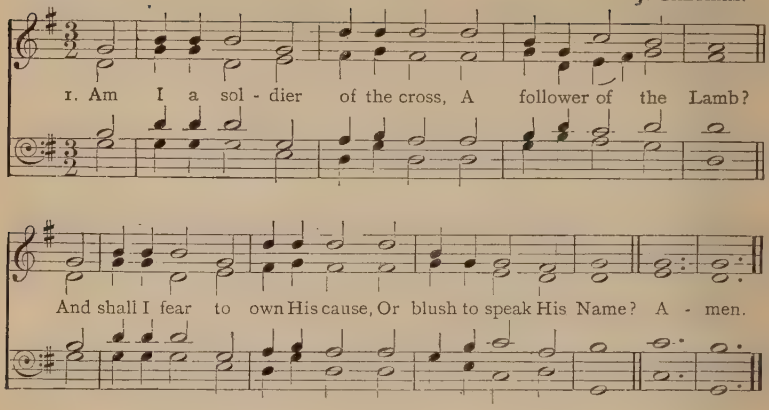
6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

R. HEBER.

MARLOW. C.M. J. CHETHAM.




2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

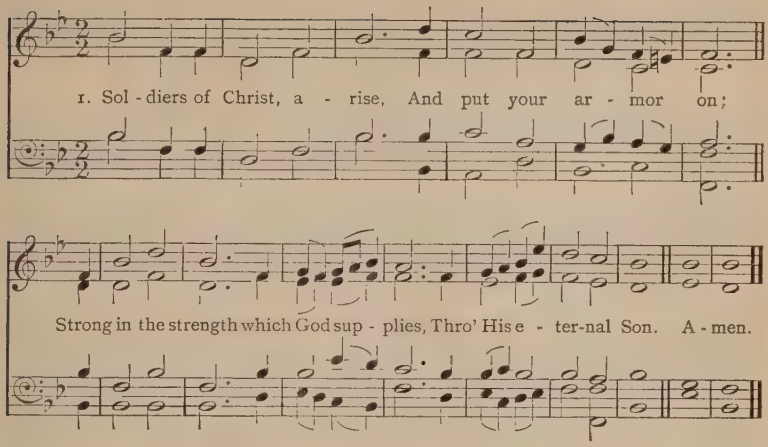
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

I. WATTS.

SILVER STREET S.M. I. SMITH.




2.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4.

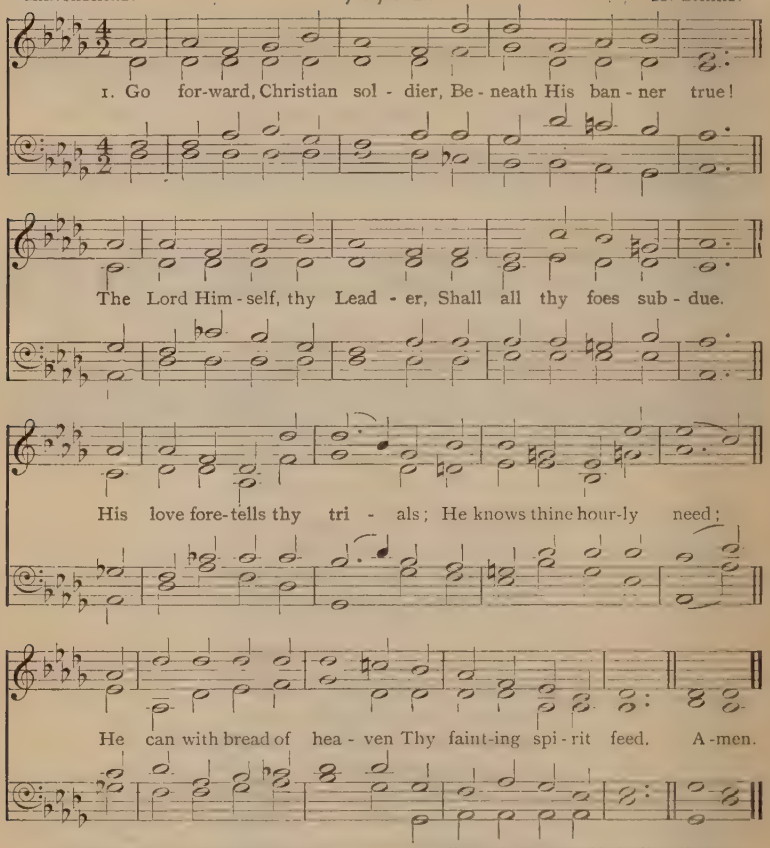
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. SMART.


1. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!
The Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour-ly need;
He can with bread of hea - ven Thy faint-ing spi - rit feed. A - men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

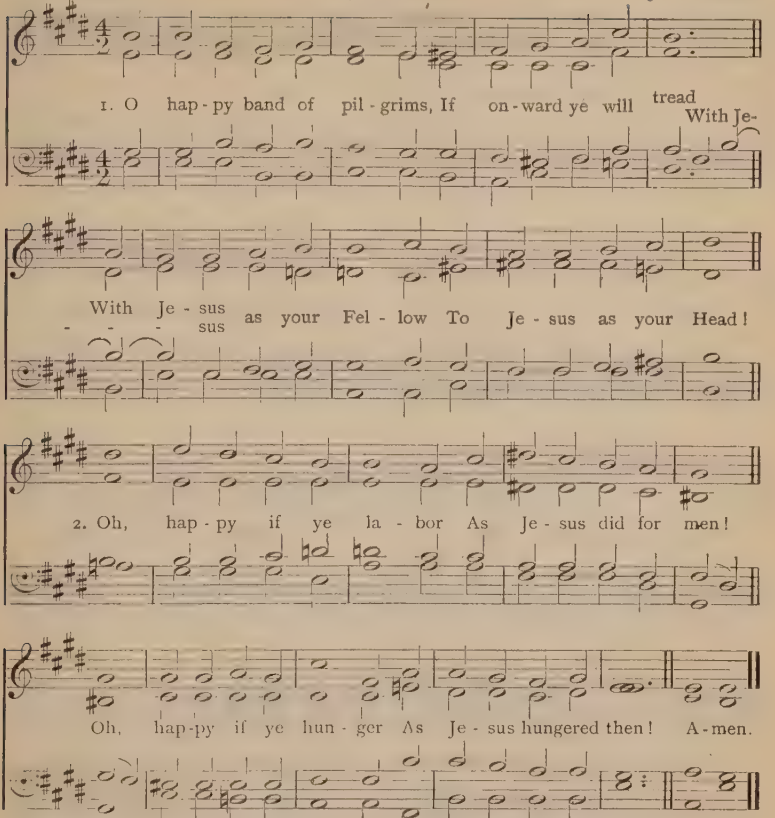
3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last! Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

# General.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6.7.6. D. J. BARNBY.


1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread With Je-
With Je - sus sus as your Fel - low To Je - sus as your Head!
2. Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!
Oh, hap-py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then! A-men.

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

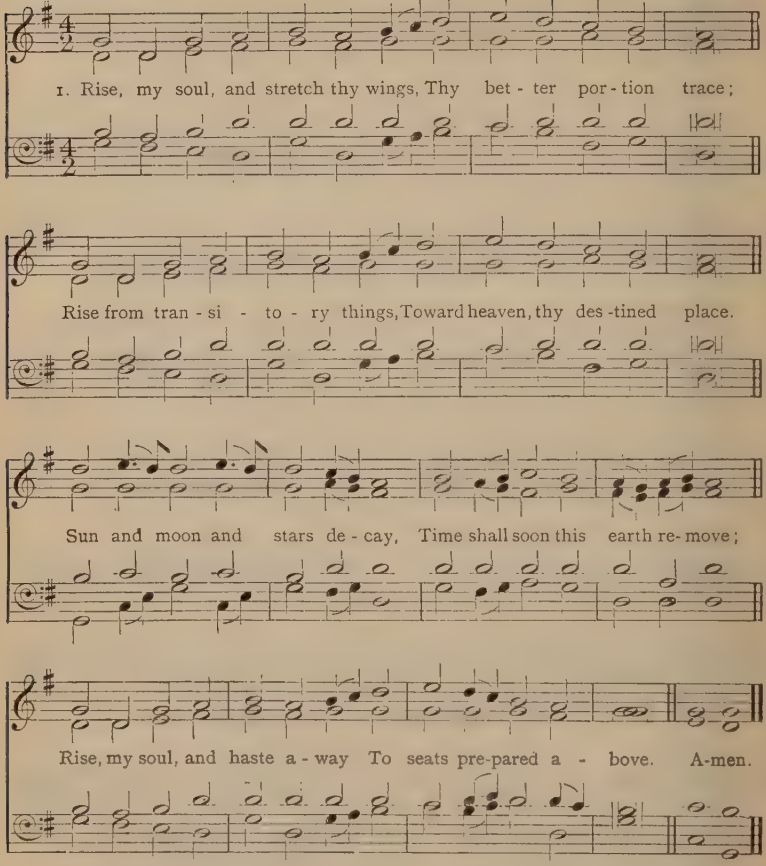
7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

8 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

## 512

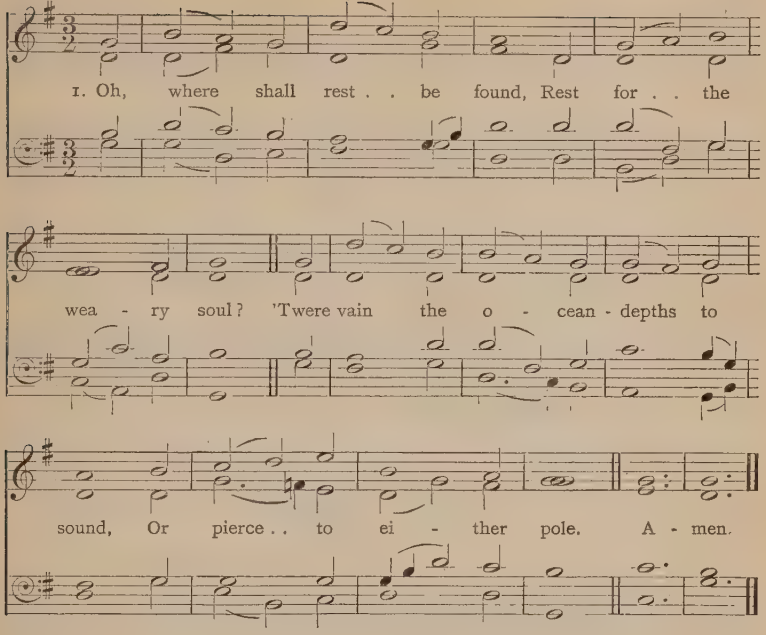
AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6. D. J. NARES. (?)


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heaven, thy des - tined place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A-men.

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given. Amen.

R. SEAGRAVE.

THATCHER. S.M. G. F. HANDEL.




2.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5.

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

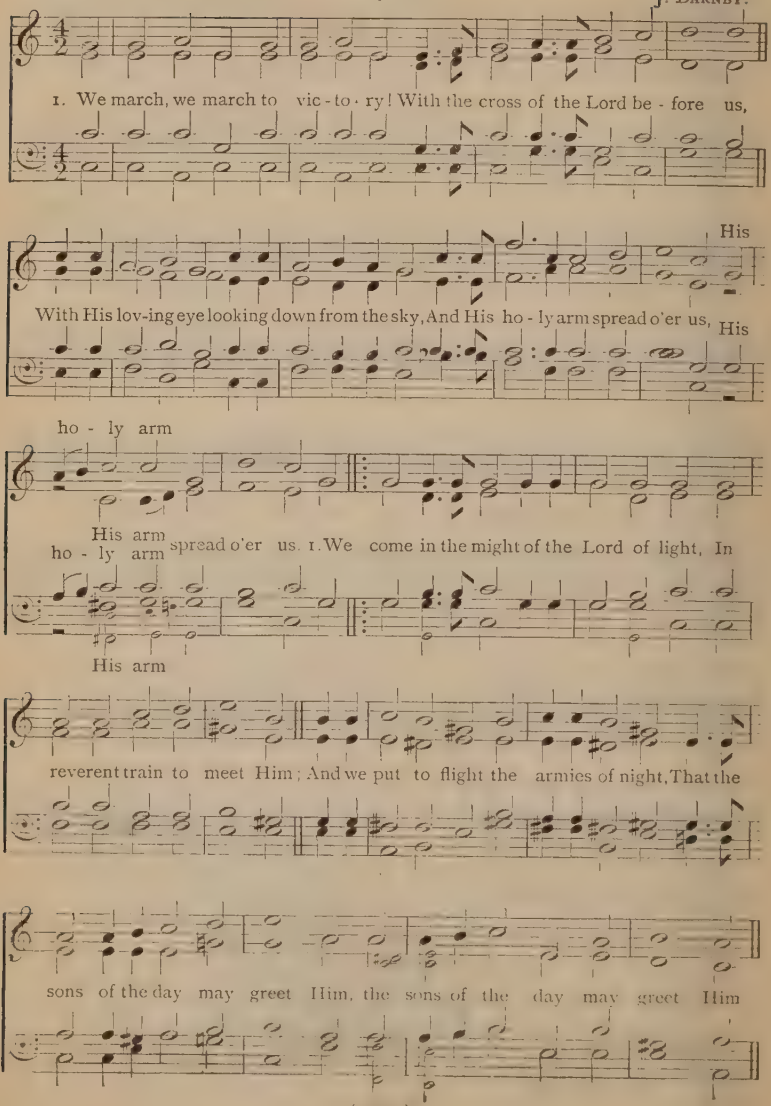
6.

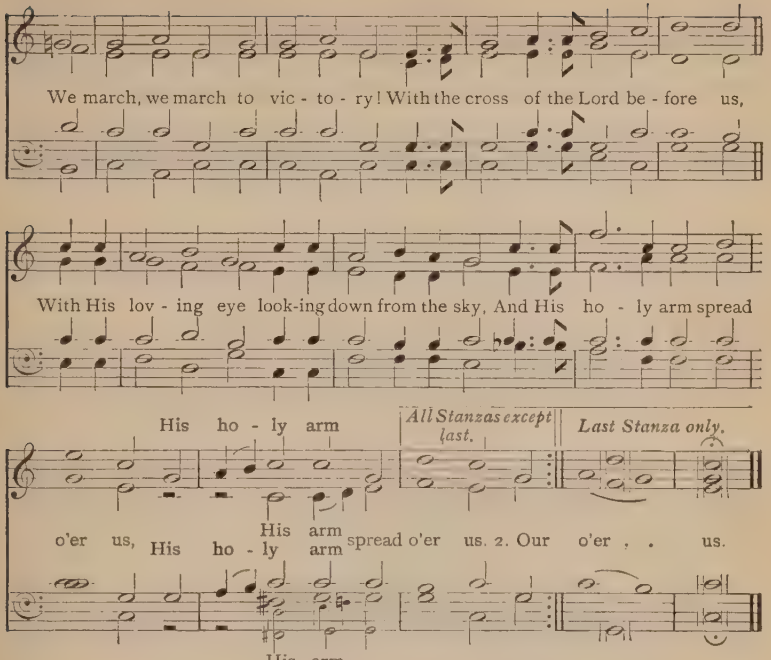
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 514

To Victory. P.M. J. Barnby.

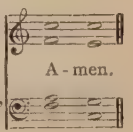

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
His
With His lov-ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His
ho - ly arm
His arm
ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In
His arm
reverent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the armies of night, That the
sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him


We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread
His ho - ly arm
All Stanzas except last.
Last Stanza only.
His arm
o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 2. Our o'er . . us.
His arm

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high.
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchward, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

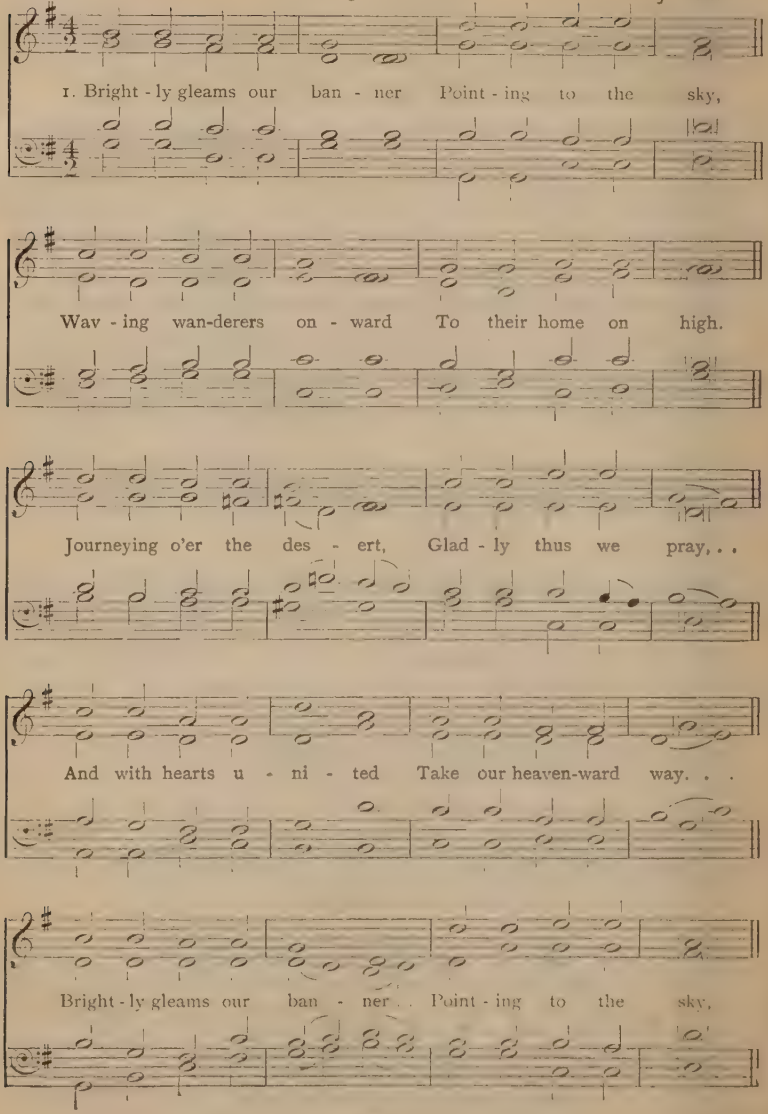
3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

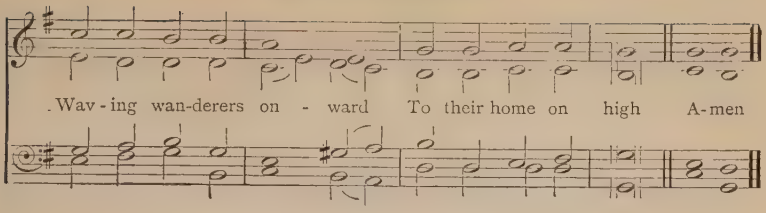
4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.




G. MOULTRIE.

ST ALBAN. 6.5., 12 lines. From J. HAYDN.


1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner Point - ing to the sky,
Wav - ing wan-derers on - ward To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, . .
And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heaven-ward way. . .
Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner . . Point - ing to the sky,



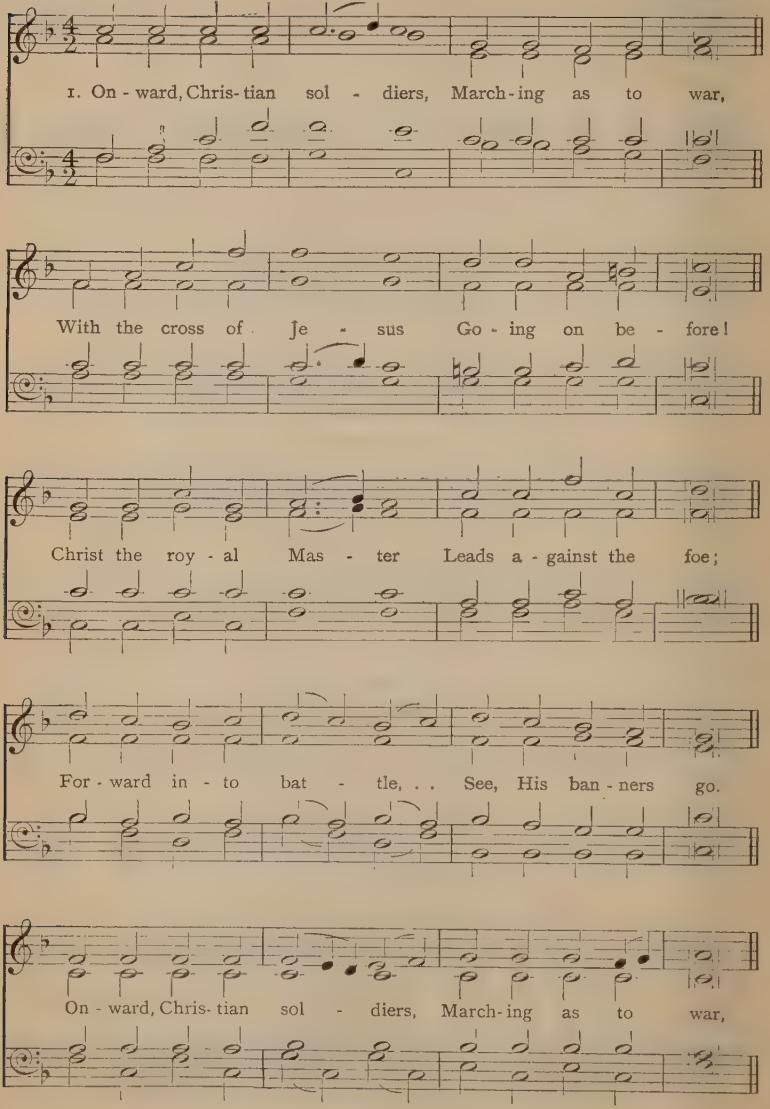

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

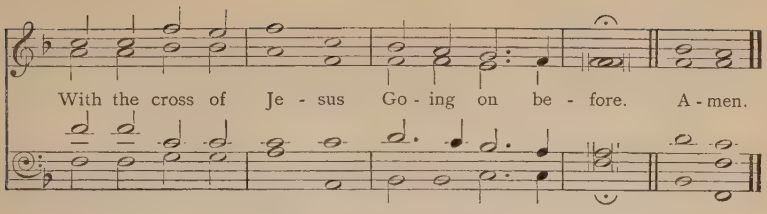
3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high. Amen.

T. J. POTTER.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5.6.5. D. A. SULLIVAN.


1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!
Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
For - ward in - to bat - tle, . . See, His ban - ners go.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,




2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity,
Onward, etc.

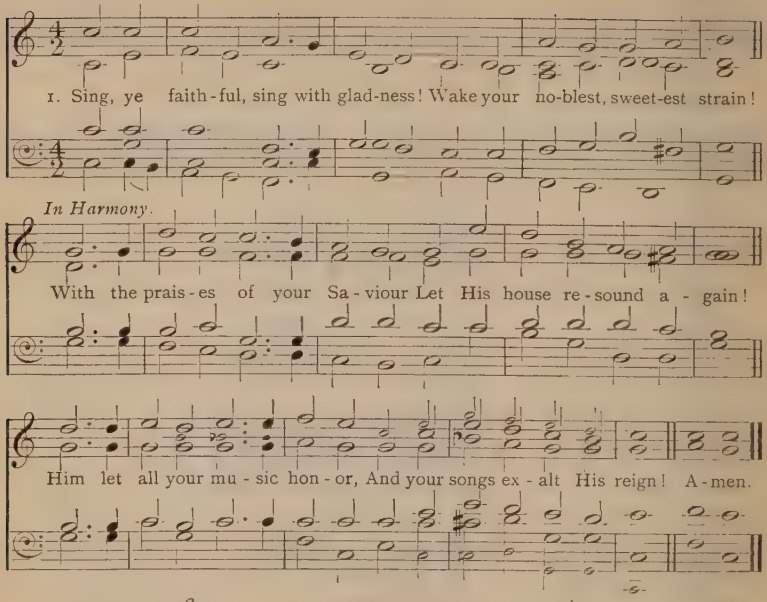
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before! Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

## 517

ST. HELEN. *Voices in Unison.* 8.7.8.7.8.7. G. C. MARTIN.


1. Sing, ye faith-ful, sing with glad-ness! Wake your no-blest, sweet-est strain!
In Harmony.
With the prais-es of your Sa-viour Let His house re-sound a-gain!
Him let all your mu-sic hon-or, And your songs ex-alt His reign! A-men.

2.

Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

3.

So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4.

Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

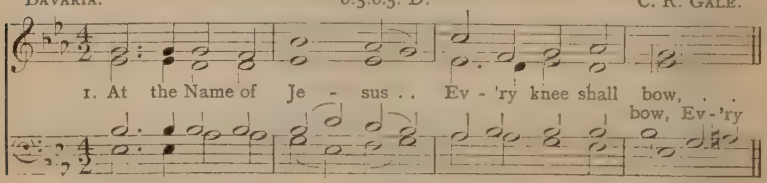
5.

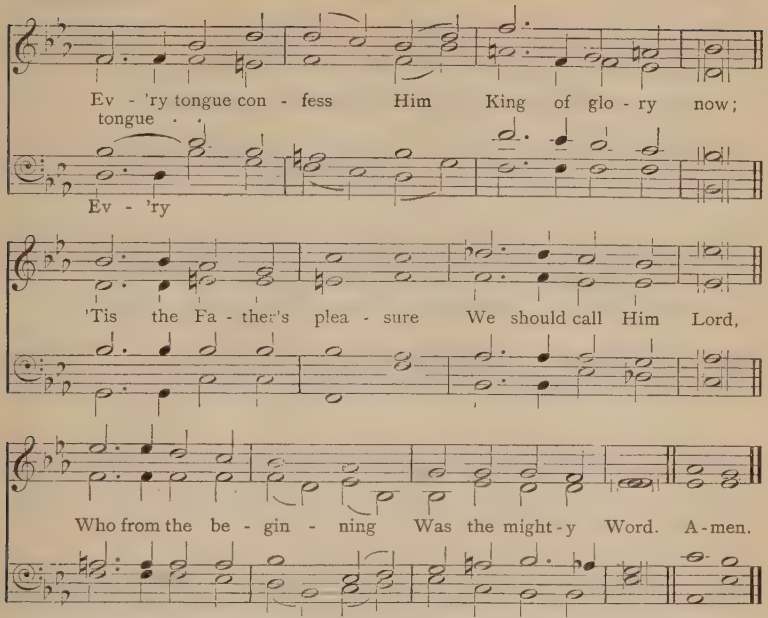
Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

## 518

BAVARIA. 6.5.6.5. D. C. R. GALE.




Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;
tongue
Ev - 'ry
'Tis the Fa - ther's plea - sure We should call Him Lord,
Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word. A - men.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

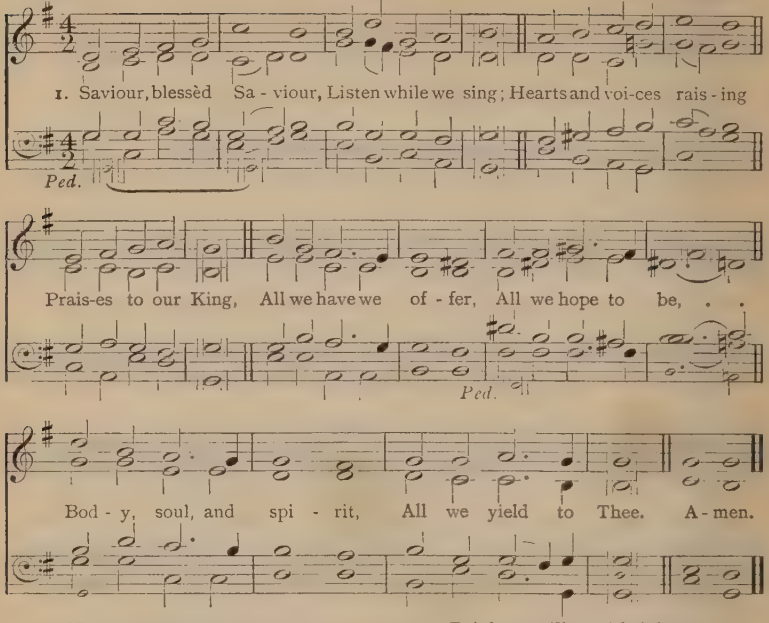
4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now. Amen

C. M. NOEL.

EDINA. 6.5.6.5. D. H. S. OAKELEY.


1. Saviour, blessèd Sa - viour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voi-ces rais - ing
Ped.
Prais-es to our King, All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, . .
Ped.
Bod - y, soul, and spi - rit, All we yield to Thee. A - men.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

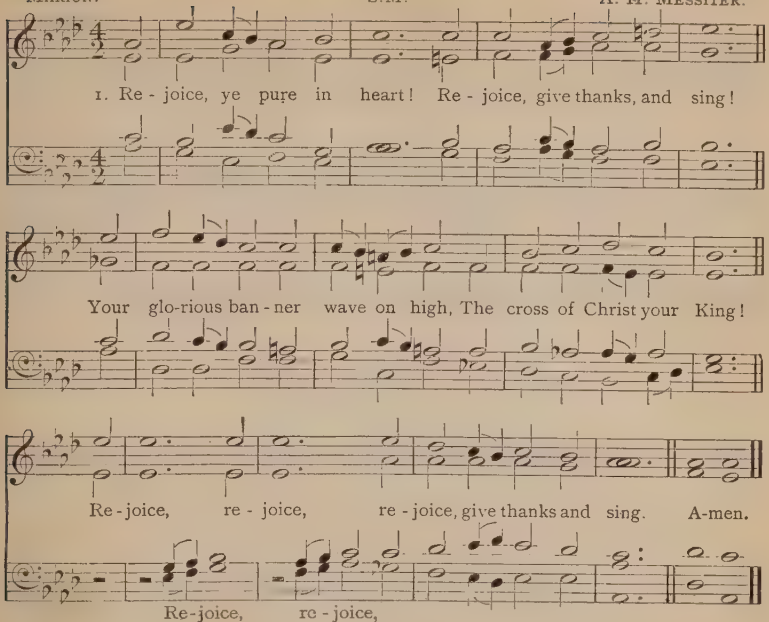
5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

G. THRING.

MARION. S.M. A. H. MESSITER.


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glo-rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!
Re-joice, re - joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing. A-men.
Re-joice, re - joice,

2.

Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song;
God's wondrous praises speak!

3.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4.

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5.

Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6.

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

7.

At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

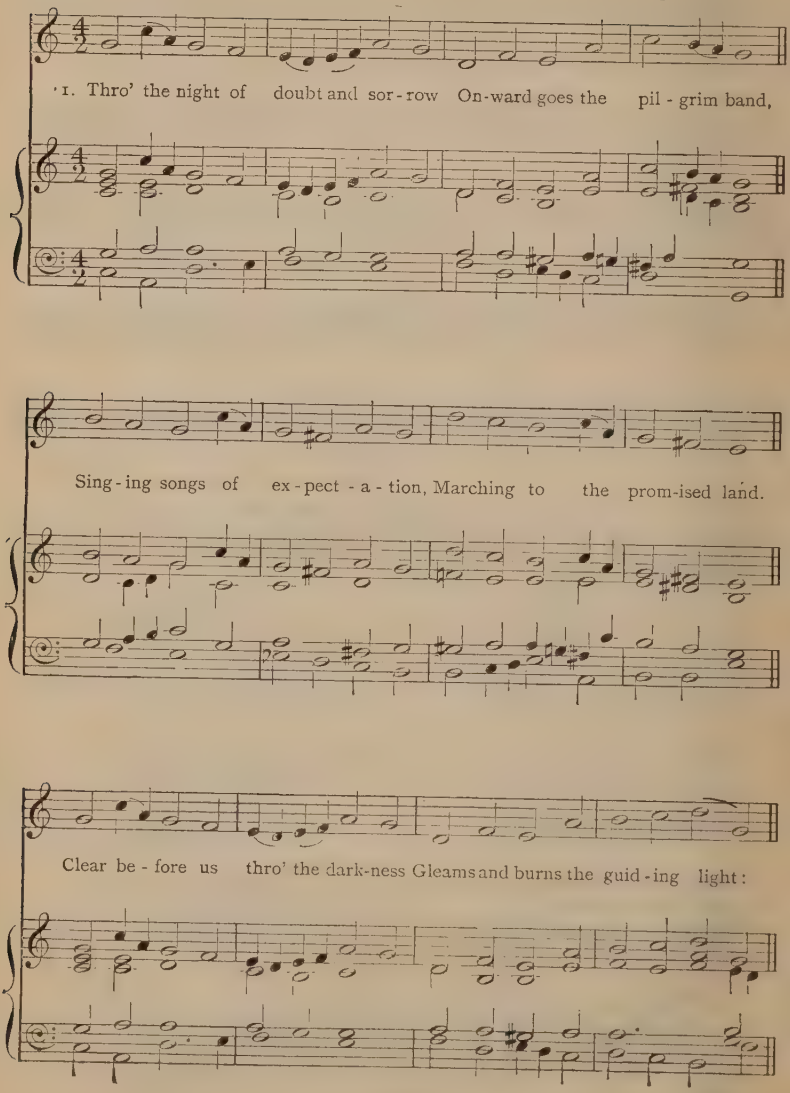
8.

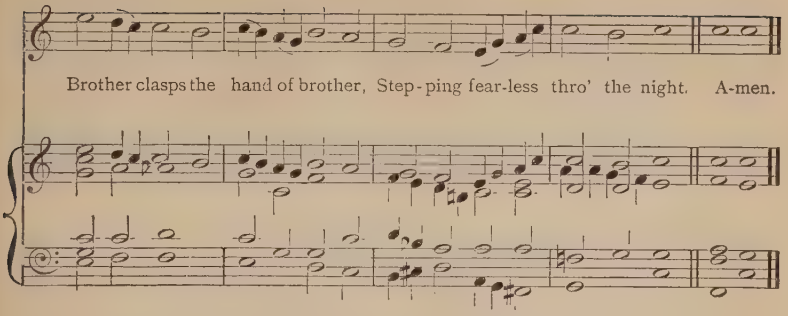
Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King! Amen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

From Messiter's Hymnal, used by per.

HARVARD HYMN. 8.7.8.7. D. J. K. PAINE.


1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pect - a - tion, Marching to the prom-ised land.
Clear be - fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light:



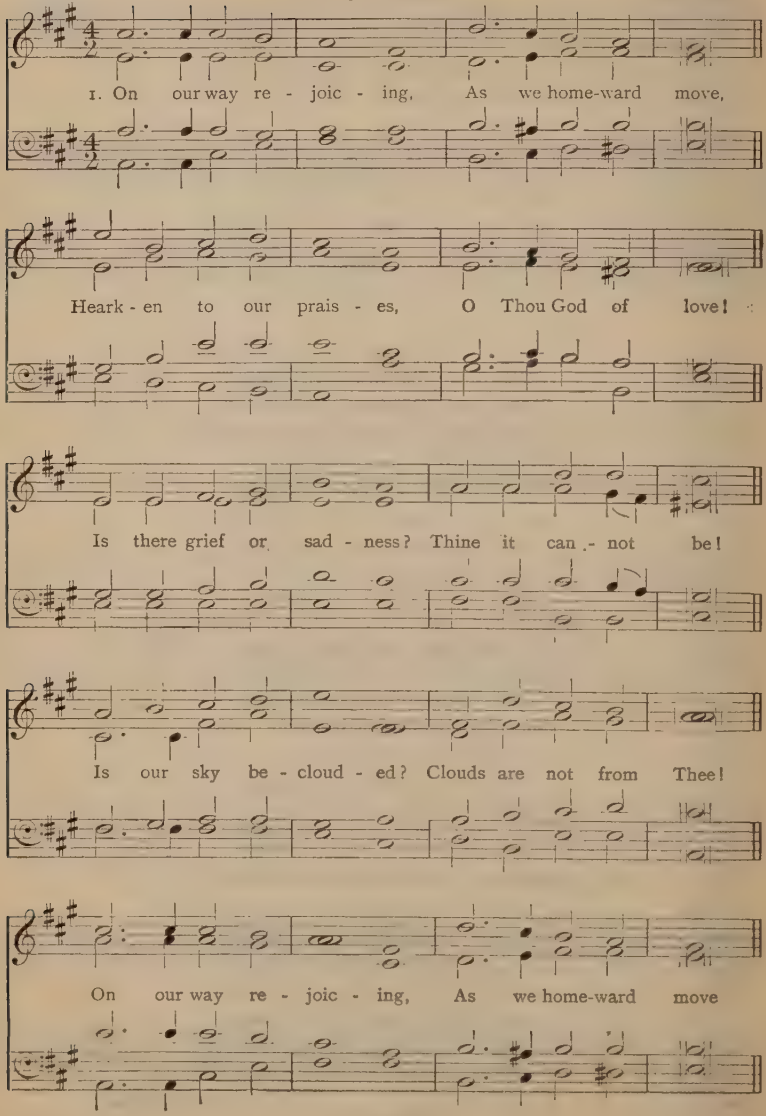

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

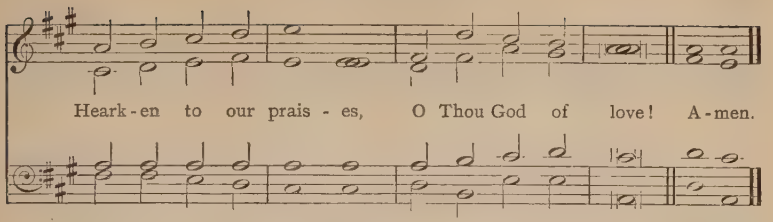
3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom Amen.

*Tr.* S. BARING-GOULD.

HERMAS. 6.5., 12 lines. F. R. HAVERGAL.


1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move,
Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee!
On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move



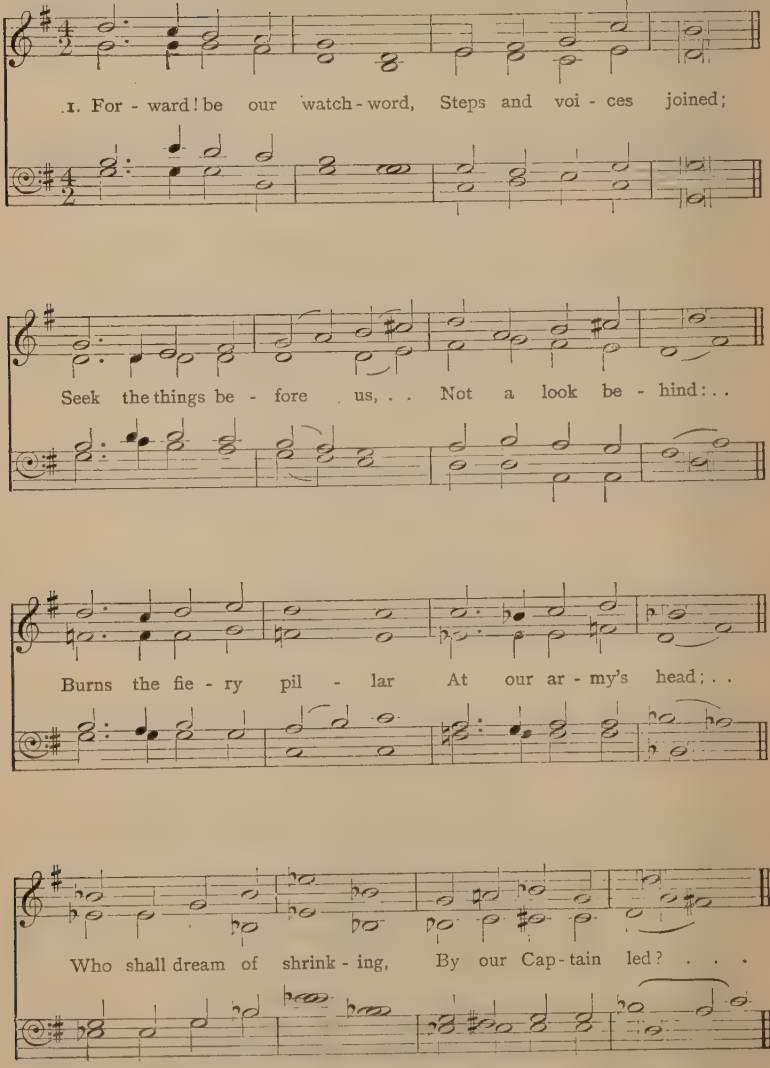

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader!
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing:
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring:
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

ECCE SIGNUM. 6.5., twelve lines. J. B. DYKES.


1. For - ward! be our watch - word, Steps and voi - ces joined;
Seek the things be - fore us, . . Not a look be - hind: . .
Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head; . .
Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap - tain led? . . .

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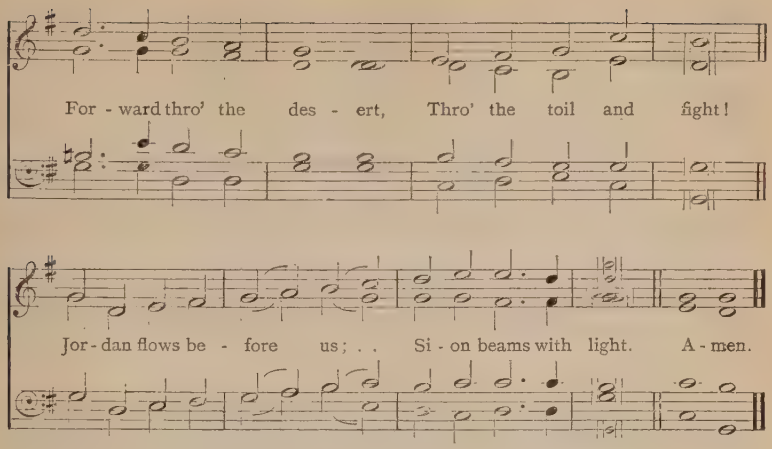



2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

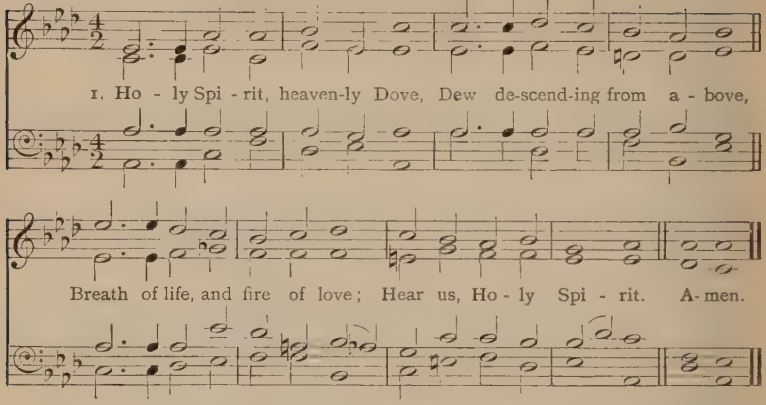
4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light! Amen.

H. ALFORD.

## 524

### LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

LITANY, No. 1. 7.7.7.6.




2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou, Whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed
With the true and living Bread,
Even Him Who for us bled;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

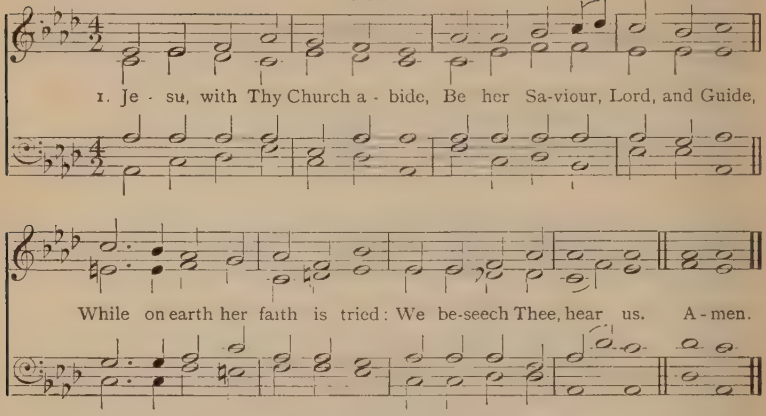
15 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart:
Never more from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

## LITANY OF THE CHURCH.

LITANY, No. 2. 7.7.7.6. E. H. TURPIN




2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us

7 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her priests Thy people feed
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy herald's warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

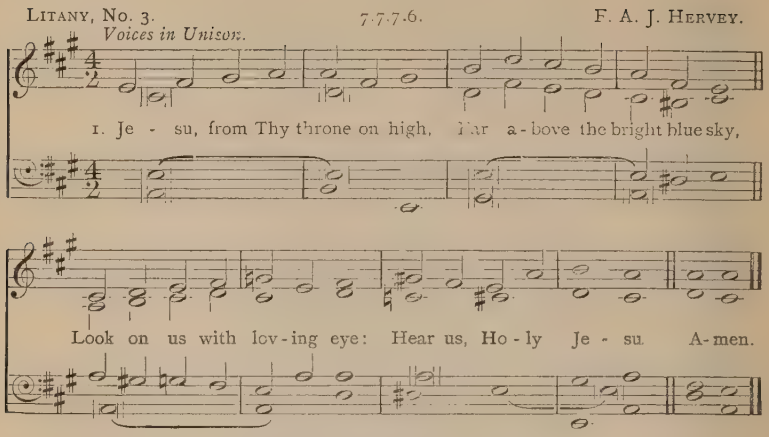
16 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessèd there:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

## LITANY FOR CHILDREN,


Litany, No. 3. 7·7·7·6. F. A. J. Hervey.
Voices in Unison.
1. Je - su, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su. A - men.

2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 Jesu, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

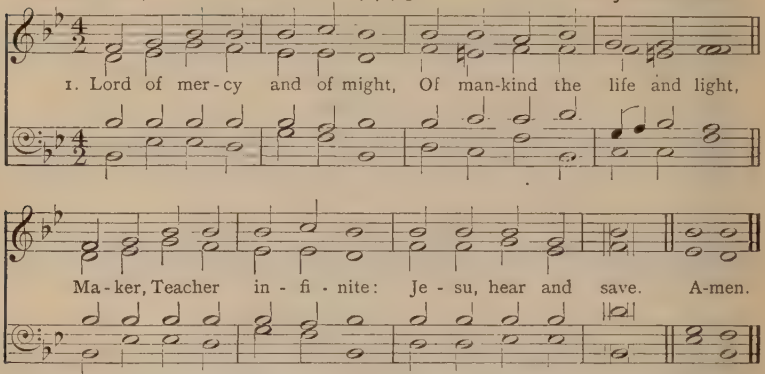
17 Jesu, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

## 527

### LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE.

LITANY, No. 4. 7·7·7·5. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
Jesu, hear and save.

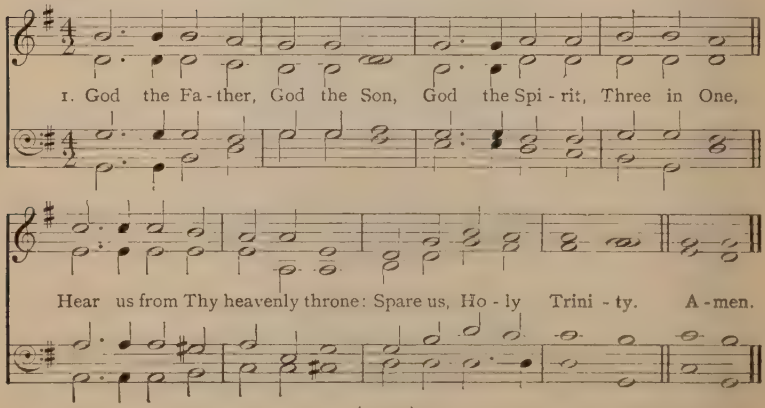
4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then:
Jesu, hear and save. Amen.

R. HEBER.

## 528

### LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE.

LITANY, No. 5. 7·7·7·6. A. SULLIVAN.



2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Thou Whose saddened look did chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till with bitter tears he cried:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Thou Who hanging on the tree
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me:"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offense,
And find truest penitence:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

10 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

11 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

12 That to sin forever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

13 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, Jesu. Amen.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

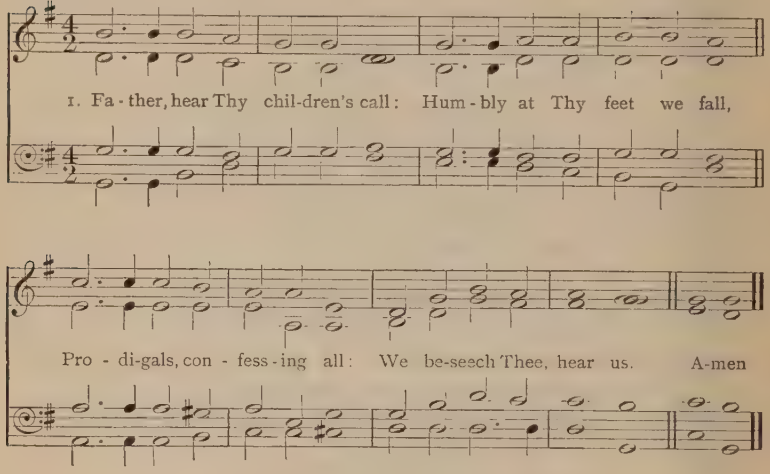
# Litanies.

## LITANY OF PENITENCE.

LITANY, No. 5.
PARTS I. AND III.

7·7·7·6.

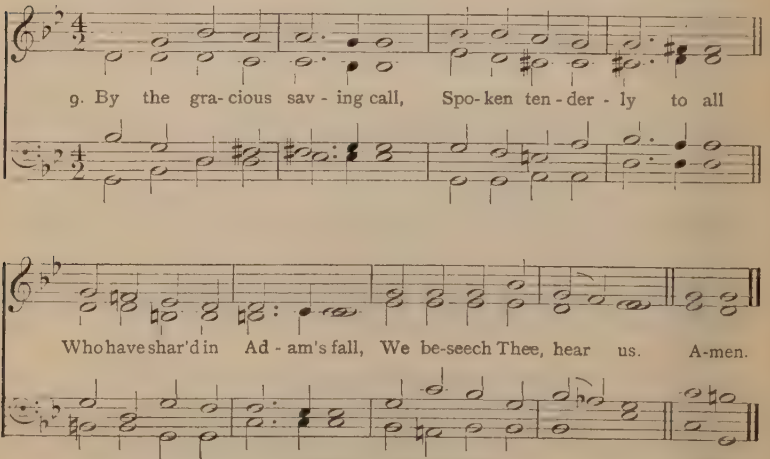
A. SULLIVAN.




LITANY, No. 6.
PART II.

7·7·7·6.

HORATIO PARKER.

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# Litanies.

## PART I.

1 Father, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

## PART II.

9 By the gracious saving call,
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

## PART III.

15 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

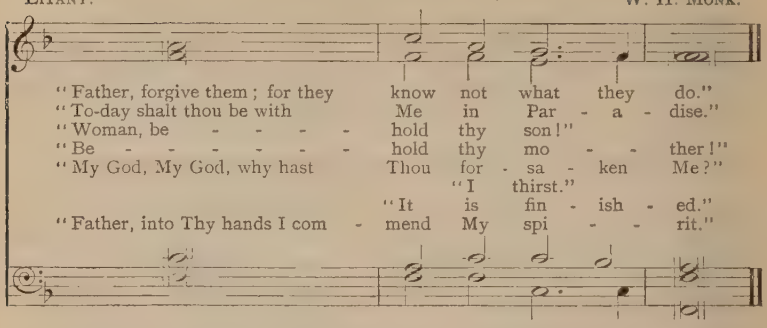
22 All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

## THE WORDS ON THE CROSS.

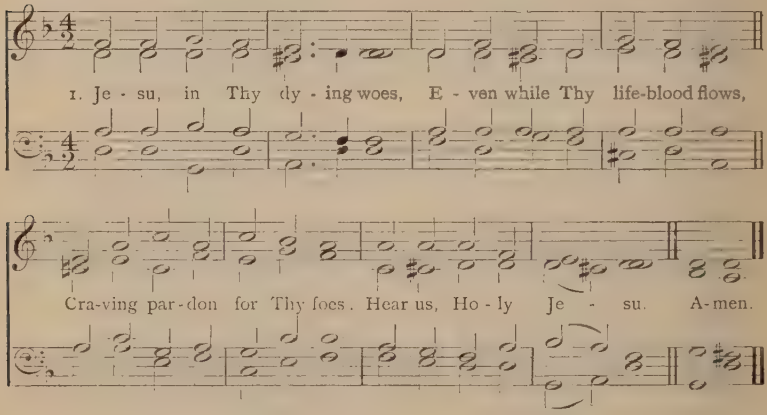
LITANY. W. H. MONK.


"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."
"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Par - a - dise."
"Woman, be - - - - - hold thy son!"
"Be - - - - - - - hold thy mo - - - ther!"
"My God, My God, why hast Thou for - sa - ken Me?"
"I thirst."
"It is fin - ish - ed."
"Father, into Thy hands I com - mend My spi - - - rit."

### PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE xxiii. 34.

THE LITANY. 7.7.7.6.




2.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3.

Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

# Litanies.

## PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." St. Luke xxiii. 43.

1 Jesu, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART III.

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!"—St. John xix. 26, 27.

1 Jesu, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART IV.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—St. Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART V.

"I thirst."—St. John xix. 28.

1 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil:
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VI.

"It is finished."—St. John xix. 30.

1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VII.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."—St. Luke xxiii. 46.

1 Jesu, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

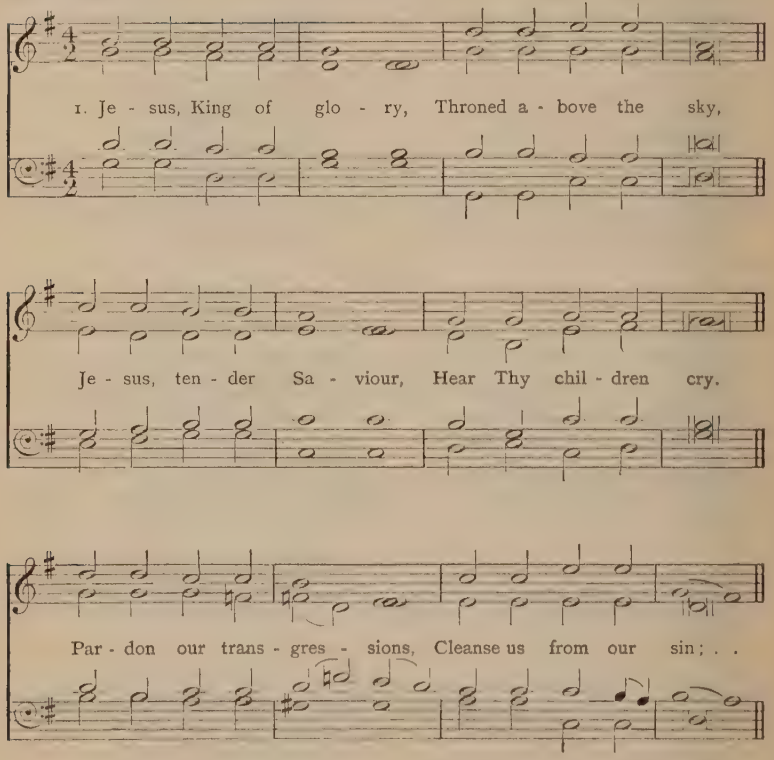
3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

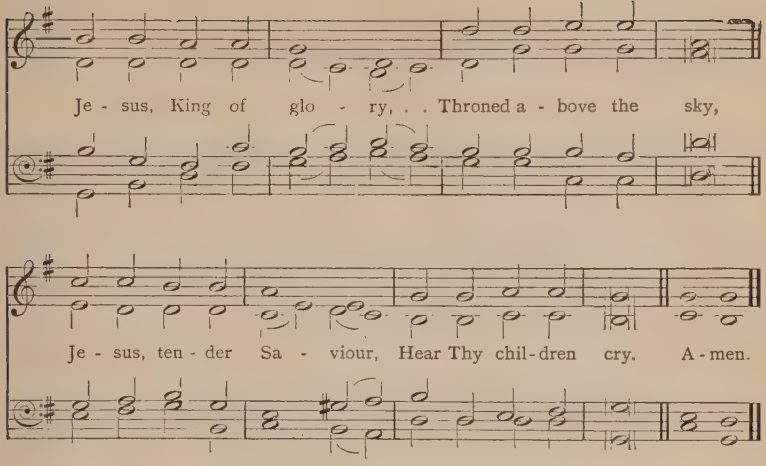
## For Children.

**531**

ST. ALBAN. 6.5., 12 lines. From J. HAYDN.


1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,
Je - sus, ten - der Sa - viour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.
Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin; . .
By Thy Spi - rit help us Heaven-ly life to win. . .

# For Children.




2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,
Jesu, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

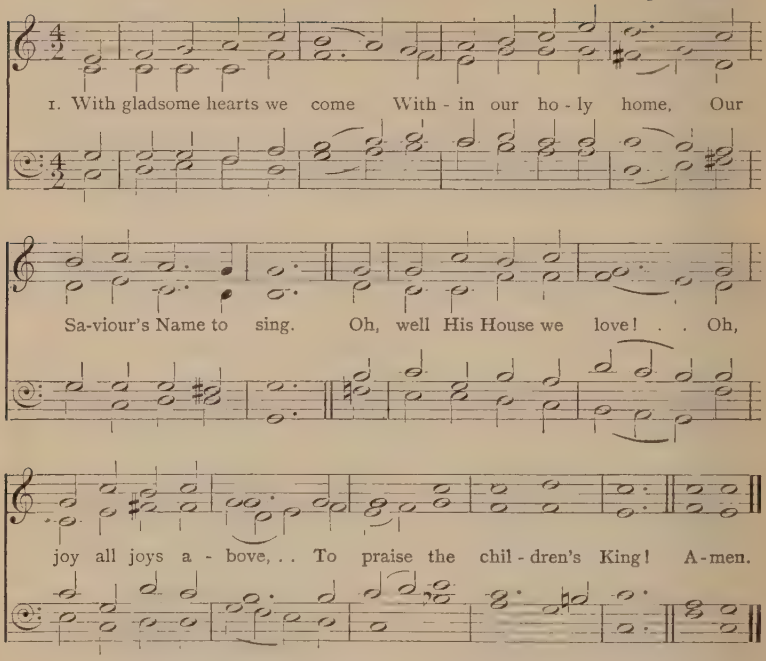
4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory:
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry. Amen.

W. H. DAVISON.

# For Children.

LAUDES DOMINI. Six 6's. J. BARNBY.


1. With gladsome hearts we come With - in our ho - ly home, Our
Sa-viour's Name to sing. Oh, well His House we love! . . Oh,
joy all joys a - bove, . . To praise the chil - dren's King! A - men.

2.

The angels sing on high
Thy glory through the sky,
And then to earth they wing;
To guard us while we sleep,
And, as their watch they keep,
To praise the children's King.

3.

Oh, may we, while we live,
Such willing service give,
A holy offering!
And still Thy glory show
By deeds of love below,
To praise the children's King.

4.

And may our hearts aspire
To join the heavenly choir,
Whose strains forever ring;
And learn on earth their hymn,
The song of seraphim,
To praise the children's King.

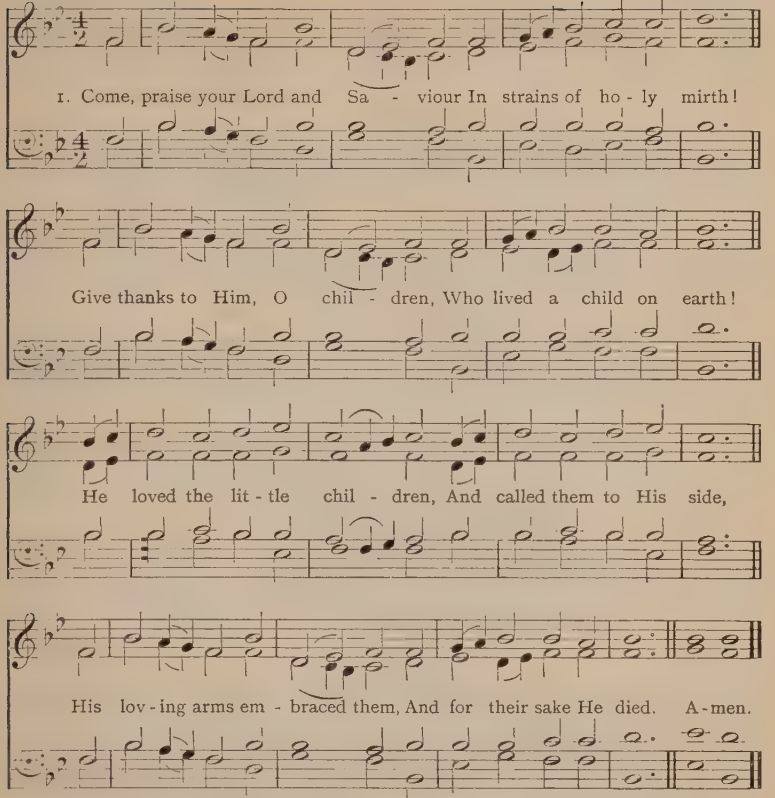
5.

O Light of Light, to Thee
Let earth and sky and sea
Eternal homage bring;
And grant us through Thy love,
Before Thy throne above
To praise the children's King. Amen.

L. MACLEOD.

# For Children.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6. D. German.


1. Come, praise your Lord and Sa - viour In strains of ho - ly mirth!
Give thanks to Him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth!
He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to His side,
His lov - ing arms em - braced them, And for their sake He died. A - men.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

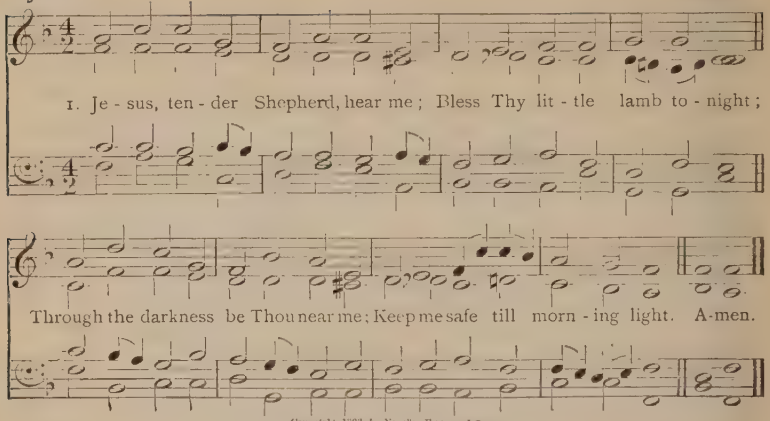
3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
Oh, give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow. Amen

W. W. HOW.

## 534

JESU PASTOR. 8.7.8.7. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - men.

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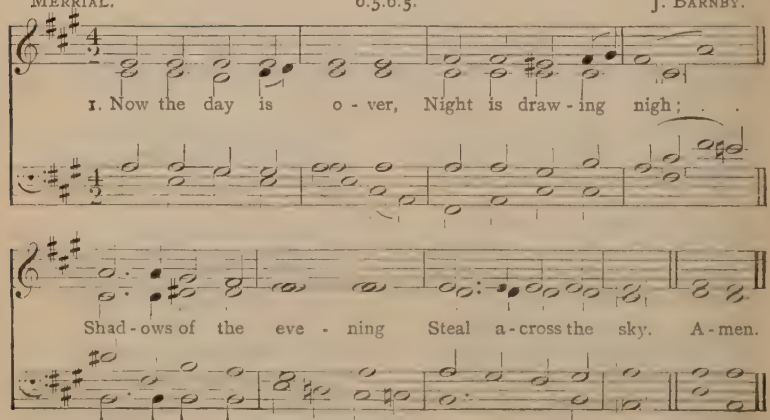
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

MRS. M. L. DUNCAN.

## 535

MERRIAL. 6.5.6.5. J. BARNBY.



2.
Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3.
Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4.
Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

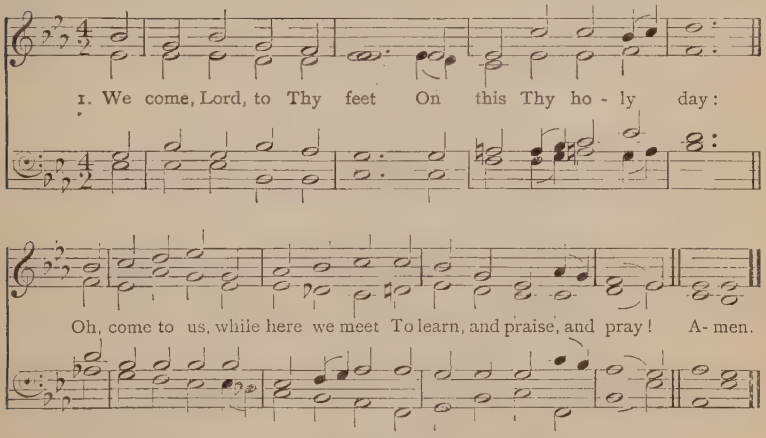
5.
Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6.
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

## 536

GRAY. S.M. HORATIO PARKER.



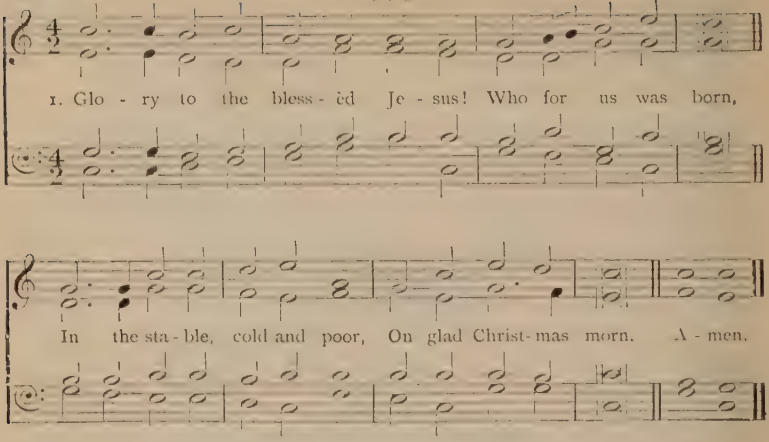

2.
Our many sins forgive;
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3.
Lord, fill our hearts with love;
Our teachers' labors own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

*Tune Copyright, 1903, by Novello, Ewer and Co.*

BERNARD. S 5.7 5.




2 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us He died.

3 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter day.

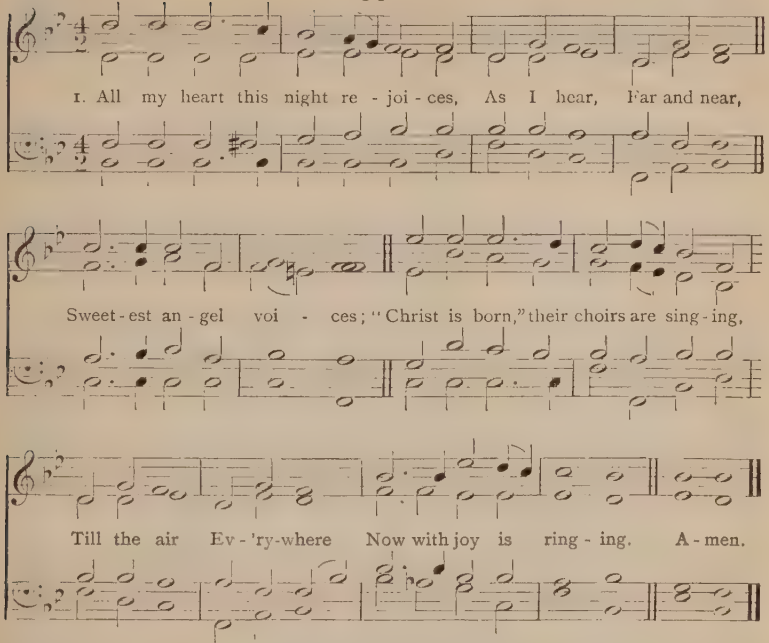
4 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
He, Who is our Way,
Went up in a cloud to heaven,
On Ascension day.

5 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who, at Whitsuntide,
Sent His Holy Spirit down,
With us to abide.

6 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
We will praise His love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

STELLA. 8.3.3.6. D. HORATIO PARKER.


1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

2.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger! [you,
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3.

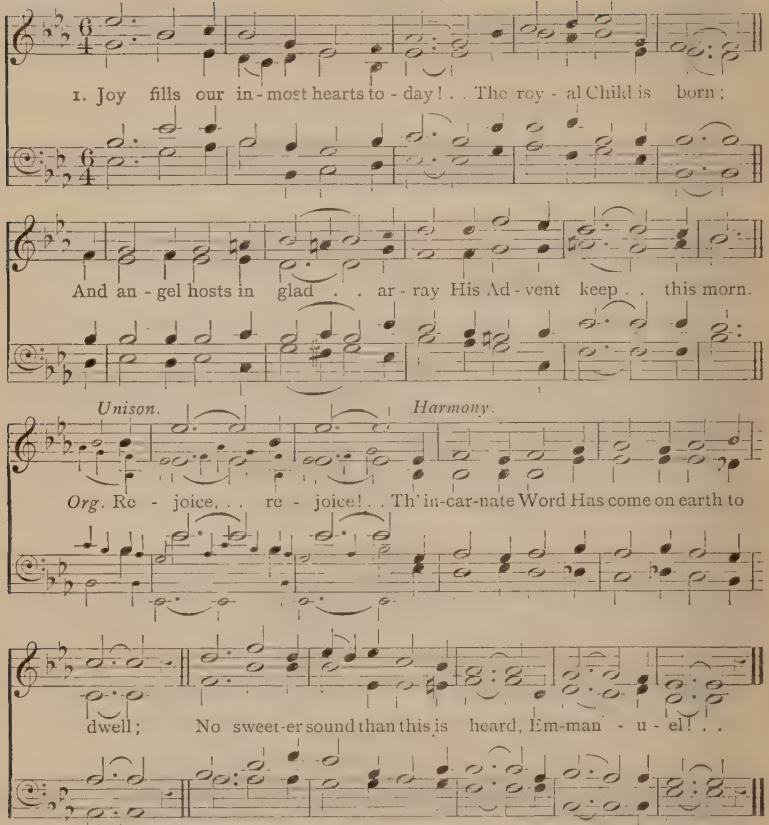
Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4.

Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

*Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

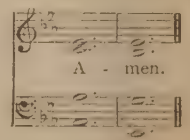
DIES NATALIS. 8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4. C. H. LLOYD


1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! . . The roy - al Child is born;
And an - gel hosts in glad . . ar - ray His Ad - vent keep . . this morn.
Unison.
Harmony.
Org. Re - joice, . . re - joice! . . Th'in-car-nate Word Has come on earth to
dwell; No sweet-er sound than this is heard, Em-man - u - el! . .

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, etc.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! Th'incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
Emmanuel!




W. C. DIX.

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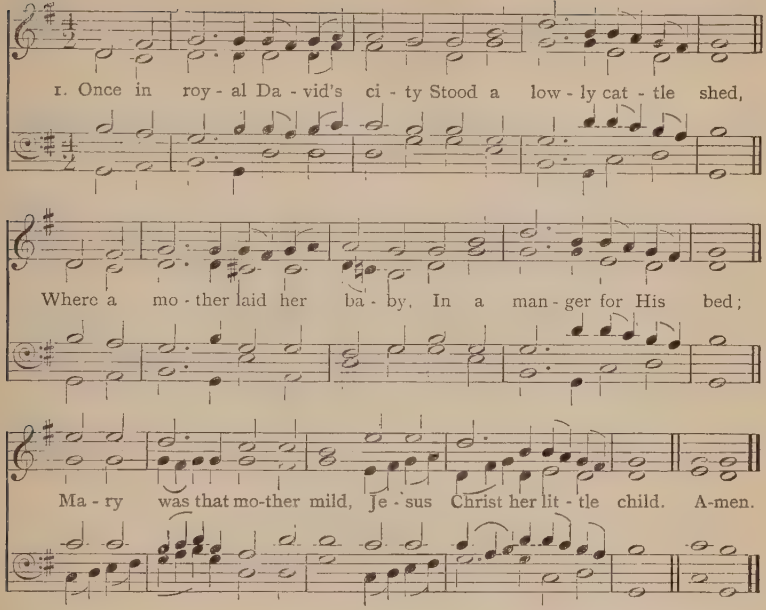
# For Children.

IRBY. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed;
Ma - ry was that mo-ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child. A-men.

2.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4.

For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew:
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5.

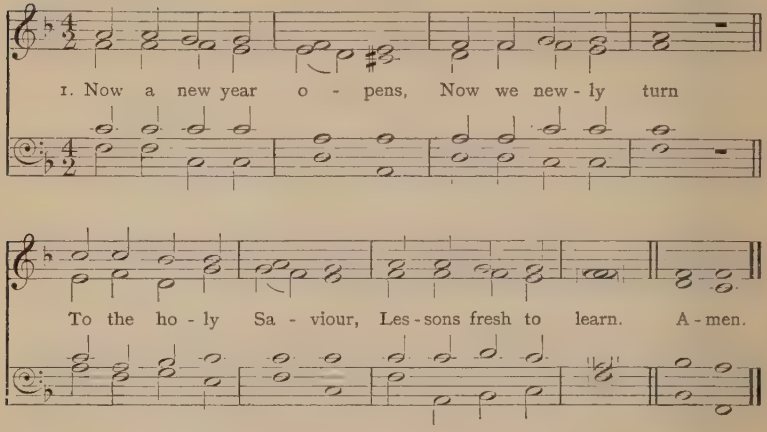
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5. F. FILITZ.




2.

This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3.

Of Thy cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

4.

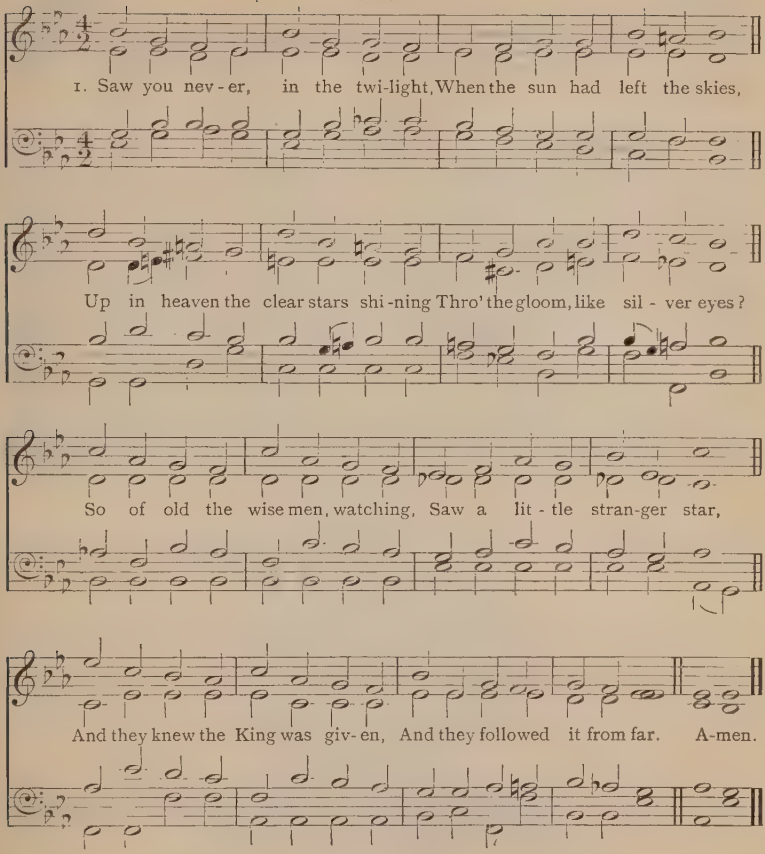
Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5.

In Thy blessèd footsteps
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led. Amen.

S. C. CLARKE.

ADVENT. 8.7.8.7. D. B. TOURS.


1. Saw you nev-er, in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shi-ning Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star,
And they knew the King was giv-en, And they followed it from far. A-men.

2.

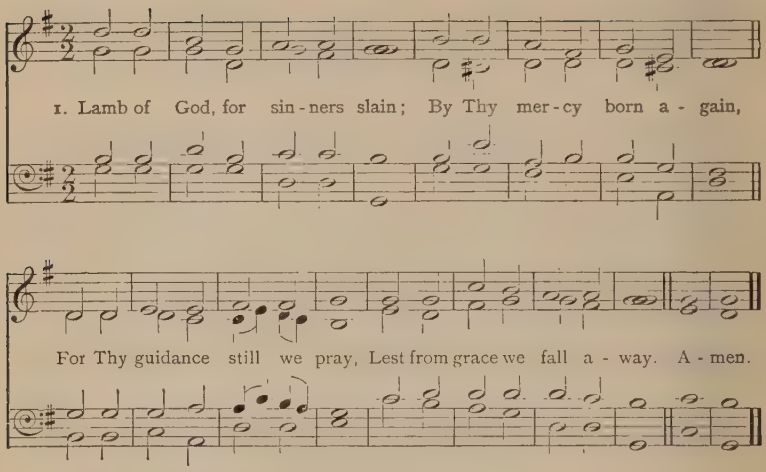
Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3.

Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.
Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

GUIDANCE. Four 7's. J. H. WILLCOX.




2.

By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the Water and the Blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Holy may we ever be.

3.

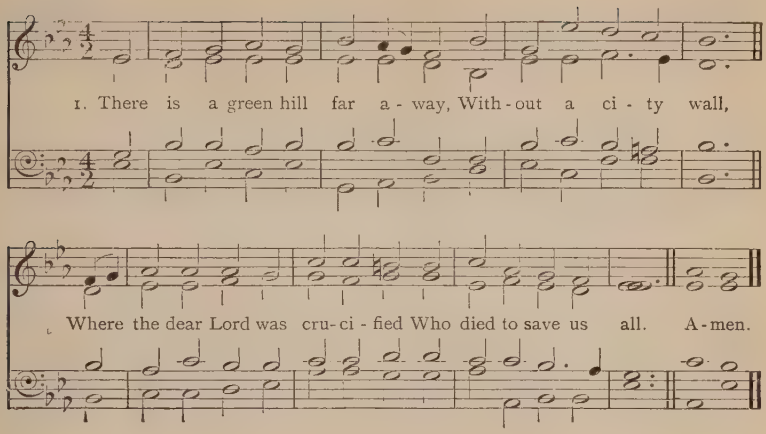
Aid us with Thy daily grace
Steadfastly to run our race;
Grant us victory in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.

4.

Praise to Thee, from all on earth,
God, Who gavest us new birth;
Praise from all the heavenly host;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

J. R. WOODFORD.

HORSLEY. C.M. W. HORSLEY.




2.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

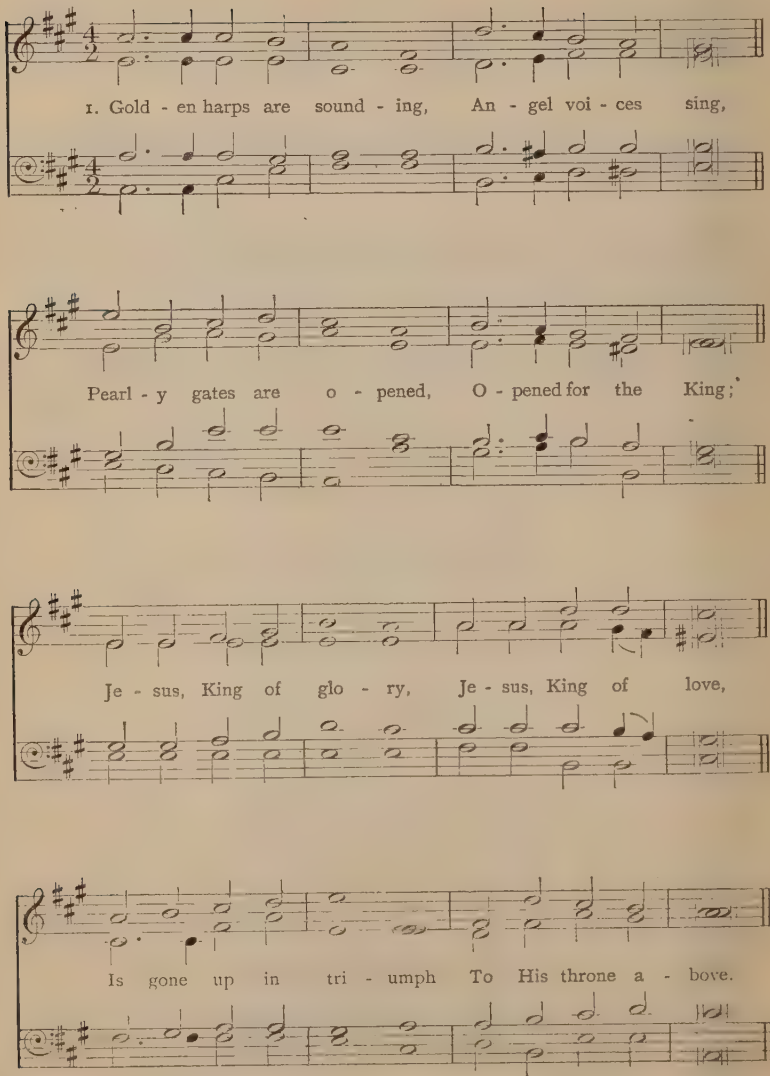
5.

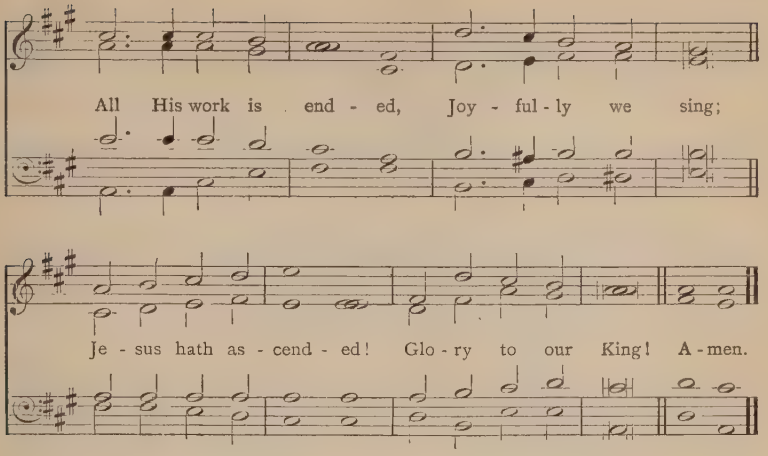
Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

# For Children.

HERMAS. 6.5., 12 lines. F. R. HAVERGAL.


1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces sing,
Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King;
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.



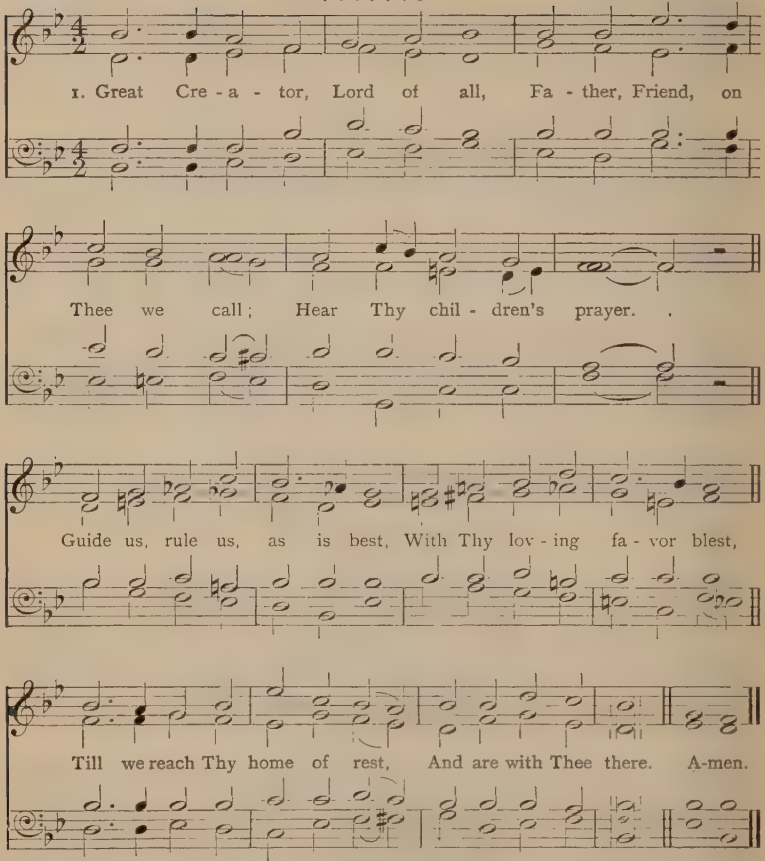

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

# For Children.

GREAT CREATOR. 7·7·5·7·7·7·5. MYLES B. FOSTER.


1. Great Cre - a - tor, Lord of all, Fa - ther, Friend, on
Thee we call; Hear Thy chil - dren's prayer.
Guide us, rule us, as is best, With Thy lov - ing fa - vor blest,
Till we reach Thy home of rest, And are with Thee there. A-men.

2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,
Who dost plead Thy death on high,
And our place prepare;
From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
Till with joy Thy face we see,
And Thy likeness wear.

*Tune Copyright, 1902, by Novello and Company, Limited.*

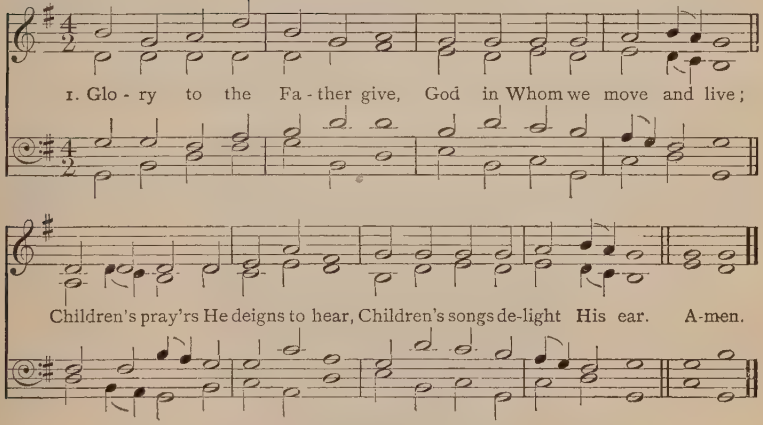
3 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Pureness, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore;
Guide our spirits when we pray,
Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

4 Ever blessèd Three in One,
May Thy will in us be done,
Show in us Thy love;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

## 547

NUREMBERG. Four 7's. J. R. AHLE.


1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in Whom we move and live;
Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear, Children's songs de-light His ear. A-men.

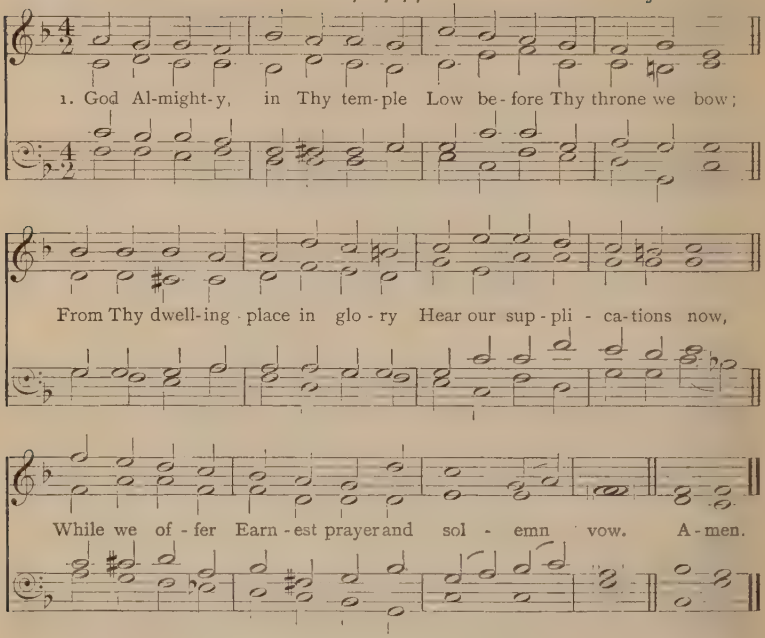
2 Glory to the Son we bring
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love." Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ETON COLLEGE. 8 7.8.7.4.7. J. BARNBY.


1. God Al-might-y, in Thy tem-ple Low be-fore Thy throne we bow;
From Thy dwell-ing place in glo-ry Hear our sup-pli-ca-tions now,
While we of-fer Earn-est prayer and sol-emn vow. A-men.

2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old;
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

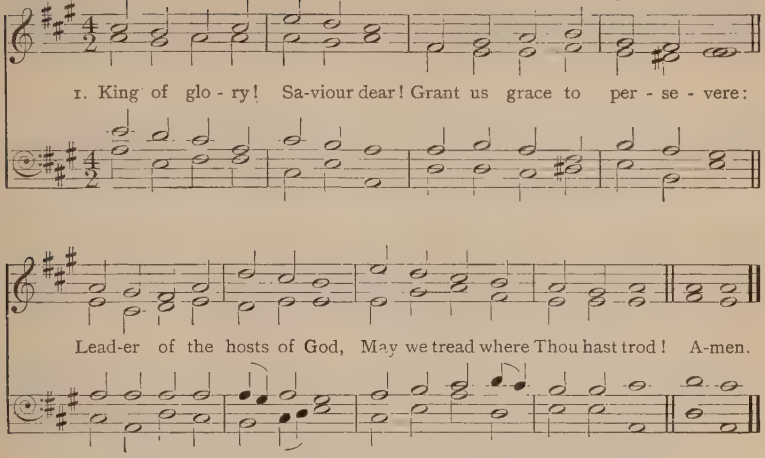
3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;
Ever dwell our hearts within;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife;
Let Thine angel-guards surround us
In each sore and bitter strife:
Oh, preserve us
Unto everlasting life! Amen.

R. H. BAYNES.

# For Children.

VIENNA. Four 7's. J. H. KNECHT.




2.

Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died:
How can we, Thy children, show
All our love, for all Thy woe?

3.

They for Thee faced ax and wheel,
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel;
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name;

4.

Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or bitter word;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere.

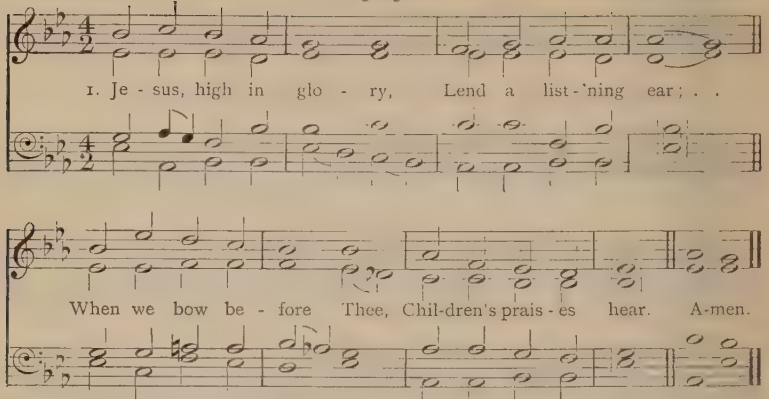
5.

Persevere! Thy yoke is light,
Persevere! Thy crown is bright.
Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King! Amen.

MRS. E. H. MITCHELL.

## 550

ENON. .6.5.6.5. O. M. FEILDEN.




2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

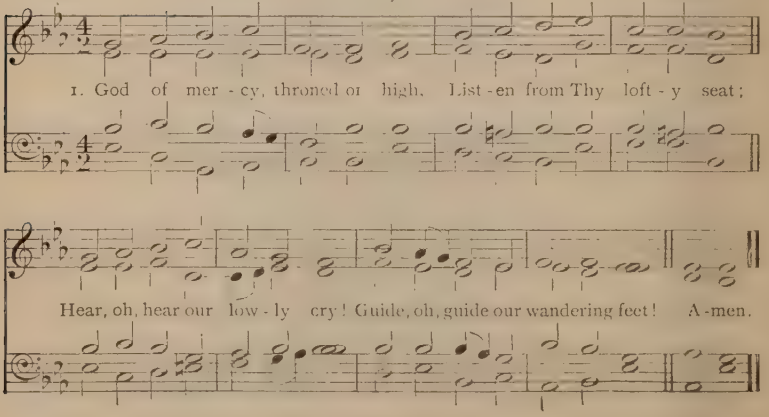
4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come. Amen.

J. E. CLARK.

## 551

GIBBONS. Four 7's. O. GIBBONS.



2.

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3.

Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Make us, take us, keep us Thine.

4.

When perplexed in dangers' snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with deepest care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5.

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day:
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

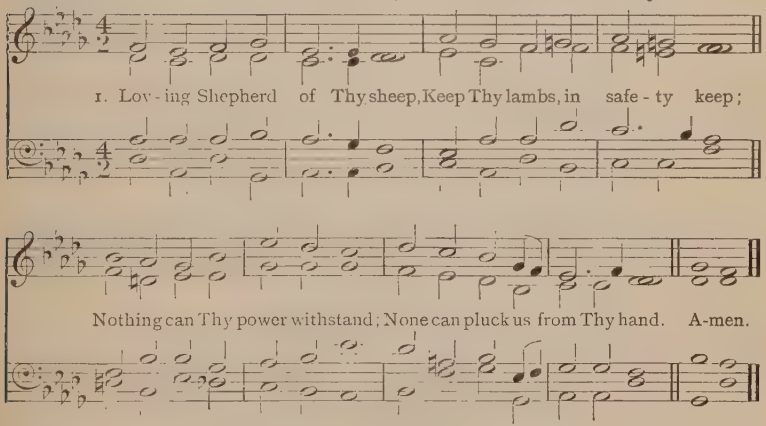
6.

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

H. NEELE.

## 552

DULCE. Four 7's. J. BARNBY.


1. Lov - ing Shepherd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand. A-men.

2.

Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3.

We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

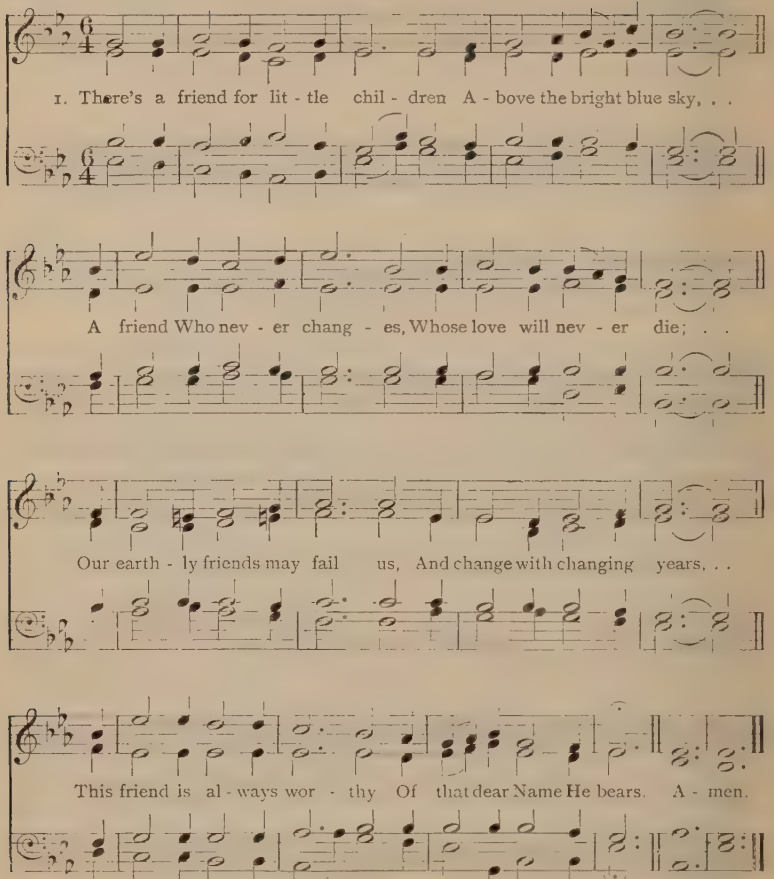
5.

Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.
Amen.

J. E. LEESON.

## 553

IN MEMORIAM. 7.6.7.6. D. J. STAINER


1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, . .
A friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die; . .
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years. . .
This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears. A - men.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

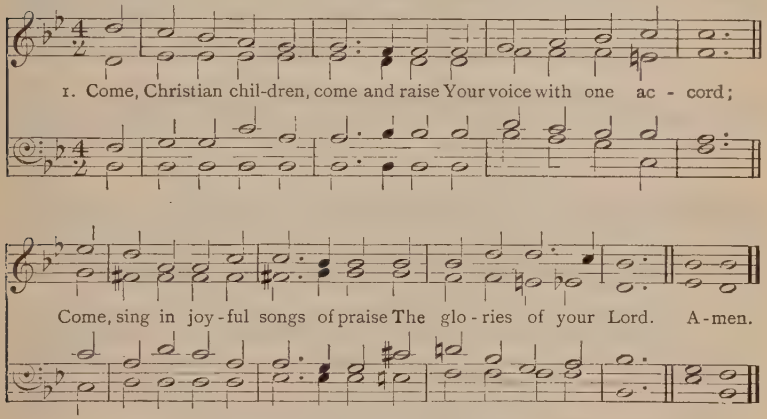
4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.
Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

## 554

MOUNT CALVARY. C.M. R. P. STEWART.


1. Come, Christian chil-dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
Come, sing in joy-ful songs of praise The glo-ries of your Lord. A-men.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him Who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

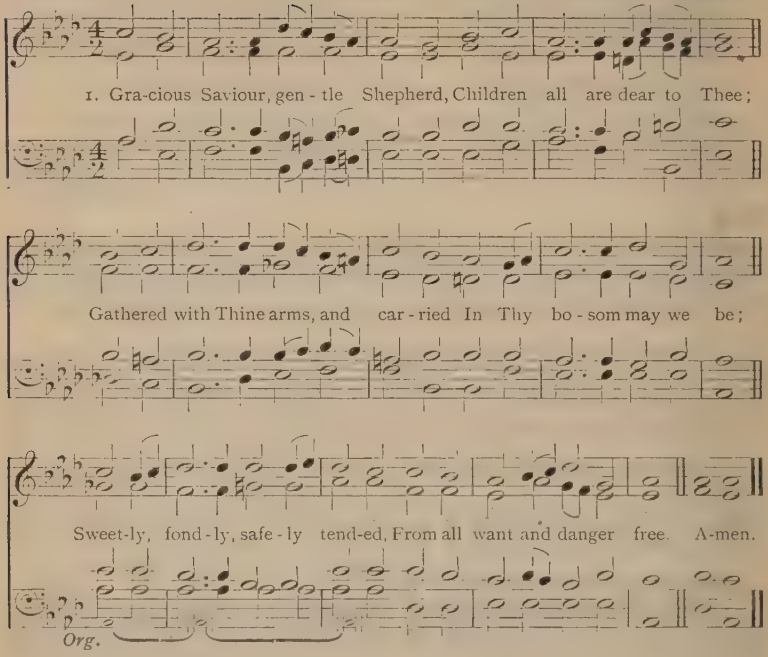
3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His right hand in bliss. Amen.

D. A. THRUPP.

REQUIEM. 8.7.8.7. W. A. F. SCHULTHES.


1. Gra-cious Saviour, gen - tle Shepherd, Children all are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be;
Sweet-ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend-ed, From all want and danger free. A-men.
Org.

2.

Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3.

Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side:
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thy own still waters glide.

4.

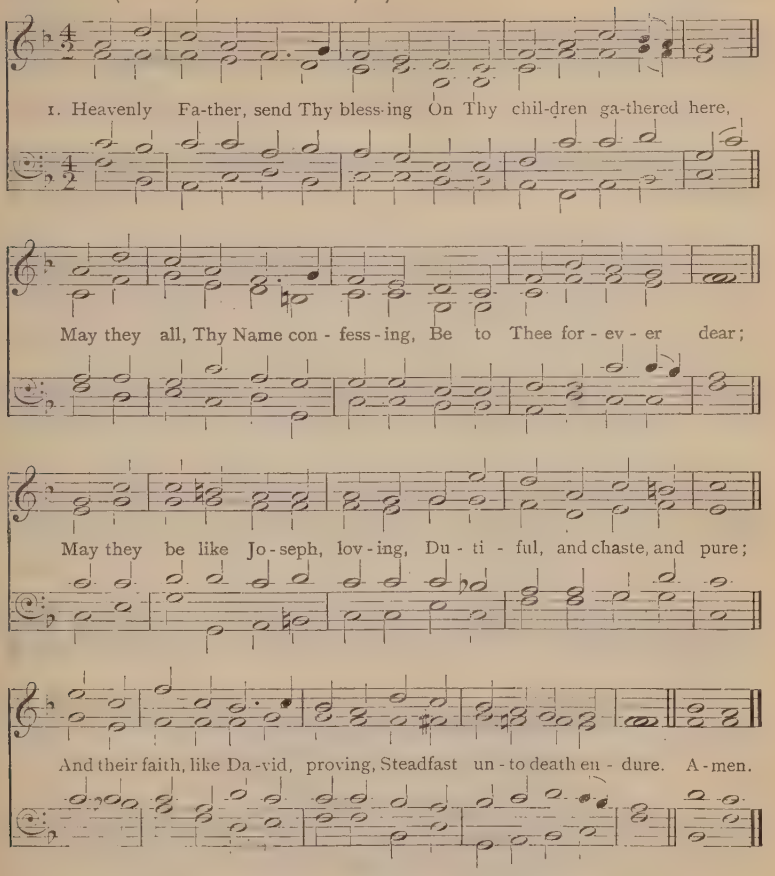
Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light:
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

5.

Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.
Amen.

J. E. LEESON. J. KEBLE.

BETHANY (ENGLISH). 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.


1. Heavenly Fa-ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren ga-thered here,
May they all, Thy Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;
May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like Da - vid, proving, Steadfast un - to death en - dure. A - men.

2.

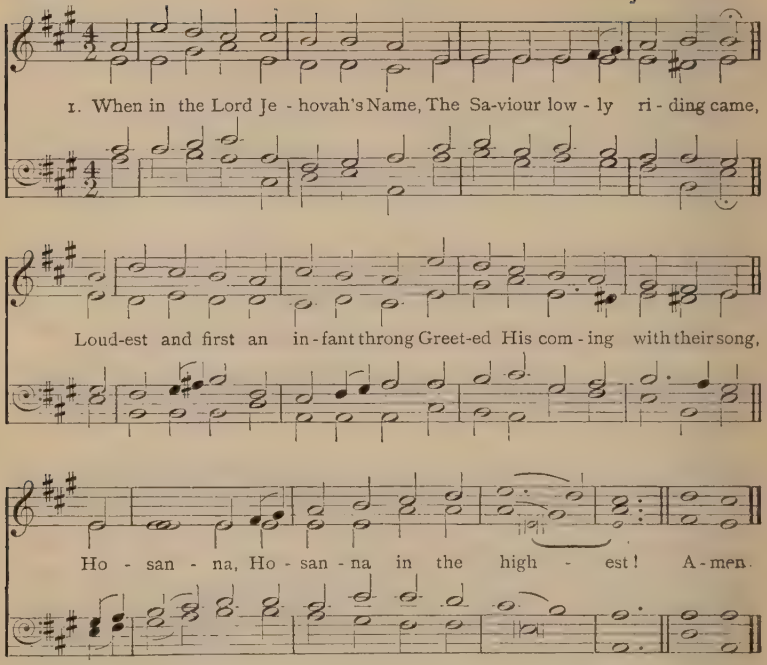
Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be, [ness,
Guide their steps and help their weak-
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

HOSANNA. 8.8.8.8.11. J. B. DYKES.


1. When in the Lord Je - hovah's Name, The Sa-viour low - ly ri - ding came,
Loud-est and first an in - fant throng Greet-ed His com - ing with their song,
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - men.

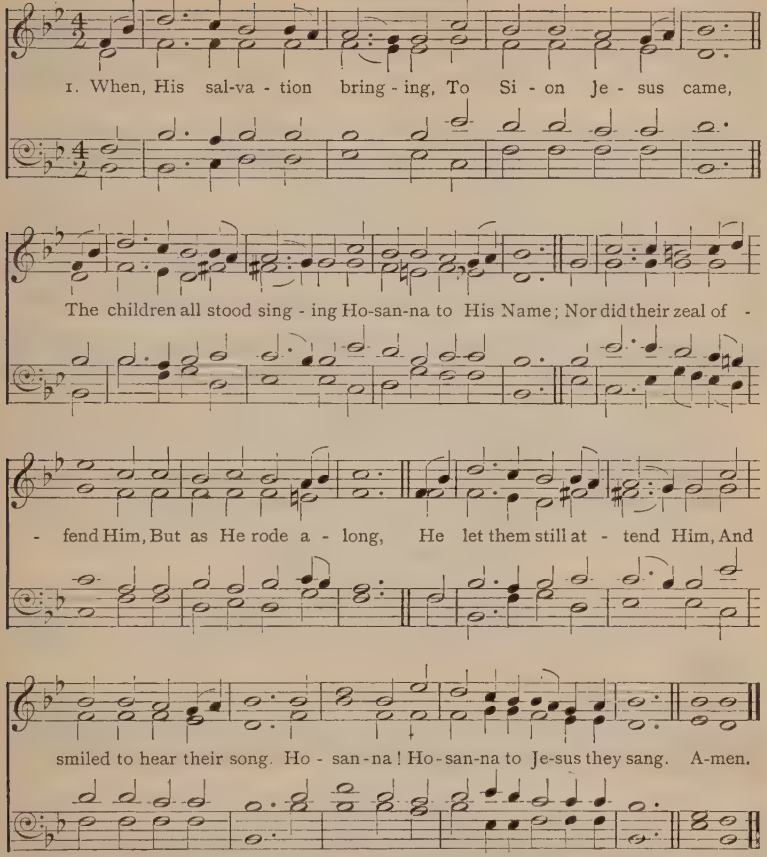
2 We too are taught to know the Lord,
To fear His Name, to read His Word;
And though we simple are and young,
Can praise Him with our joyful song,
Hosanna in the highest!

3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by
To judgment from His throne on high;
And from the saints' assembled throng
Shall burst upon the world the song,
Hosanna in the highest!

4 Then may our youthful band be found
With coronals of triumph crowned;
Raising, the heavenly hosts among,
Our chorus of eternal song,
Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

H. ALFORD.

MEHUL. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.8. E. N. MEHUL.


1. When, His sal-va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on Je - sus came,
The children all stood sing - ing Ho-san-na to His Name; Nor did their zeal of -
- fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And
smiled to hear their song. Ho - san - na! Ho-san-na to Je-sus they sang. A-men.

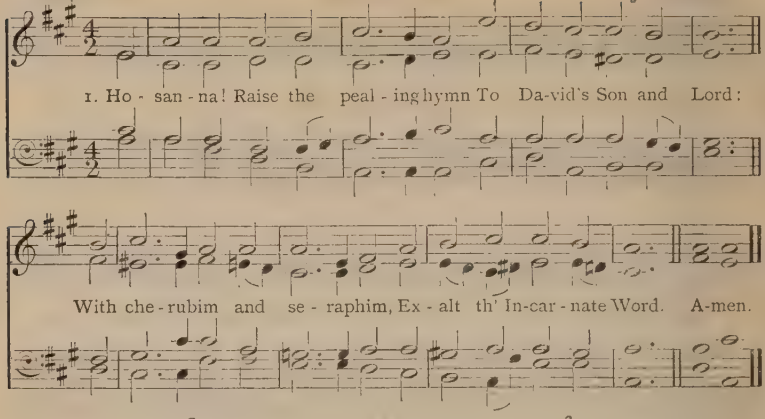
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Sion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus, our King. Amen.

J. KING.

## 559

LAUD. C.M. J. B. DYKES.




2.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.

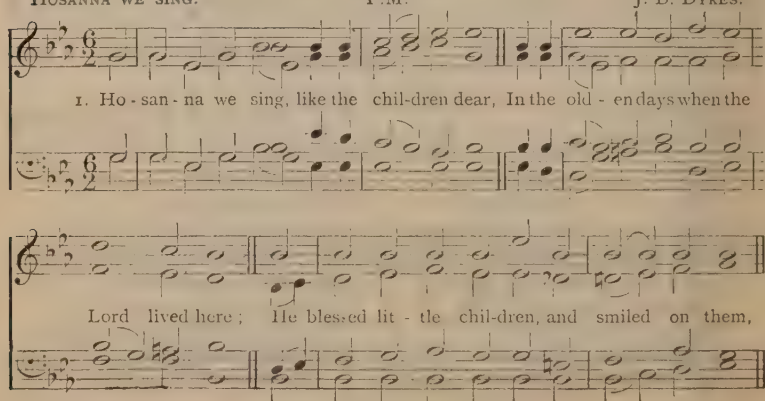
4.

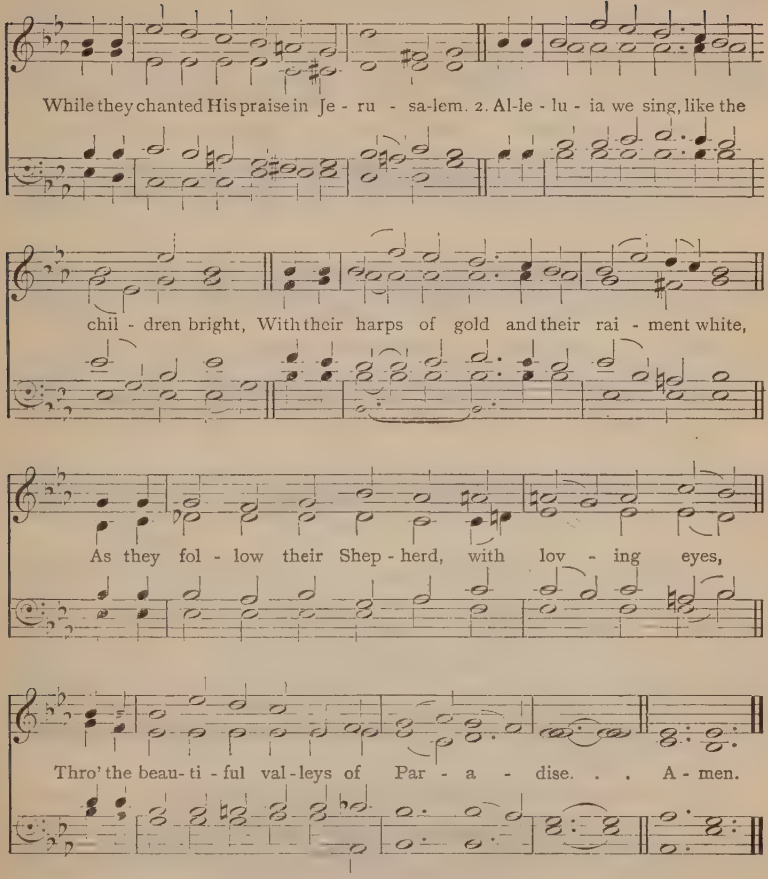
Hosanna! Once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our ever grateful song. Amen.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

## 560

HOSANNA WE SING. P.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil-dren dear, In the old - en days when the
Lord lived here; He bless-ed lit - tle chil-dren, and smiled on them,


While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa-lem. 2. Al-le - lu - ia we sing, like the
chil - dren bright, With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
As they fol - low their Shep - herd, with lov - ing eyes,
Thro' the beau- ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise. . . A - men.

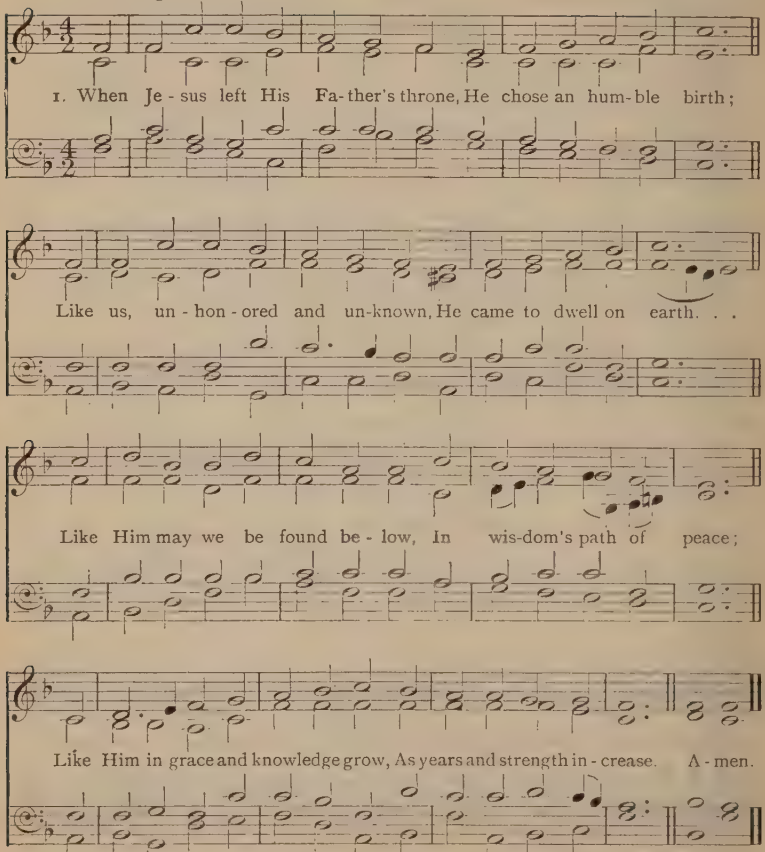
3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

4 Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. Amen.

G. S. HODGES.

CAROL. C.M. D. Old English.

*To be sung in Unison.*


1. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth;
Like us, un - hon - ored and un-known, He came to dwell on earth. . .
Like Him may we be found be - low, In wis-dom's path of peace;
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in - crease. A - men.

2.

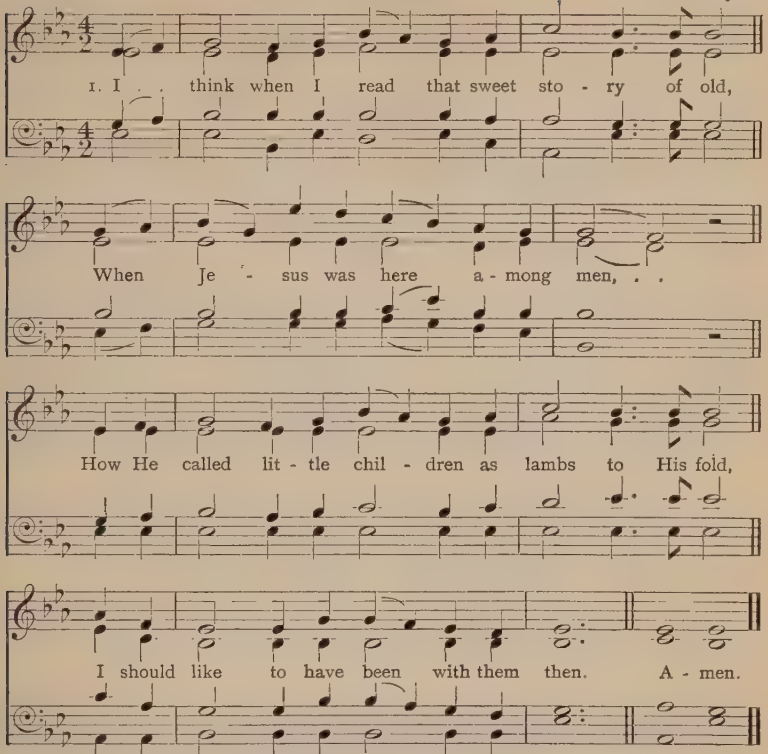
Sweet were His words and kind His look.
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we forever lie.

3.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around; [strowed
For joy they plucked the palms, and
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

SALAMIS. P.M. Greek Melody.


1. I . . think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old,
When Je - sus was here a - mong men, . .
How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

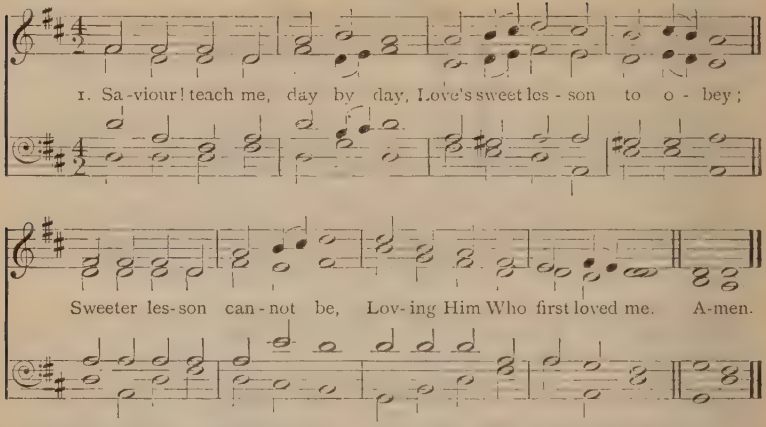
4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.

MRS. J. T. LUKE.

## 563

FERRIER. Four 7's. J. B. DYKES.




2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him who first loved me.

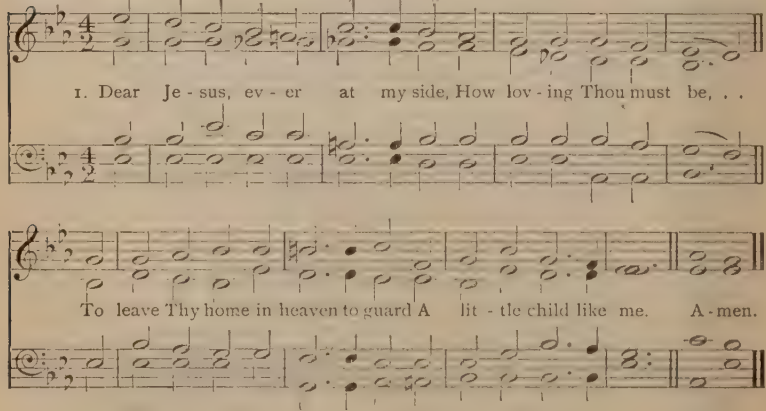
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me.
Amen.

J. E. LEESON.

## 564

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY.



2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

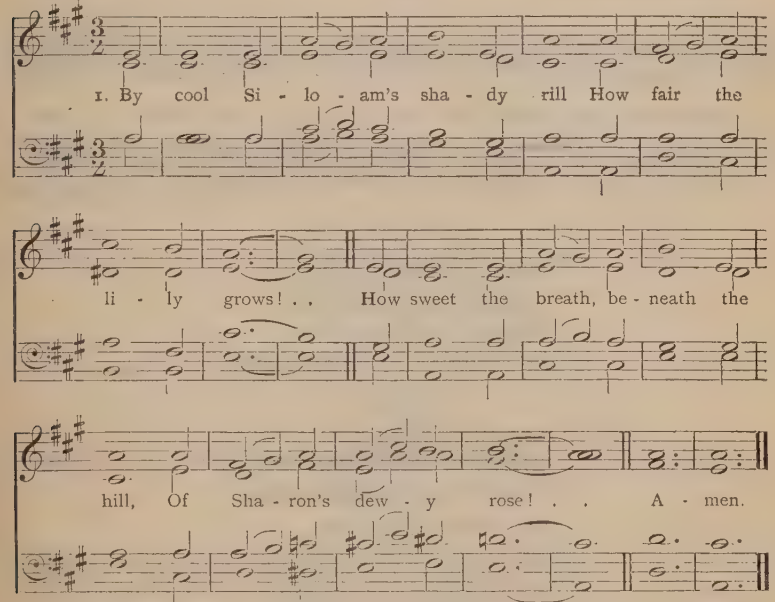
4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

## 565

SILOAM. C.M. *St. Alban's Tune Book.*




2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay: [hill
The rose that blooms beneath the
Must shortly fade away.

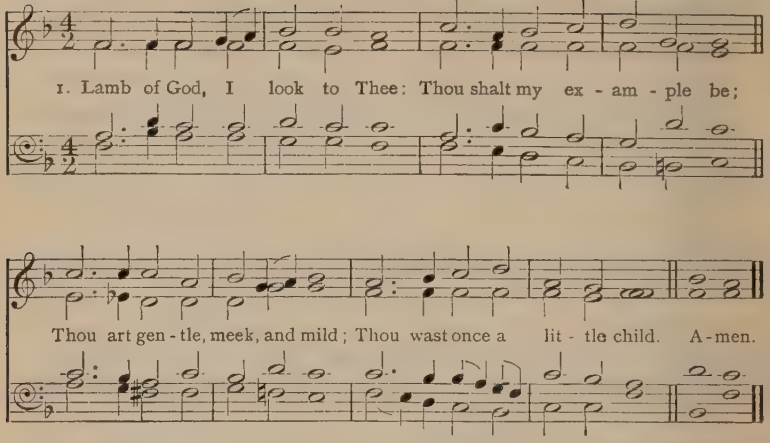
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age [power,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine: [crowned,

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

R. HEBER.

GLEBE FIELD Four 7's. J. B. DYKES.




2.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3.

Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4.

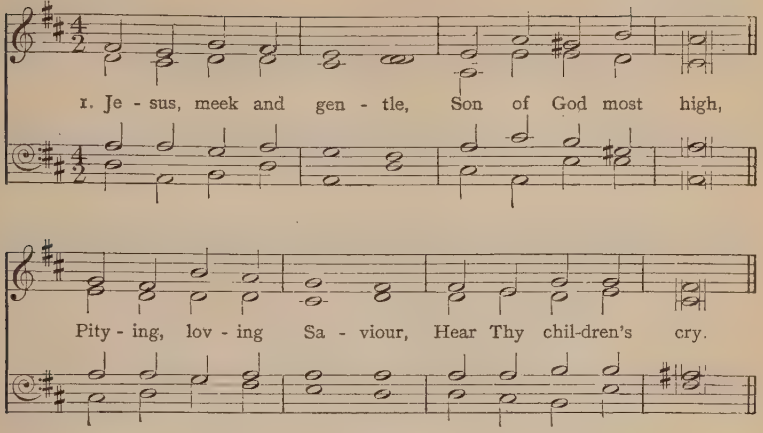
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy Child in me. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. CONSTANTINE. 6.5.6.5. W. H. MONK.

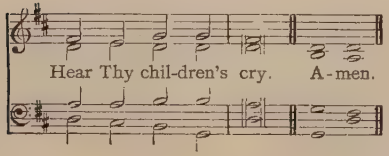



2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

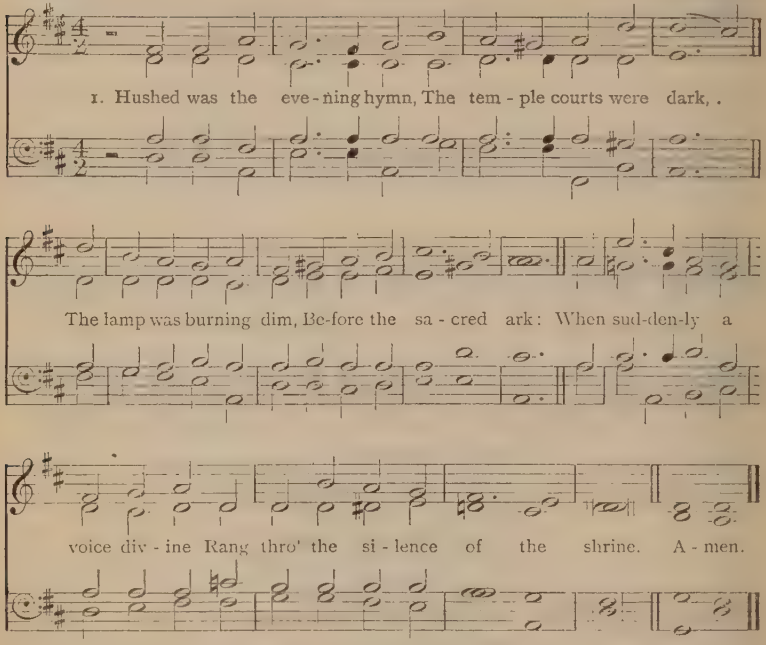
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,




G. R. PRYNNE.

SAMUEL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. A. SULLIVAN.


1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim, Be-fore the sa - cred ark: When sud-den-ly a
voice div - ine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

2.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4.

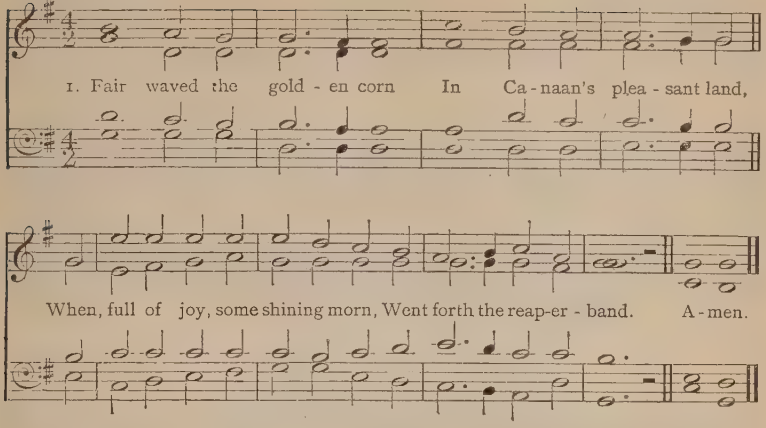
Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

GOLDEN CORN. S.M. J. B. CALKIN.




2.

To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3.

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

4.

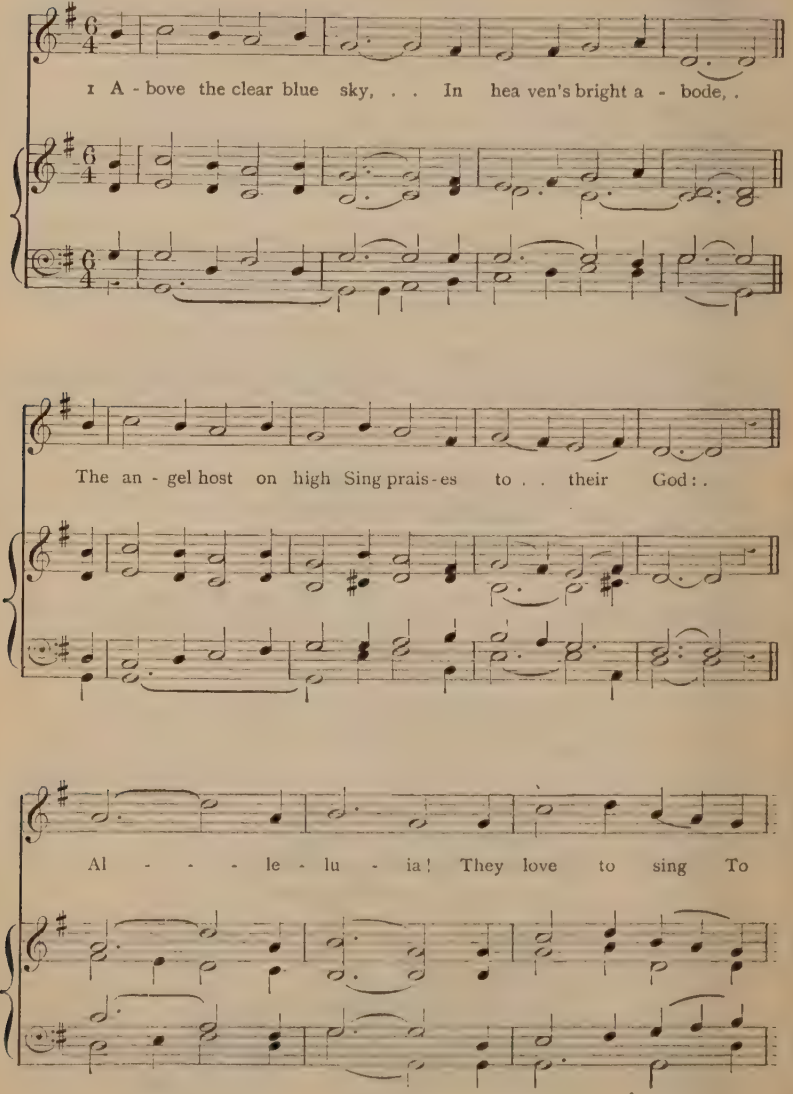
Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

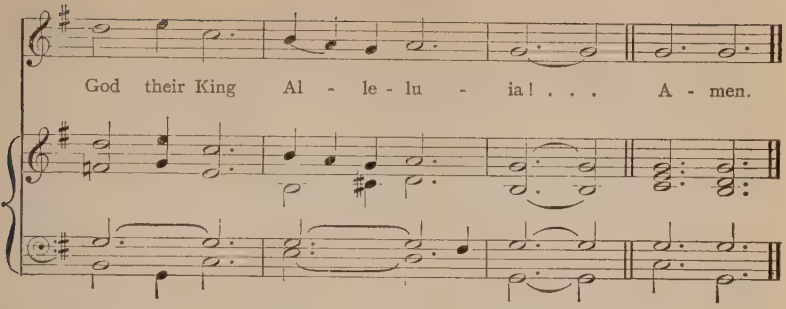
5.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. E. J. HOPKINS.


1 A - bove the clear blue sky, . . In hea ven's bright a - bode, .
The an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to . . their God: .
Al - - - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To




2.

But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3.

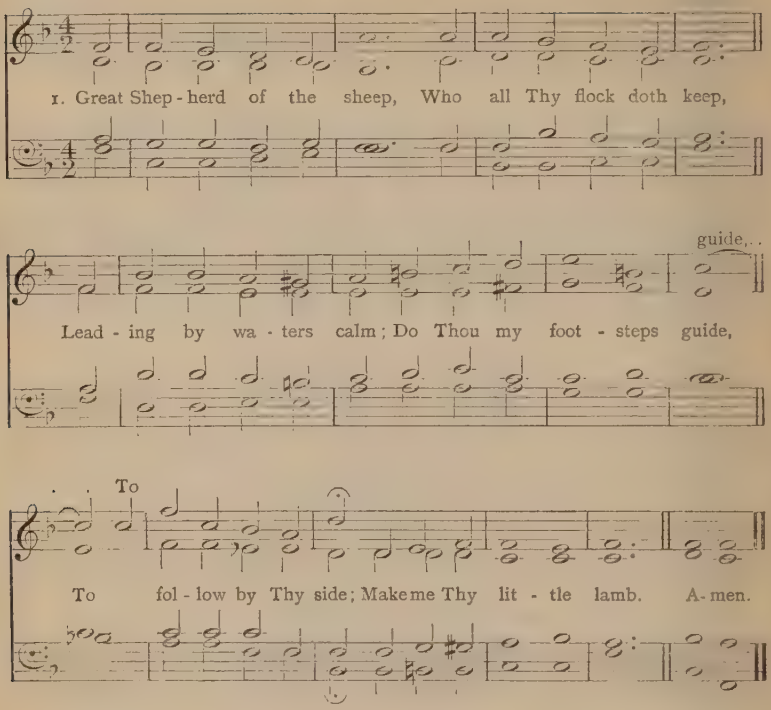
O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

4.

Oh, may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia! Amen.

J. CHANDLER.

ST. OLAVE. Six 6's. J. BARNBY.


1. Great Shep - herd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock doth keep,
guide,..
Lead - ing by wa - ters calm; Do Thou my foot - steps guide,
To
To fol - low by Thy side; Make me Thy lit - tle lamb. A - men.

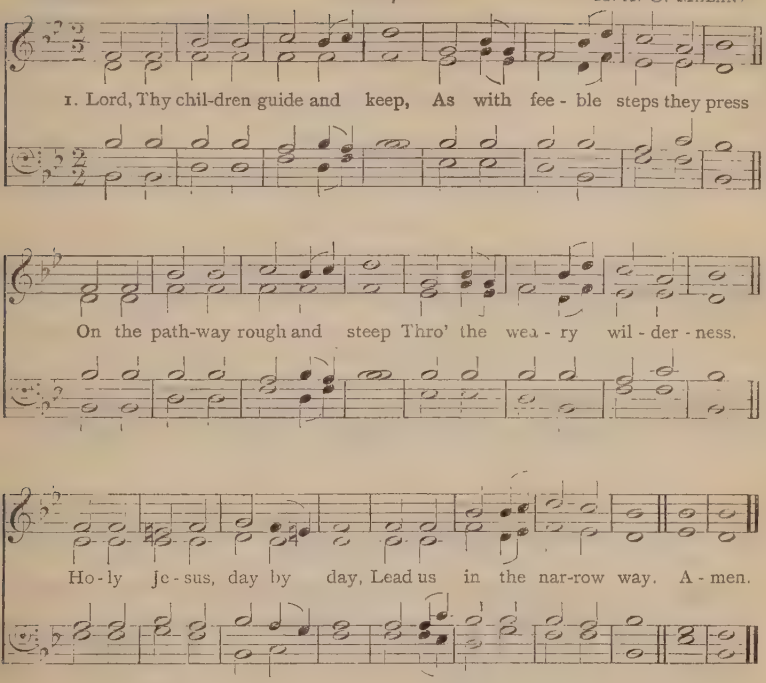
2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till, from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, Who hast died,
Thou bringest me in love,
Safe to Thy fold above,
Forever to abide. Amen.

ELIZA HOWLAND.

ROSEFIELD. Six 7's. H. A. C. MALAN.


1. Lord, Thy chil-dren guide and keep, As with fee - ble steps they press
On the path-way rough and steep Thro' the wea - ry wil - der - ness.
Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day, Lead us in the nar-row way. A - men.

2.

There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to tread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4.

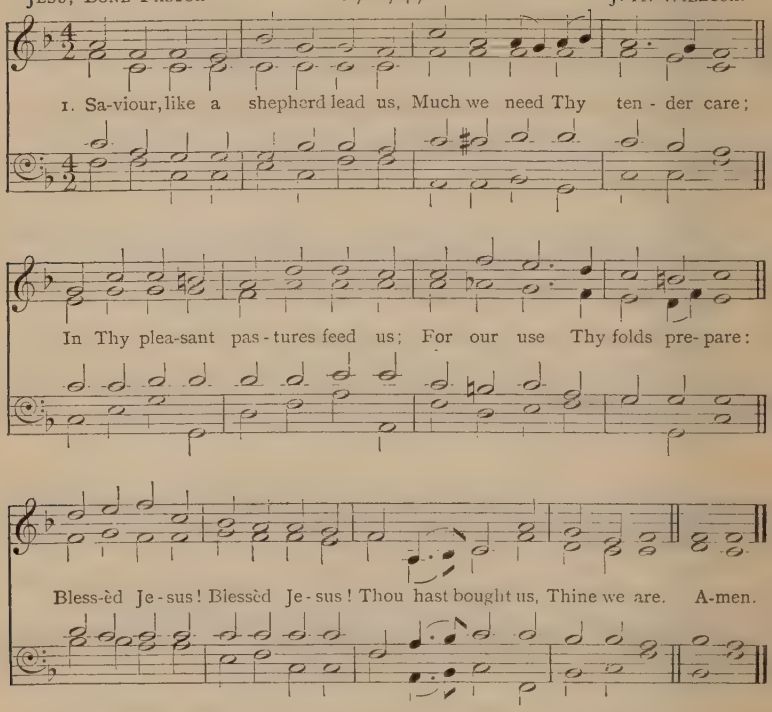
There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

5.

Upward still to purer heights!
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest!
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

JESU, BONE PASTOR 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. H. WILLCOX.


1. Sa-viour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
In Thy plea-sant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Bless-èd Je - sus! Blessèd Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

2.

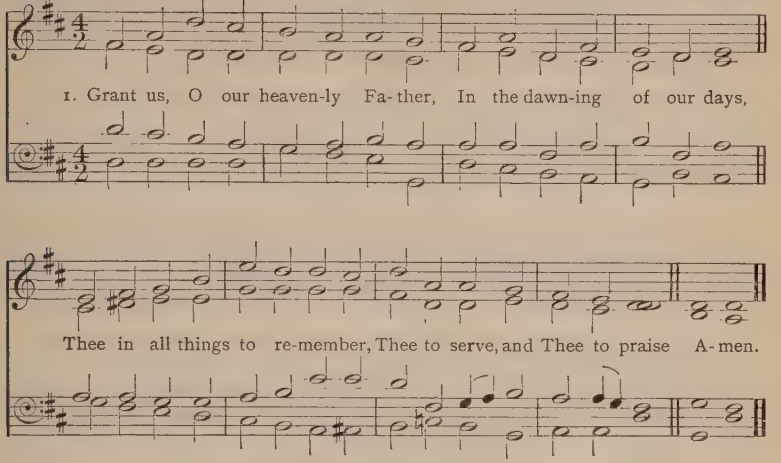
Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3.

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us: love us still. Amen.

*Authorship uncertain.*

OXFORD. 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER.


1. Grant us, O our heaven-ly Fa-ther, In the dawn-ing of our days,
Thee in all things to re-member, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise A-men.

2.
With the cross of Christ, our Saviour,
Stamped upon our infant brows,
May we in the battle's dawning
Heed His word, and keep our vows.

3.
Then in Holy Confirmation,
By the laying on of hands,
Strength may we receive, and blessing,
To obey our Lord's commands.

4.
Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an offering bring.

5.
Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move
Through the world unharmed, rejoicing
In His all-redeeming love:

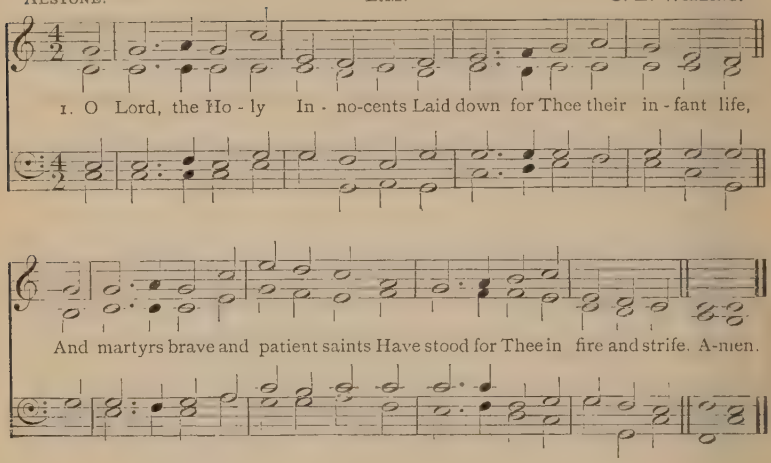
6.
Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.

7.
Serving Thee, our heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning,
Till our work on earth is done:

8.
Till the shadows of the evening
Shall forever pass away,
And the Resurrection-morning
Kindle into perfect day. Amen.

G. THRING.

ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING.


1. O Lord, the Ho - ly In - no-cents Laid down for Thee their in - fant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints Have stood for Thee in fire and strife. A-men.

2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

3 Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

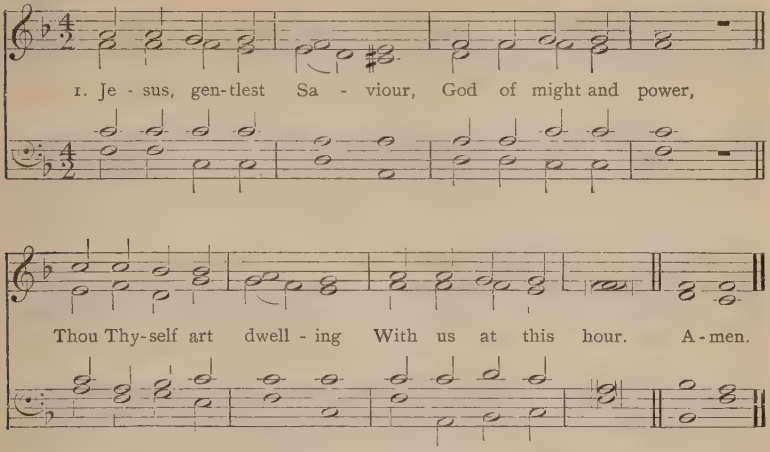
6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

# For Children.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5. F. FILITZ.




2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

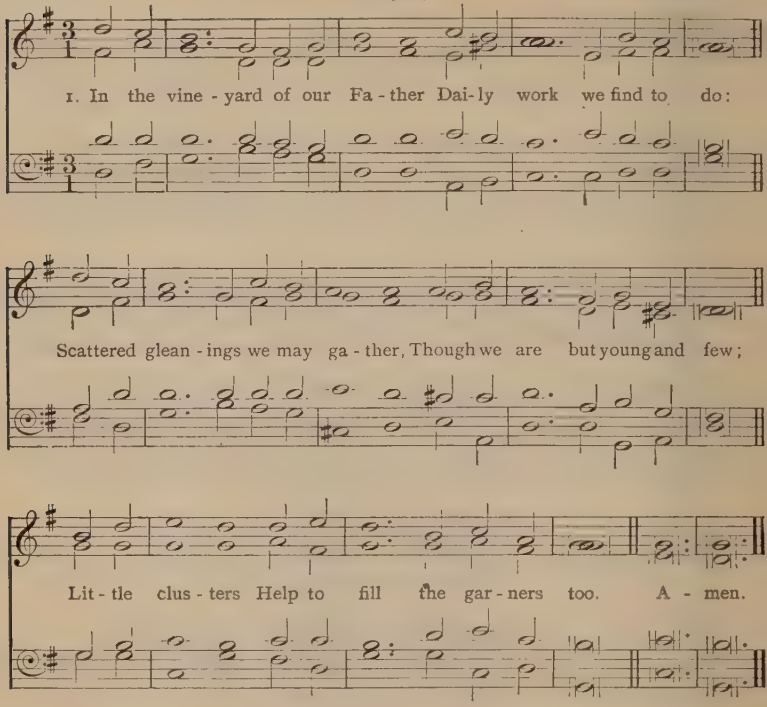
5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

7 Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss? Amen.

F. W. FABER.

GLEANERS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. H. WALTER.


1. In the vine - yard of our Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do:
Scattered glean - ings we may ga - ther, Though we are but young and few;
Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too. A - men.

2.

Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray:
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessèd story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4.

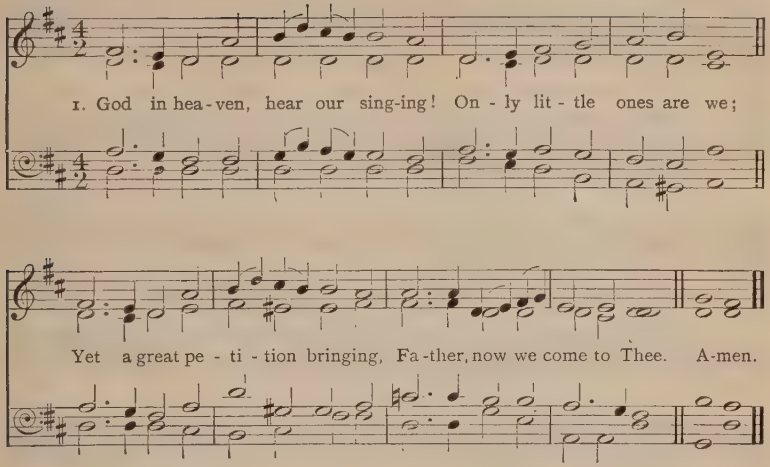
Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5.

Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing all eternity. Amen.

T. MACKELLAR.

GOD IN HEAVEN. 8.7.8.7. H. R. FULLER




2.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest!
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

3.

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above!

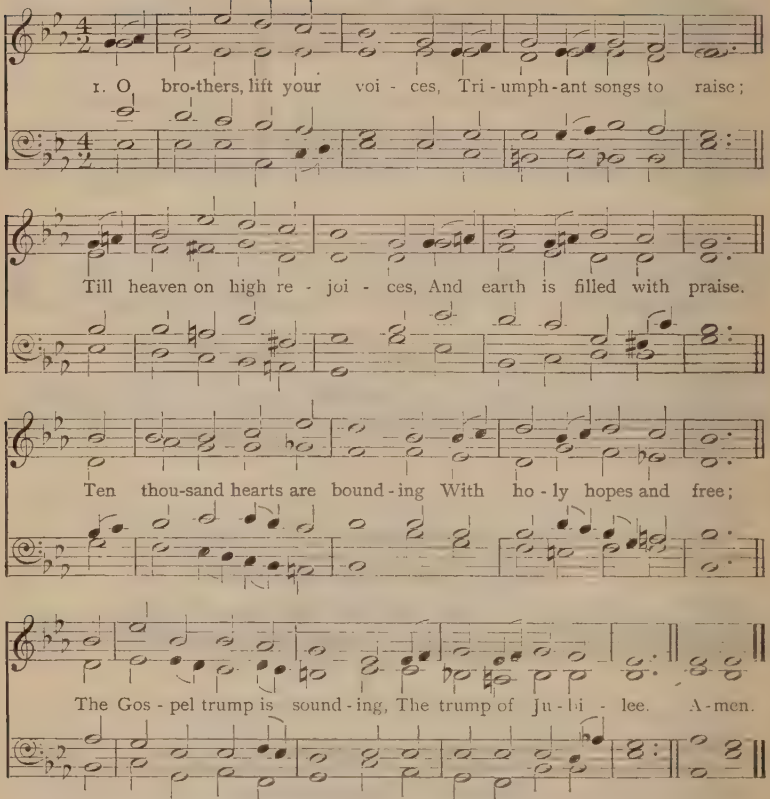
4.

Father, send the glorious hour!
Every heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

# 579 Lay Helpers.

TOURS. 7.6.7.6. D. B. TOURS.


1. O bro-thers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - umph - ant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thou-sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
The Gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A - men.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

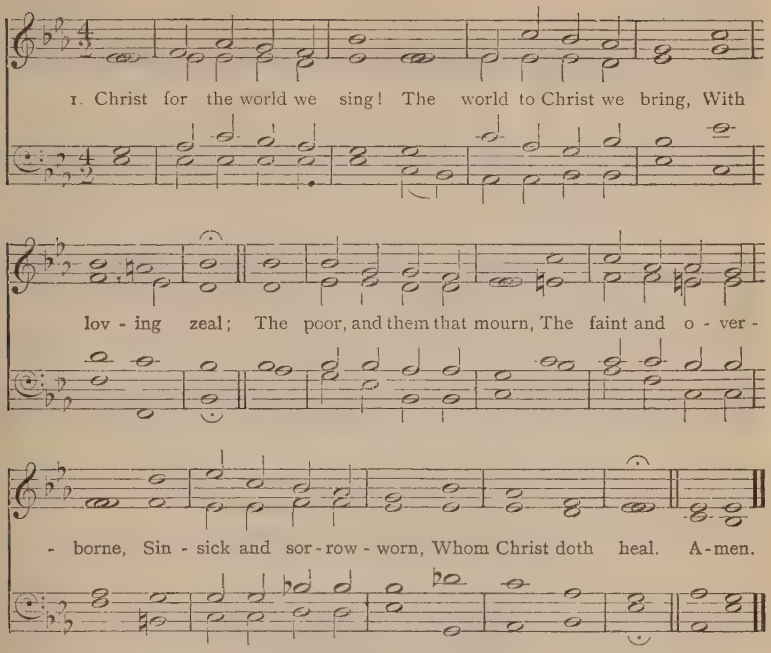
3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
Whose Blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

# 580 Lay Helpers.

ST. AMBROSE. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. W. H. MONK.


1. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With
lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver -
- borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

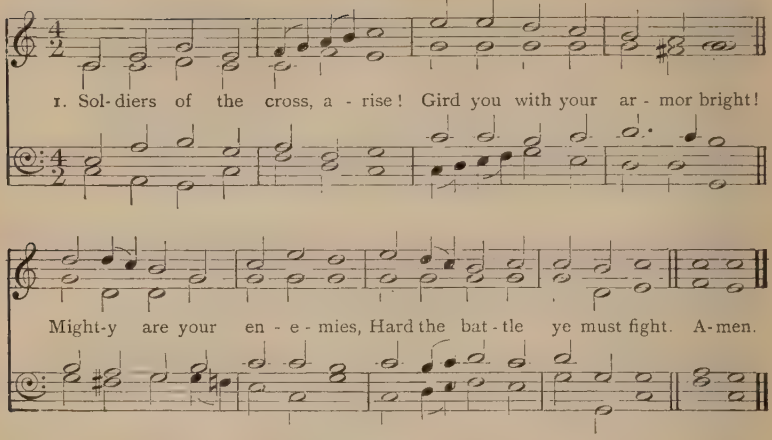
3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. Amen.

S. WOLCOTT.

# Lay Helpers.

MONKLAND Four 7's. Arranged by J. B. WILKES.




2 O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go!
Let the voice of hope be heard!

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace!

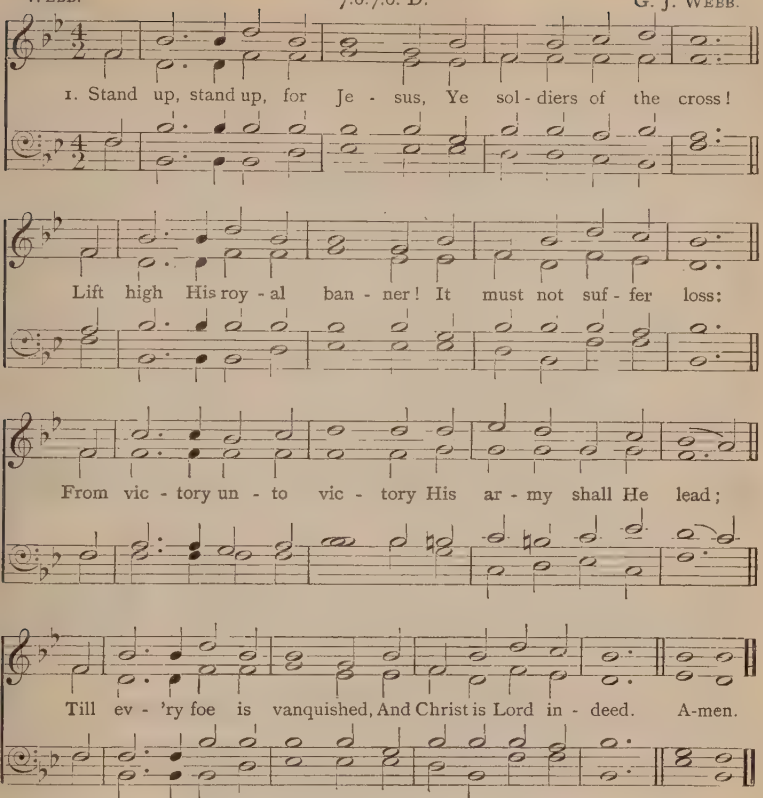
6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

# Lay Helpers.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6. D. G. J. WEBB.


1. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead;
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-men.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

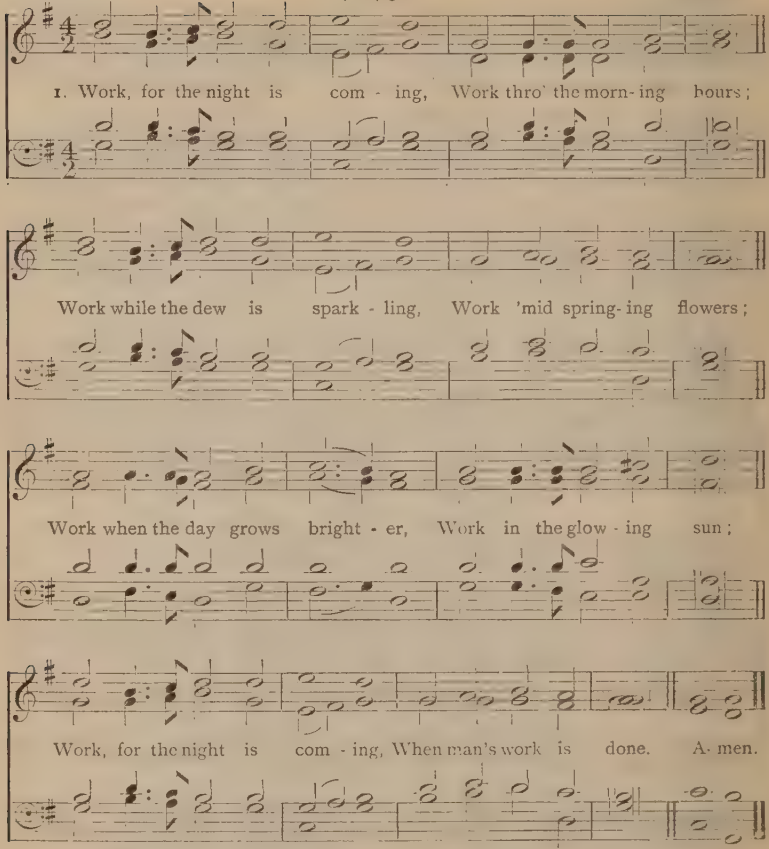
3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. **Amen.**

G. DUFFIELD.

# Lay Helpers.

DILIGENCE. 7.6.7.5. D. L. MASON.

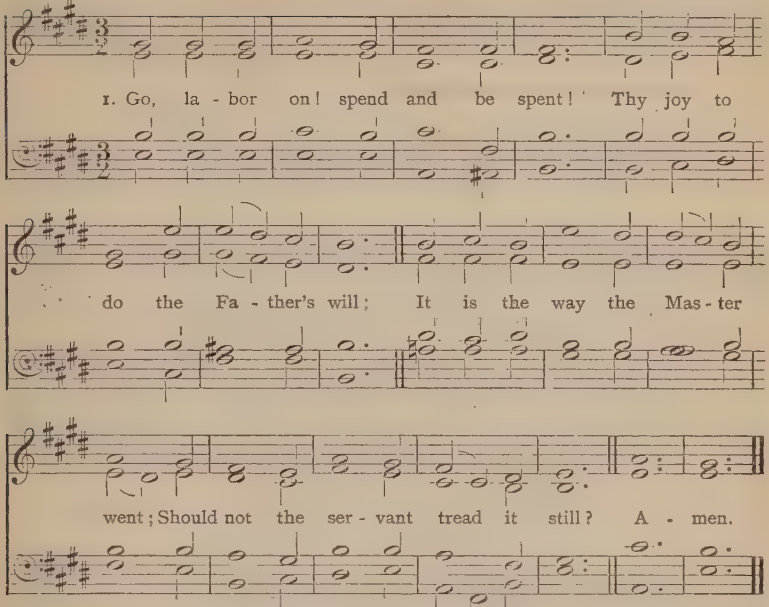

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er. Amen.

A. L. WALKER.

MARYTON. L.M. H. P. SMITH.


1. Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to
do the Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter
went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still? A - men.

2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

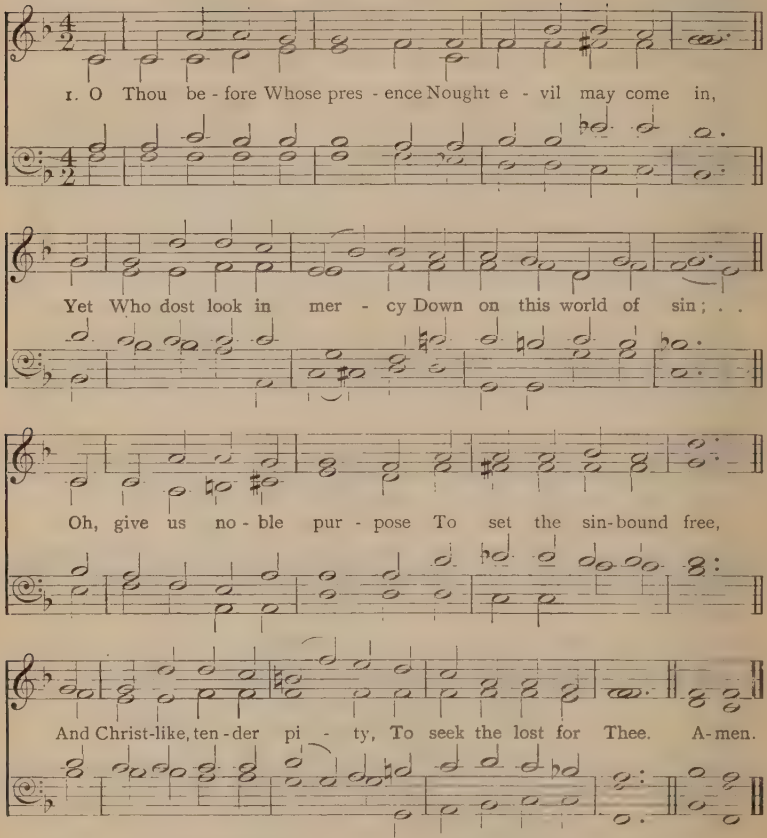
5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!" Amen.

H. BONAR.

# Lay Helpers.

SAVOY CHAPEL. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. CALKIN.


1. O Thou be - fore Whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,
Yet Who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin; . .
Oh, give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like, ten - der pi - ty, To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.

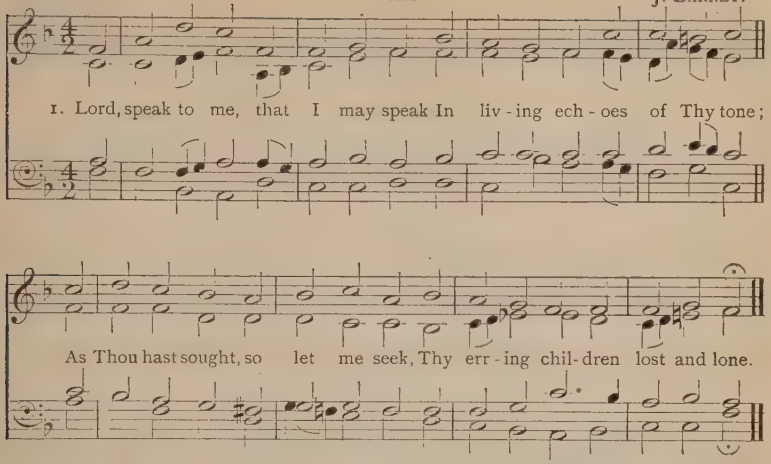
2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on, till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph, meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

LITTLINGTON TOWER. L.M. J. BARNBY.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

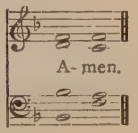
3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

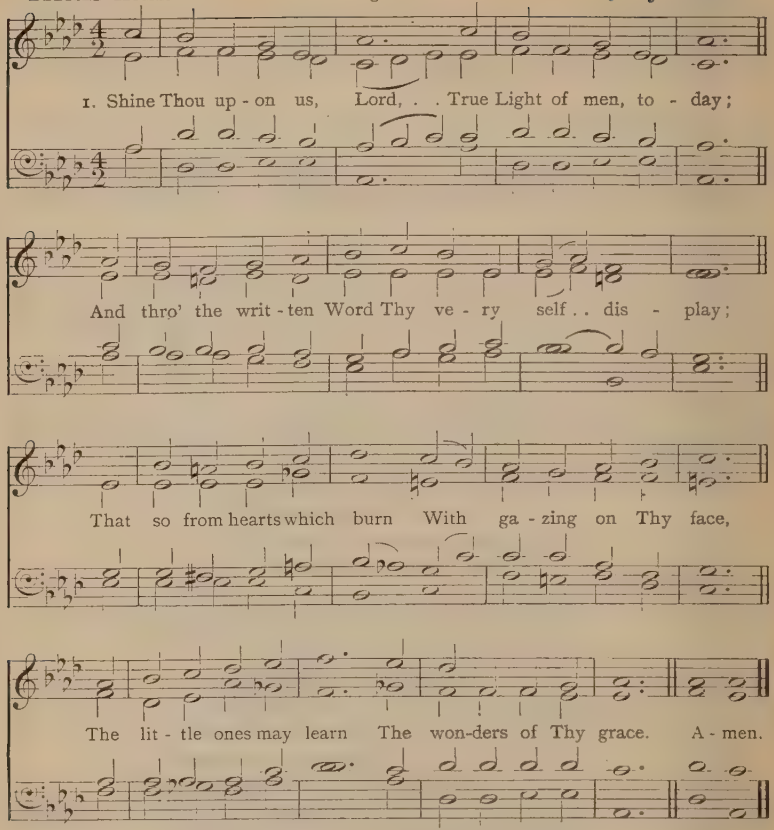
6 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.




F. R. HAVERGAL.

BLESSED HOME. Eight 6's. J. STAINER.


1. Shine Thou up - on us, Lord, . . True Light of men, to - day;
And thro' the writ - ten Word Thy ve - ry self . . dis - play;
That so from hearts which burn With ga - zing on Thy face,
The lit - tle ones may learn The won-ders of Thy grace. A - men.

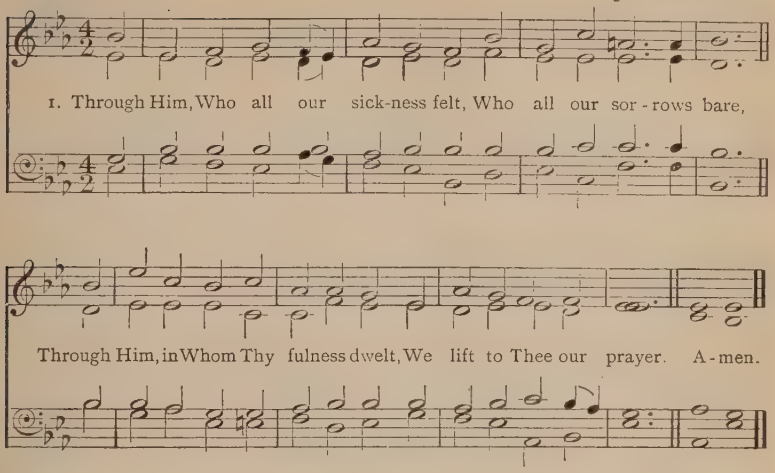
2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy Word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. J. RICHARDSON.


1. Through Him, Who all our sick-ness felt, Who all our sor-rows bare,
Through Him, in Whom Thy fulness dwelt, We lift to Thee our prayer. A-men.

2.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

3.

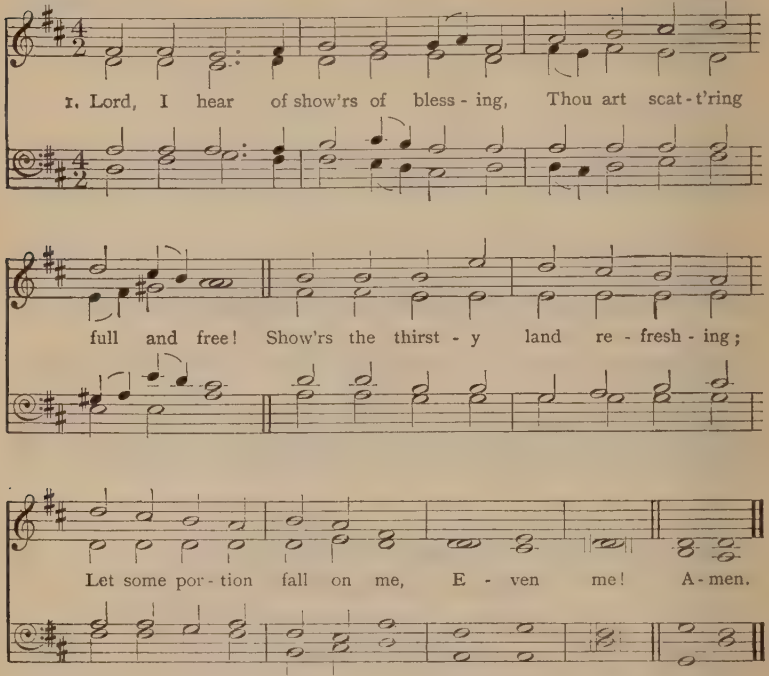
Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4.

Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face
To be forever blest. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ETIAM ET MIHI. 8.7.8.7.3. J. B. DYKES.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scat - t'ring
full and free! Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing;
Let some por - tion fall on me, E - ven me! A - men.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me!

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me!

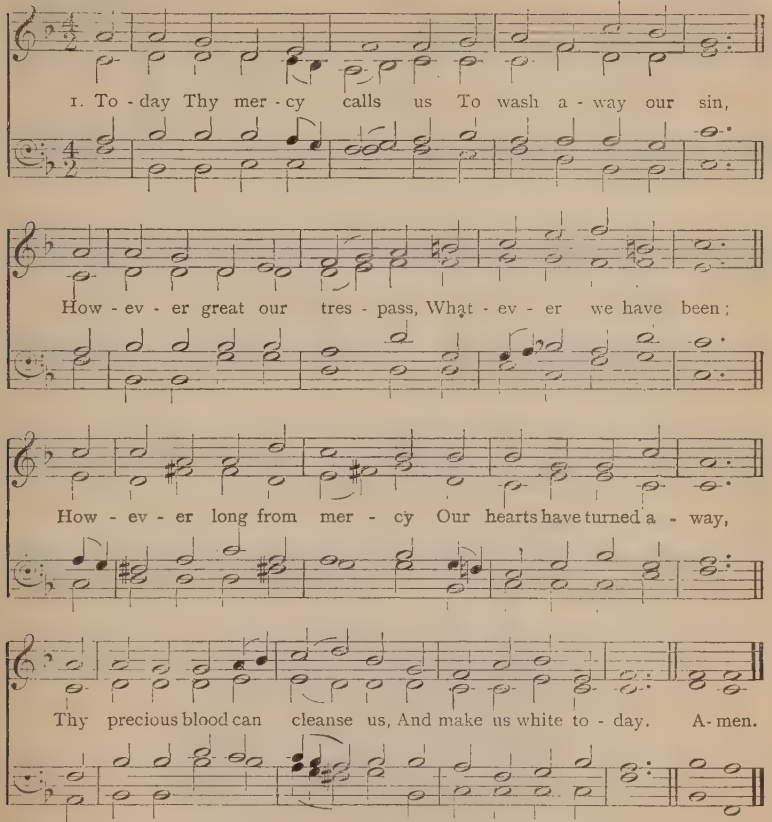
6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of God, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me!

7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me,
Even me! Amen.

MRS. E. CODNER.

# Parochial Missions.

JESU, MAGISTER BONE. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. DYKES.


1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,
How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;
How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turned a - way,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. A - men.

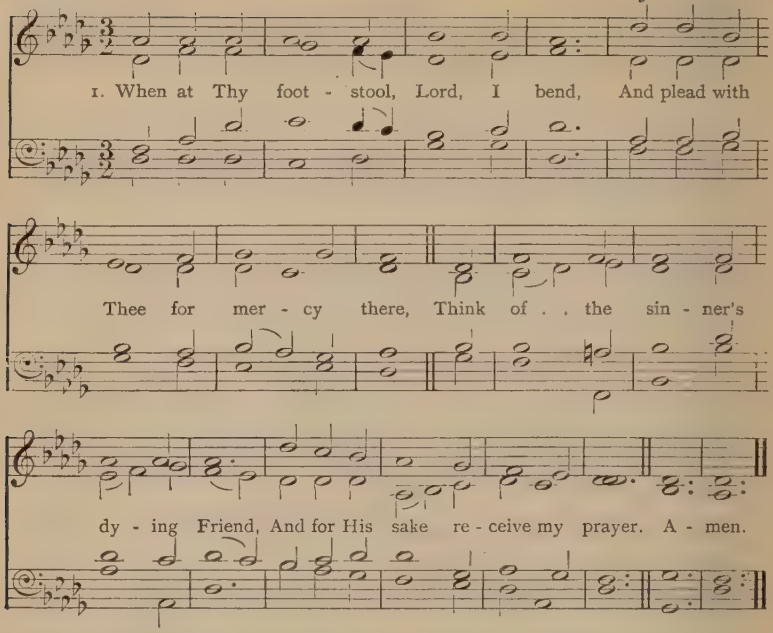
2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy!
Oh, ever-open door!
What shall we do without Thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.
Amen.

O. ALLEN.

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. When at Thy foot - stool, Lord, I bend, And plead with
Thee for mer - cy there, Think of . . the sin - ner's
dy - ing Friend, And for His sake re - ceive my prayer. A - men.

2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye!
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

4 Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there!
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

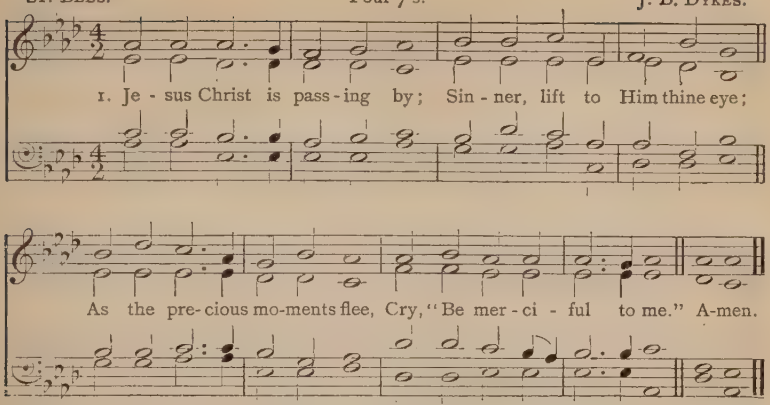
5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succor me. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

# Parochial Missions.

St. Bees. Four 7's. J. B. Dykes.




2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
Will He always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day;
Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

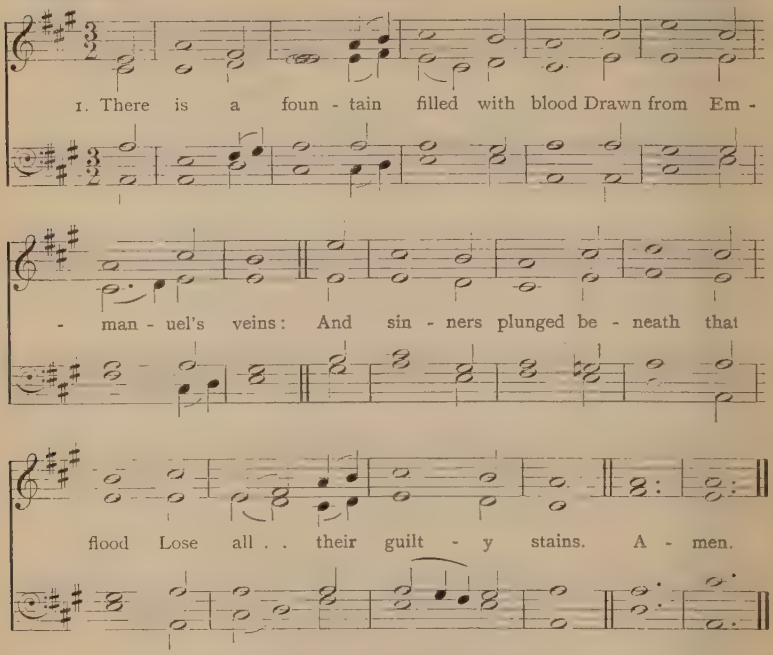
6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise. Amen.

J. D. SMITH.

# Parochial Missions.

MARTYRDOM C.M. H. WILSON.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Em -
- man - uel's veins: And sin - ners plunged be - neath that
flood Lose all . . their guilt - y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

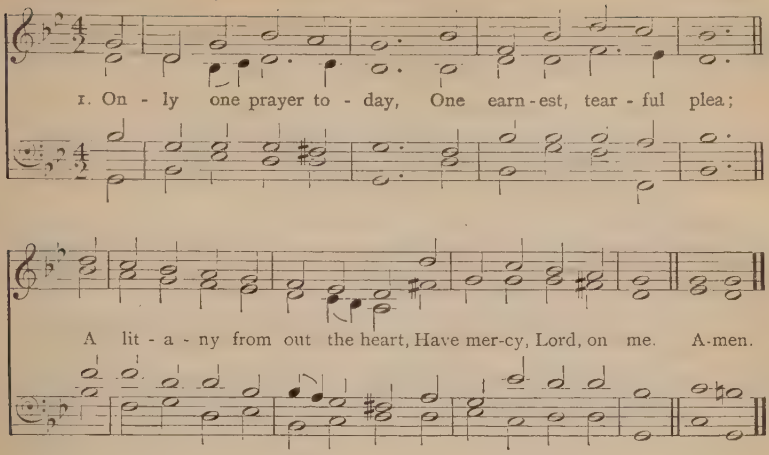
3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

W. COWPER.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. S. HOWARD.




2.

Although my sin is great,
Still to my God I flee:
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me.'

3.

Because of Jesus' cross,
And that unfathomed sea,
The crimson tide which laves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

4.

No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be:
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

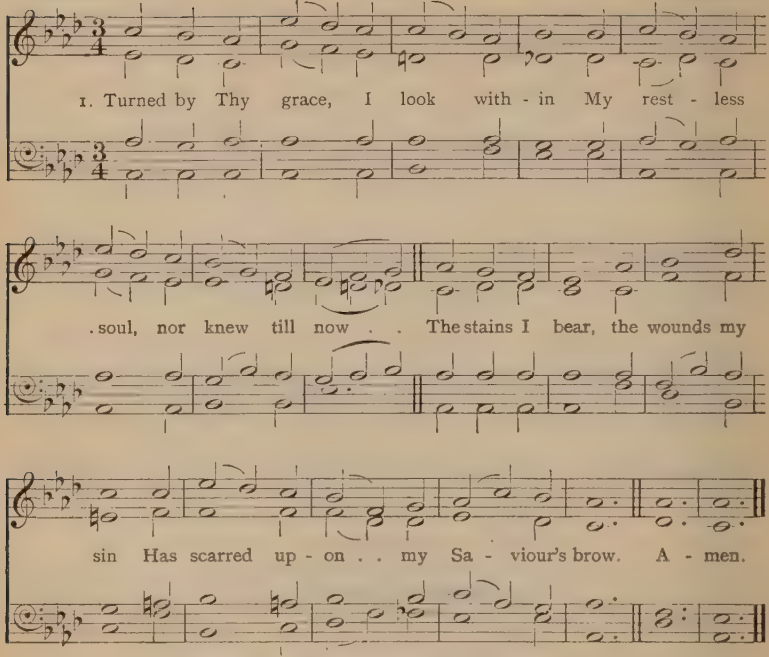
5.

In garb of sorrow clad
I crave Thy pardon free;
In life to die, in death to live;
Have mercy, Lord, on me. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

# Parochial Missions.

VESPERS. L.M. W. H. HART.


1. Turned by Thy grace, I look with - in My rest - less
. soul, nor knew till now . . The stains I bear, the wounds my
sin Has scarred up - on . . my Sa - viour's brow. A - men.

2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul:
My conscience cries and spares me not.
Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll:
Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

3 O God, my God, I see my sin:
I crucified the Lord of love.
Wormwood and gall I gave to Him;
And sorely grieved God's holy Dove.

4 Turned back and won by grace so free,
My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat:
Converted now, my aim shall be
To tread the prints of Christ's dear feet.

5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,
Return four-fold shall now make right.
My soul shall then by God be blest
Through Christ's atonement in His sight.

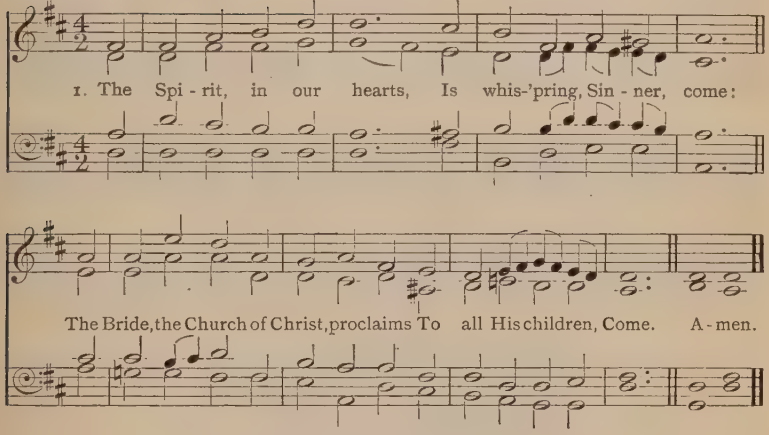
6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,
With my whole heart I freely give;
'Tis only so that there can be
Pardon from Christ and grace to live.

7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confest,
Turned from and loathed as paining Thee,
As Thou forgiv'st, O Saviour blest,
Is pardoned, cleansed! My soul is free. Amen.

E. A. BRADLEY.

## 596

VENITE. S.M. HORATIO PARKER.


1. The Spi - rit, in our hearts, Is whis-'pring, Sin - ner, come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His children, Come. A - men.

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour!
Jesus, my Saviour, come. Amen.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

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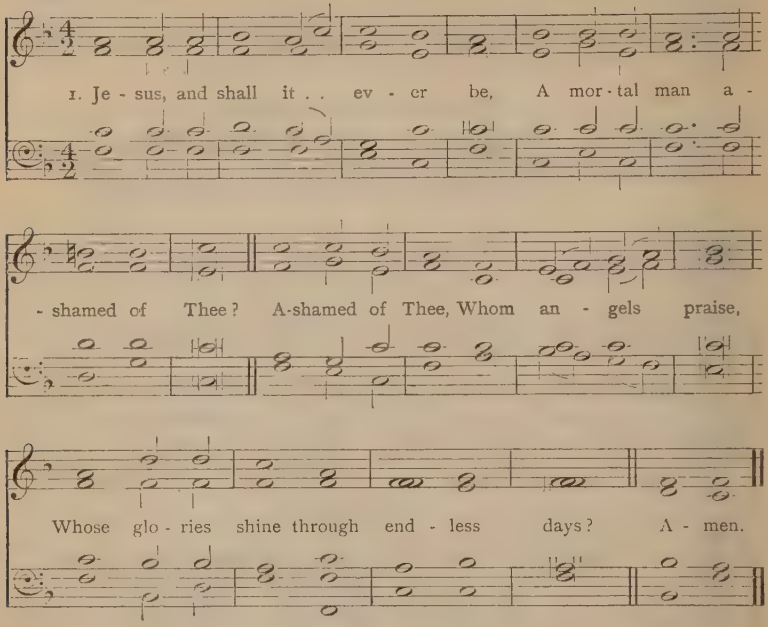
# Parochial Missions.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Je - sus, and shall it . . ev - er be, A mor - tal man a -
- shamed of Thee? A-shamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise,
Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days? A - men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! oh, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

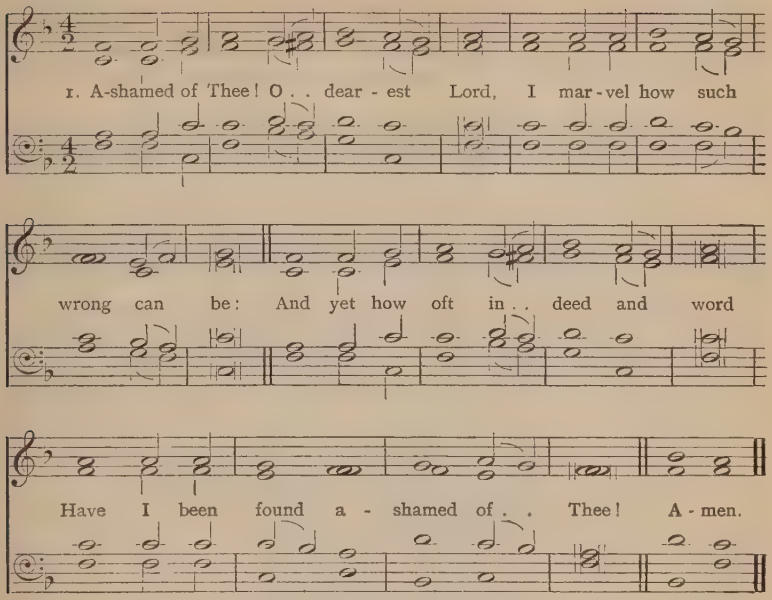
4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And oh, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me. Amen.

J. GRIGG.

# Parochial Missions.

HAMBURG. L.M. L. MASON.


1. A-shamed of Thee! O . . dear - est Lord, I mar - vel how such
wrong can be: And yet how oft in . . deed and word
Have I been found a - shamed of . . Thee! A - men.

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose feet the way of sorrow trod
To bring me to Thy home above.

3 Ashamed of Thee! of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

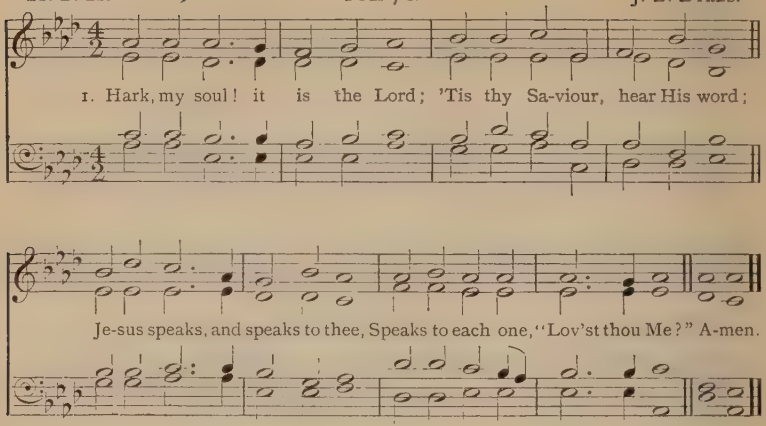
4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place.

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
And in Thy last great Advent-day,
Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

# Parochial Missions.

ST. BEES. Four 7's. J. B. DYKES.


1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa-viour, hear His word;
Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?" A-men.

2 He delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will He remember thee.

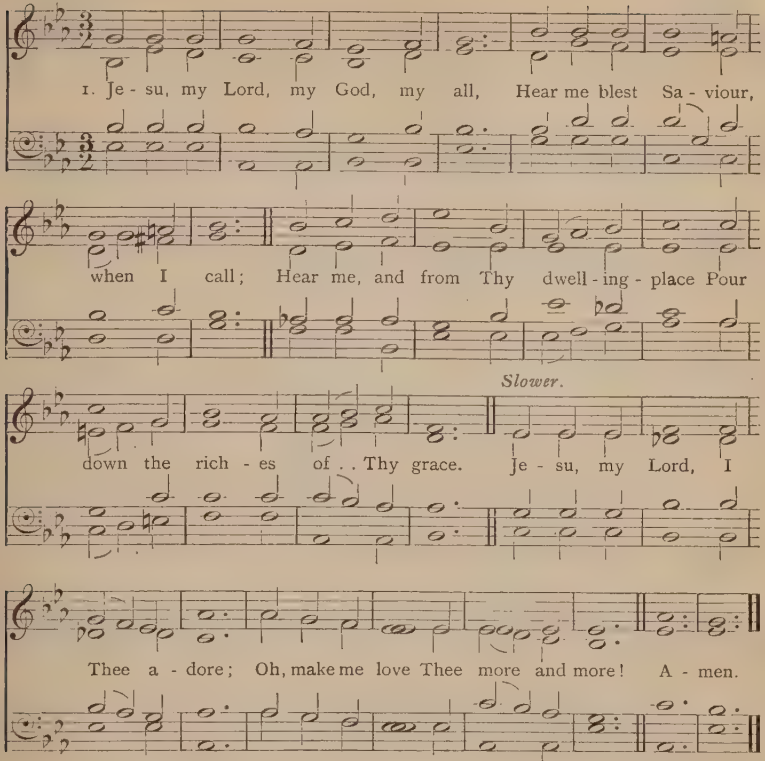
4 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 We shall see His glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partners of His throne shall be;
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

W. COWPER.

St. Chrysostom. Six 8's. J. Barnby.


1. Je - su, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me blest Sa - viour,
when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place Pour
Slower.
down the rich - es of . . Thy grace. Je - su, my Lord, I
Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more! A - men.

2.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought;
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

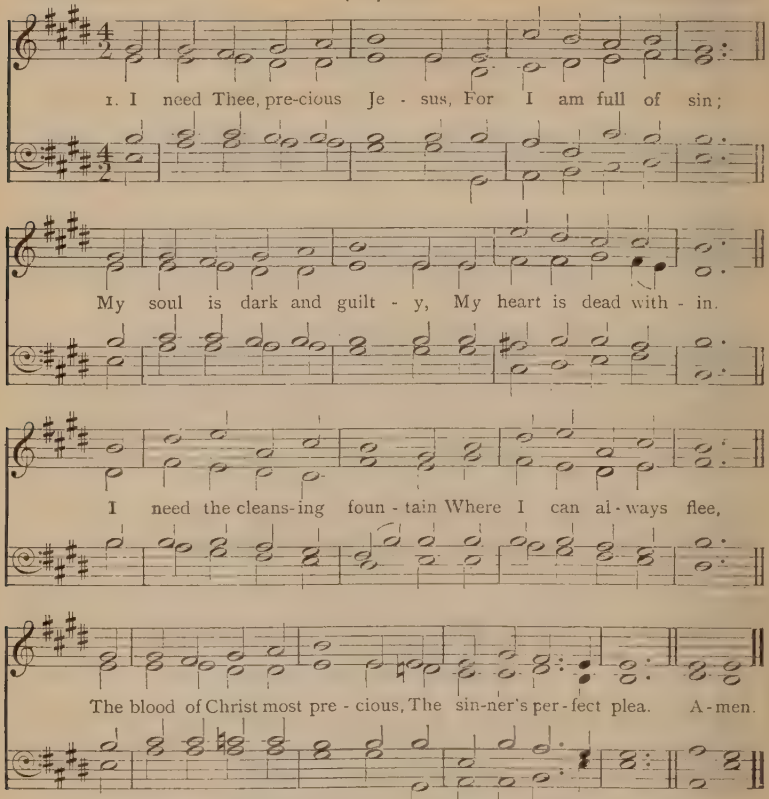
4.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more! Amen.

H. COLLINS.

# Parochial Missions.

GENESIS. 7.6.7.6. D. G. M. GARRETT.


1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in.
I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,
The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin-ner's per - fect plea. A - men.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

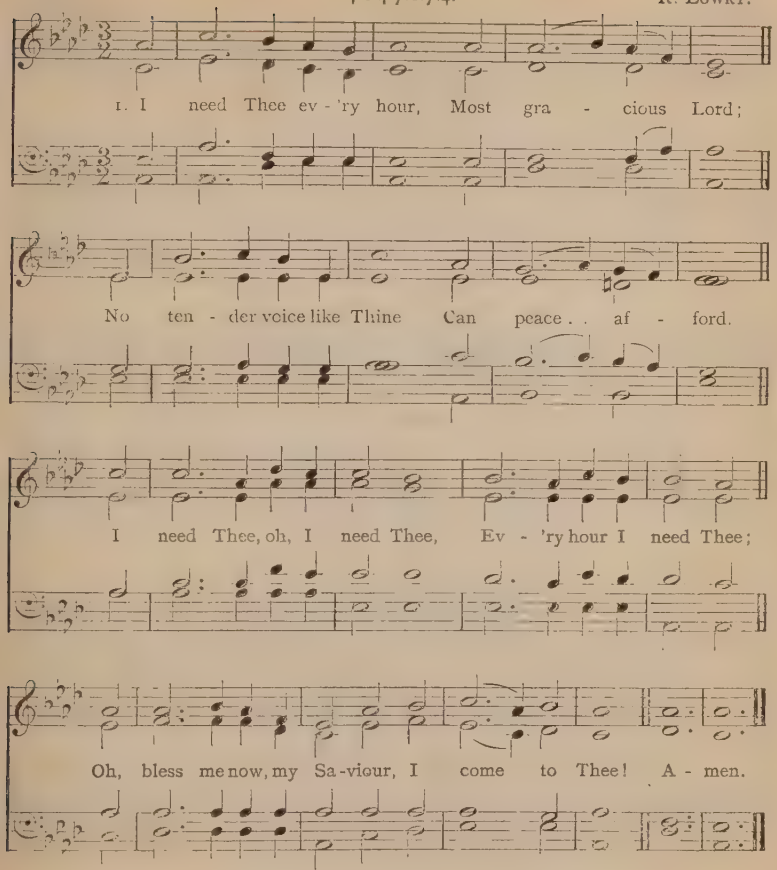
3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee. Amen.

F. WHITFIELD.

# Parochial Missions.

NELD. 6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4. R. LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace . . af - ford.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Sa-viour, I come to Thee! A - men.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain:
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son! Amen.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS.

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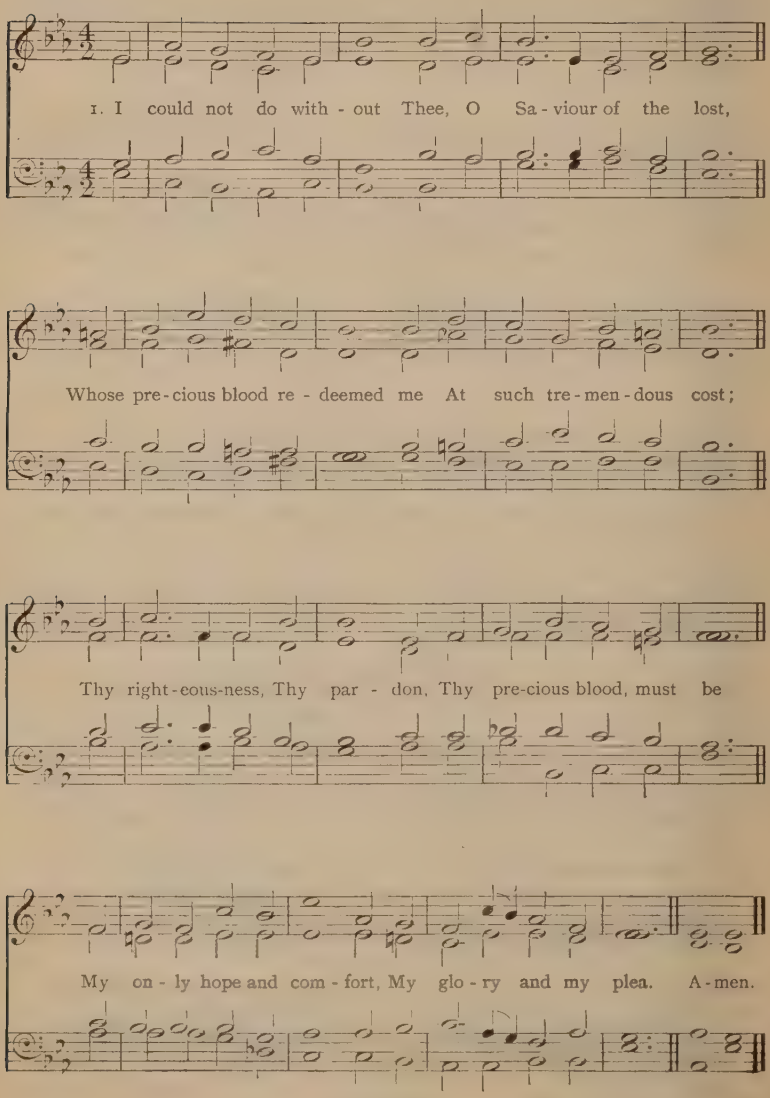
# Parochial Missions.

MAGDALENA. 7.6.7.6. D. J. STAINER.


1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sa - viour of the lost,
Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;
Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre-cious blood, must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

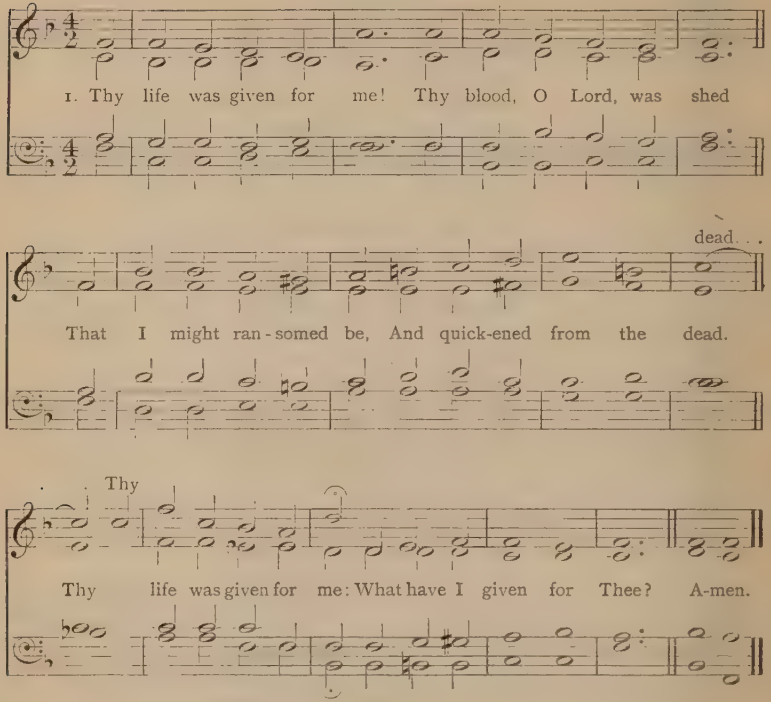
5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I." Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL

# Parochial Missions.

St. Olave. Six 6's. J. Barnby.


1. Thy life was given for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
dead . .
That I might ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead.
Thy
Thy life was given for me: What have I given for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

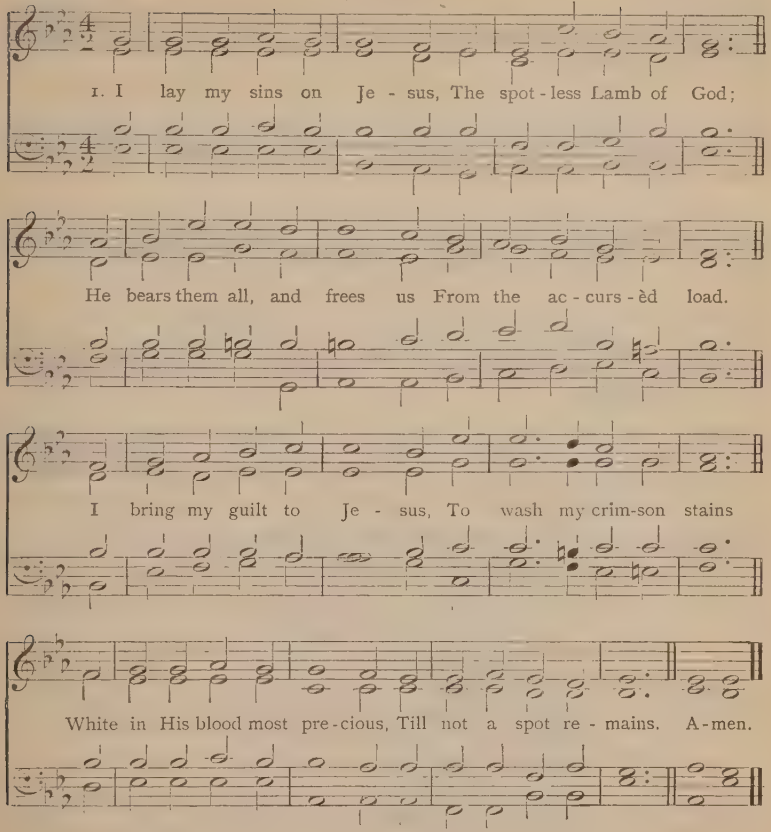
3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free.
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent!
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - èd load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A - men.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

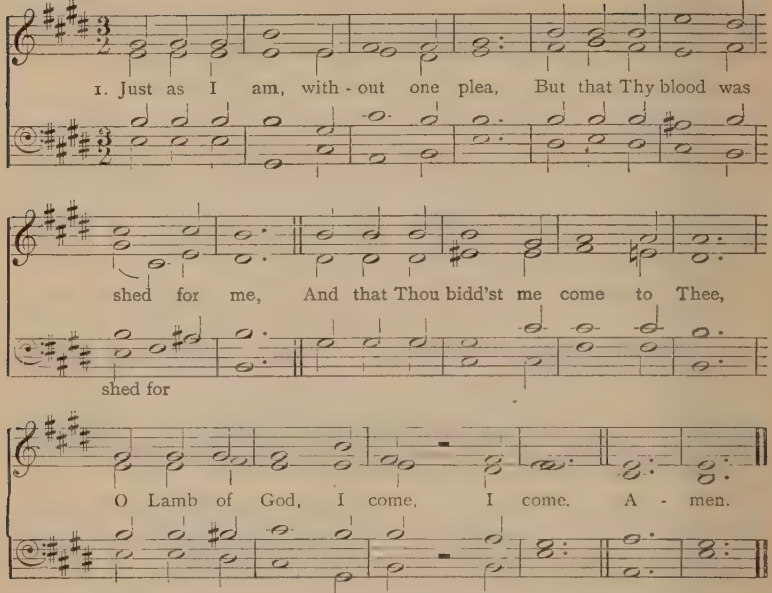
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. Amen.

H. BONAR.

# Parochial Missions.

ST. CRISPIN. 8.8.8.6. G. J. ELVEY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was
shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
shed for
O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

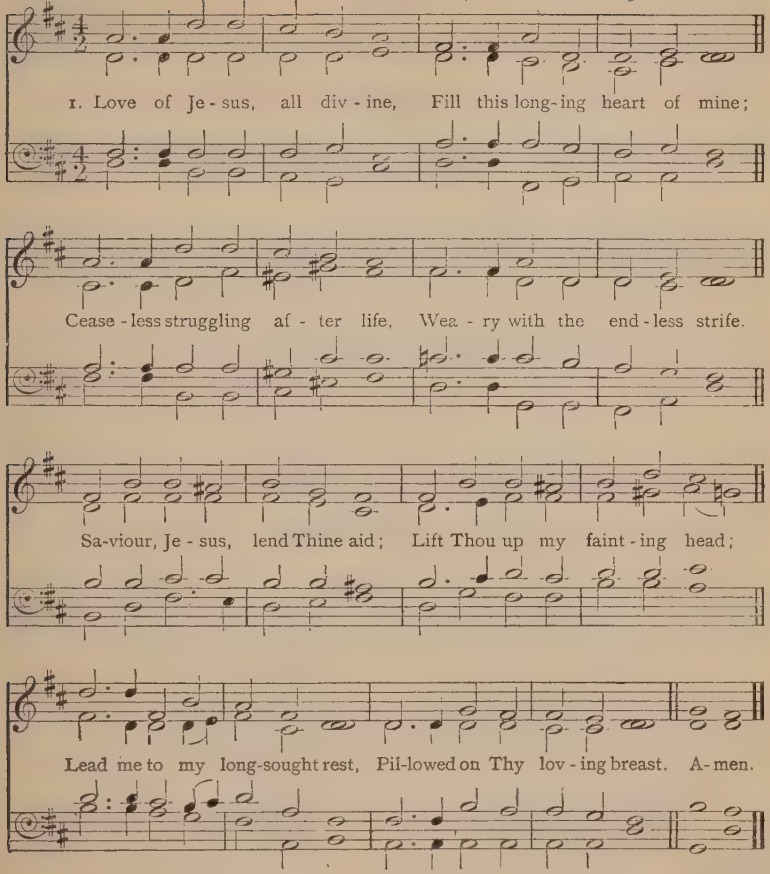
5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

# Parochial Missions.

RAMOTH. Eight 7's. J. B. CALKIN.


1. Love of Je - sus, all div - ine, Fill this long-ing heart of mine;
Cease - less struggling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.
Sa-viour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid; Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil-lowed on Thy lov - ing breast. A-men.

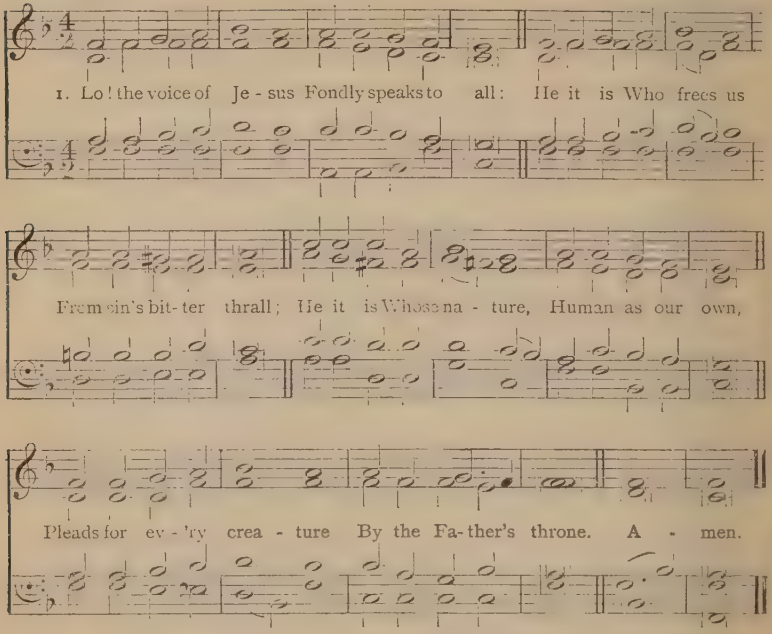
2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.
Amen.

F. BOTTOME.

## 608

St. Mary Magdalene. 6.5.6.5. D. J. B. Dykes.


1. Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fondly speaks to all: He it is Who frees us
From sin's bit - ter thrall; He it is Whose na - ture, Human as our own,
Pleads for ev - 'ry crea - ture By the Fa-ther's throne. A - men.

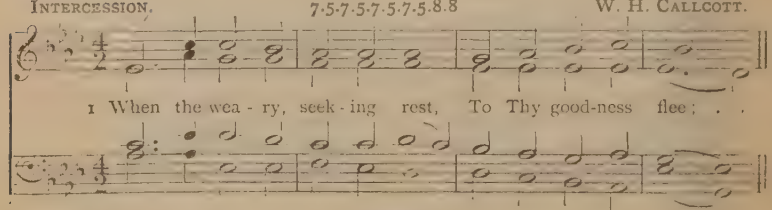
2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest:
Tell us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

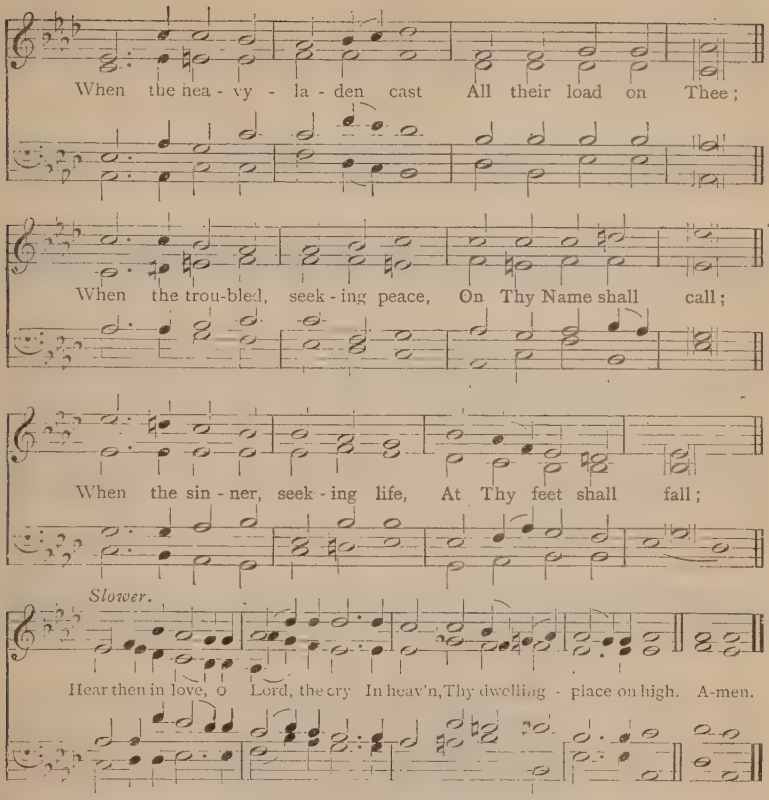
3 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure:
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight. Amen.

A. E. Evans.

## 609

Intercession. 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8 W. H. Callcott.




When the hea - vy - la - den cast All their load on Thee;
When the trou-bled, seek - ing peace, On Thy Name shall call;
When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall;
Slower.
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling - place on high. A-men.

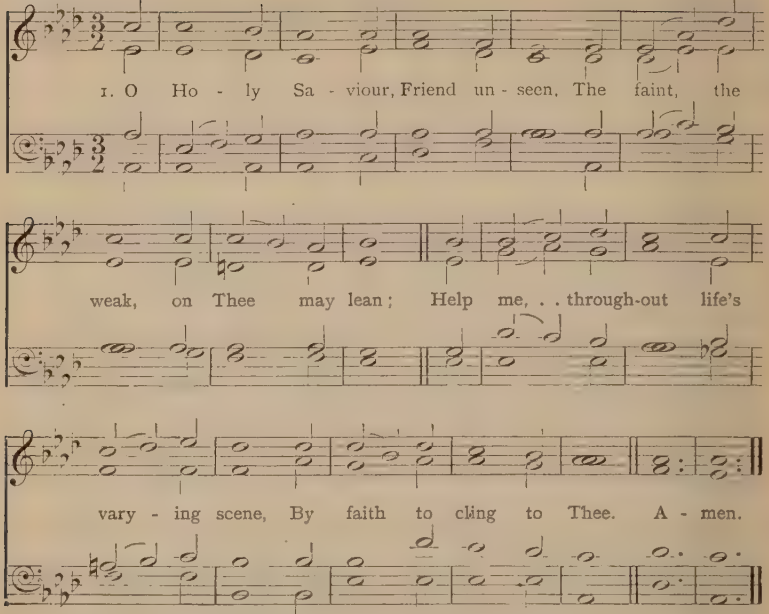
2 When the worlding, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All His orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen.

H. BONAR.

KIRKSTALL. 8.8.8.6. F. CARR.


1. O Ho - ly Sa - viour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the
weak, on Thee may lean; Help me, . . through-out life's
vary - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - men.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

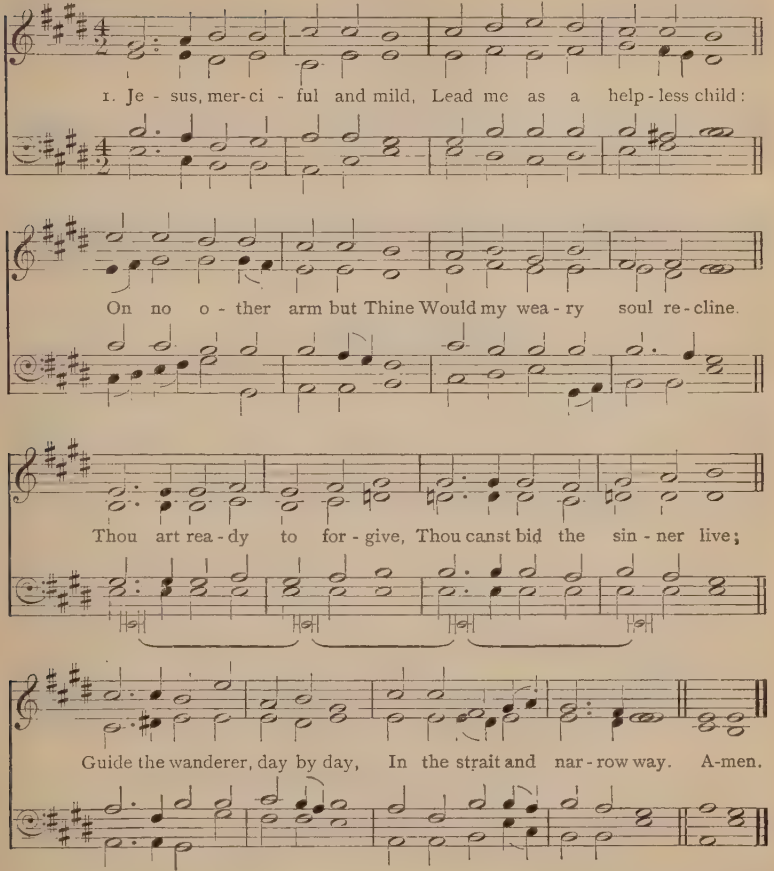
5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

# Parochial Missions.

DA PACEM. Eight 7's. J. B. DYKES.


1. Je - sus, mer-ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:
On no o - ther arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.
Thou art rea - dy to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;
Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A-men.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more can I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.
Amen.

T. HASTINGS.

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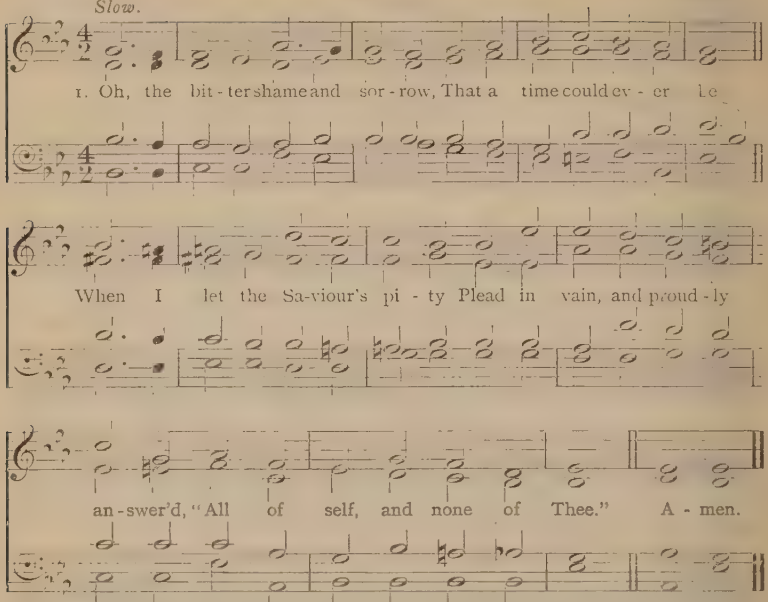
## 612

ADORATION. 8.7.8.8.7. J. STAINER.

*Slow.*


1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be
When I let the Sa-viour's pi - ty Plead in vain, and proud - ly
an - swer'd, "All of self, and none of Thee." A - men.

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

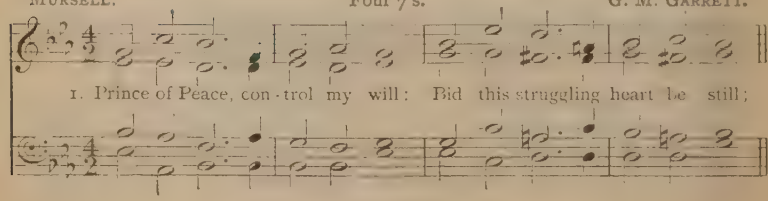
3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

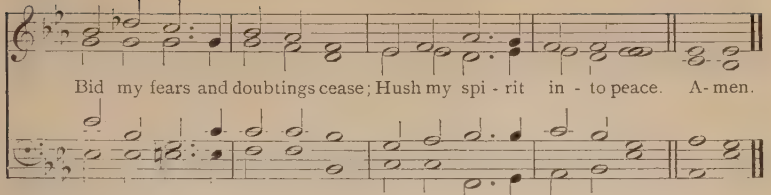
4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of Thee." Amen.

T. MONOD.

## 613

MURSELL. Four 7's. G. M. GARRETT.






2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

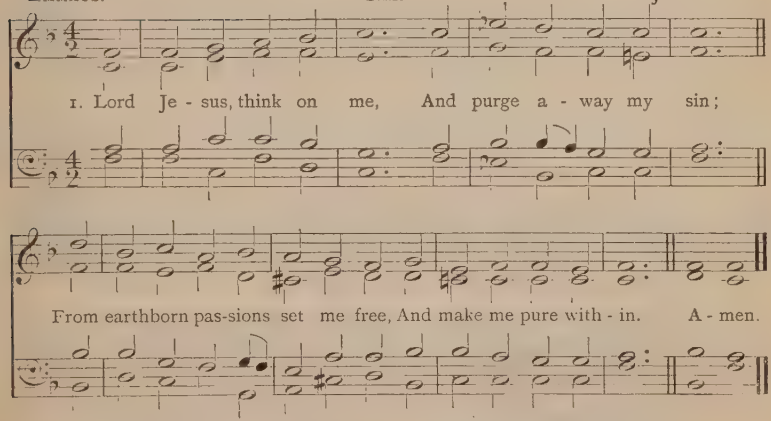
3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee! Amen.

M. S. B. SHINDLER.

## 614

EMMAUS. S.M. J. BARNBY



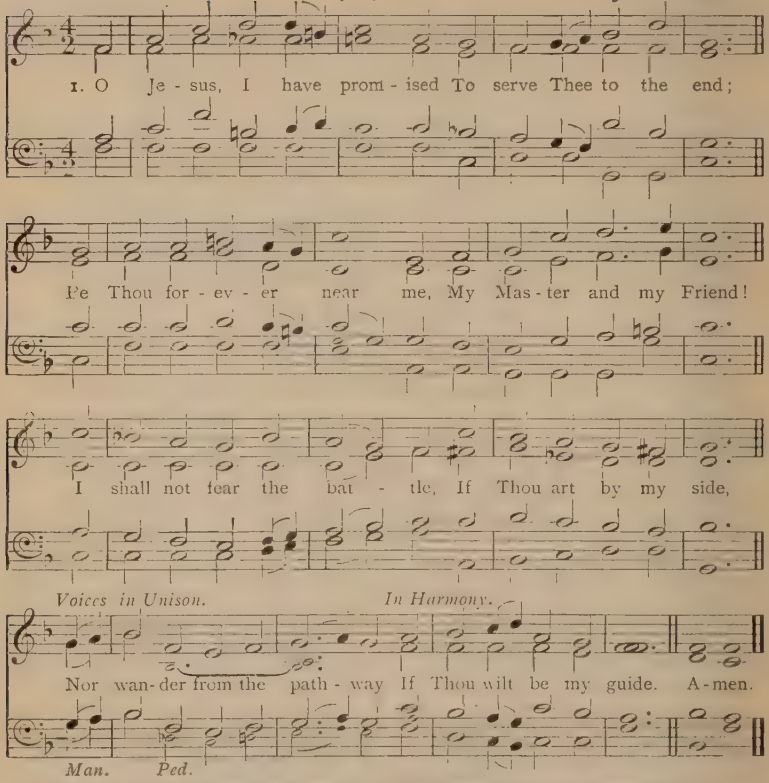

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last. Amen.

*Tr.* A. W. CHATFIELD.

DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide. A - men.
Man. Ped.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

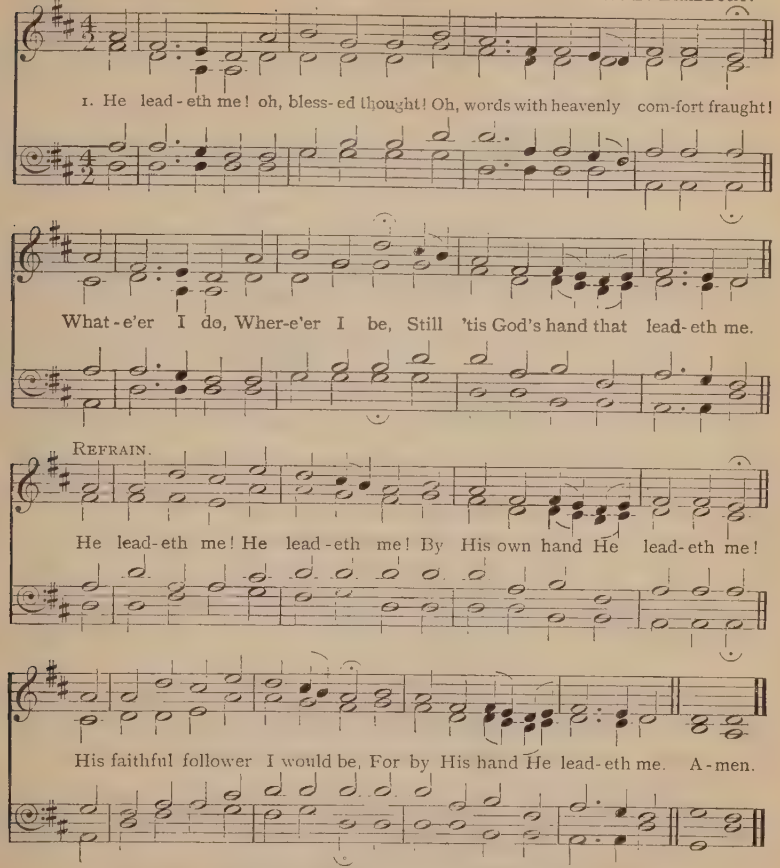
3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

J. E. BODE.

HE LEADETH ME. L.M., with Refrain. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me! oh, bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heavenly com-fort fraught!
What-e'er I do, Wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!
His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. Amen.

J. H. GILMORE.

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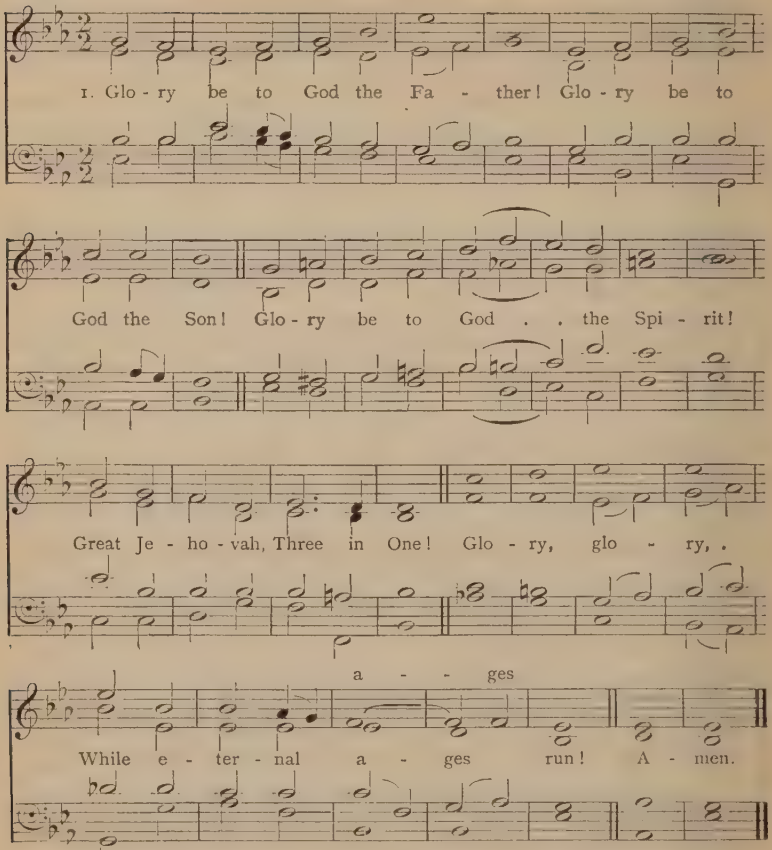
# Parochial Missions.

ROTHENBURG. 8.7.8.7.4.7. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to
God the Son! Glo - ry be to God . . the Spi - rit!
Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One! Glo - ry, glo - ry, .
a - - ges
While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - men.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! Amen.

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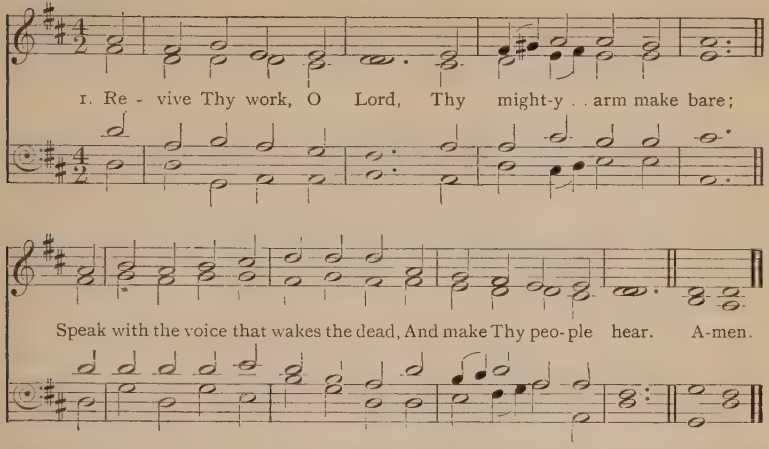
SWABIA. S.M. German.




2.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

4.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

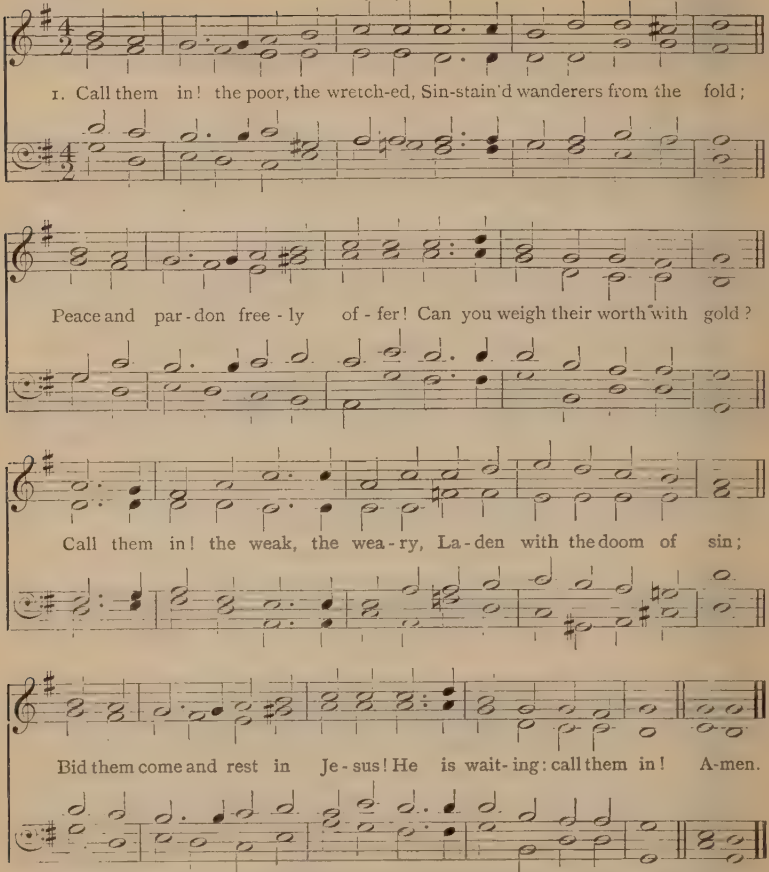
5.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours. Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

# Parochial Missions.

FALFIELD. 8.7.8.7. D. A. SULLIVAN.

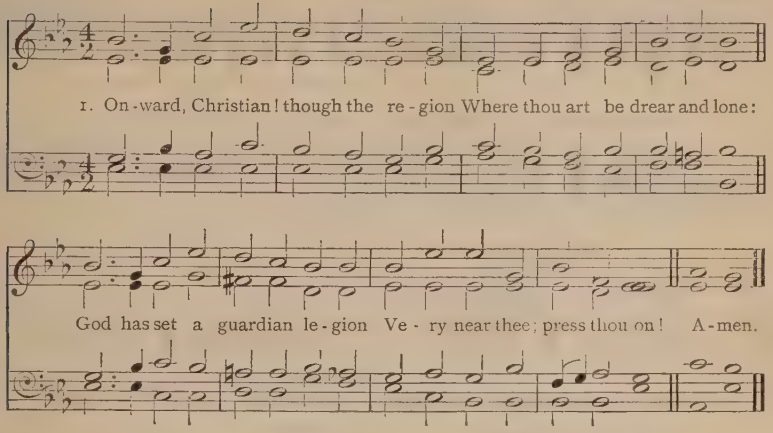

1. Call them in! the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stain'd wanderers from the fold;
Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Je-sus! He is wait-ing: call them in! A-men.

2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast!
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring, and kiss of pardon,
Wait the lost ones: call them in!

3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:
Speak love's message low and tender!
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Call them in! the lost and lonely:
Christ is coming: call them in!
Amen.

A. SHIPTON.

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.


1. On-ward, Christian! though the re-gion Where thou art be drear and lone:
God has set a guardian le-gion Ve-ry near thee; press thou on! A-men.

2.

Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

3.

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

4.

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

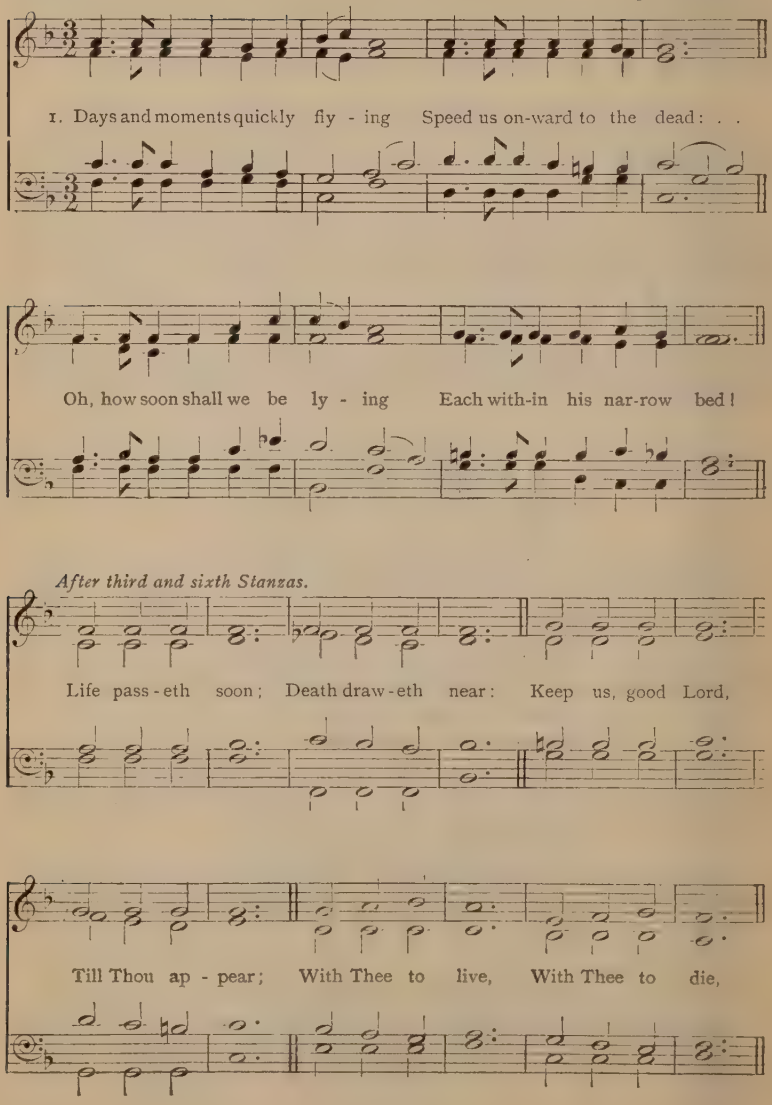
5.

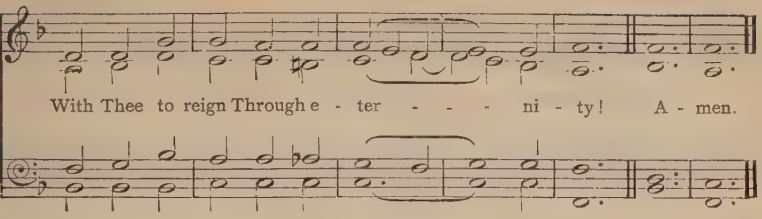
Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done." Amen.

S. JOHNSON.

# Parochial Missions.

ST. SYLVESTER. P.M. J. B. DYKES.


1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead: . .
Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!
After third and sixth Stanzas.
Life pass - eth soon; Death draw - eth near: Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou ap - pear; With Thee to live, With Thee to die,




2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand,

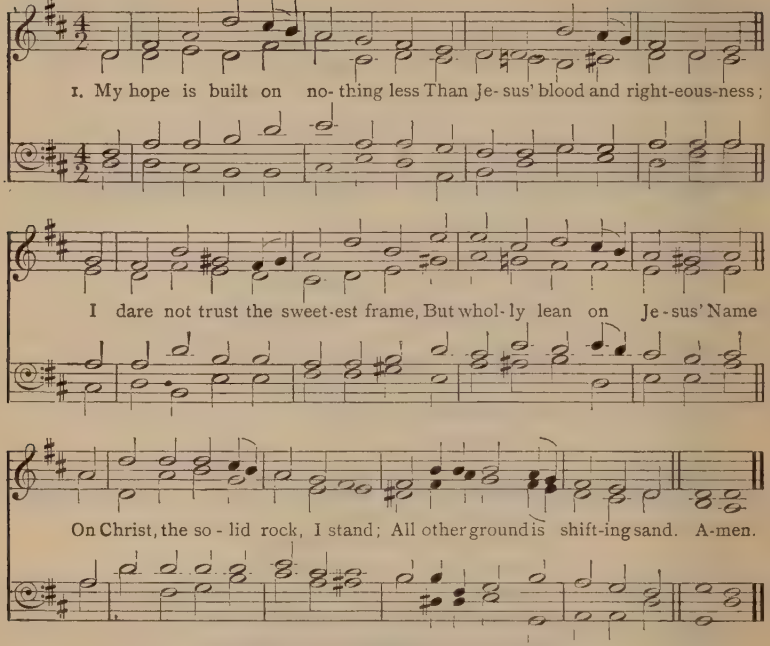
(After third and sixth Stanzas.)

Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign
Through eternity! Amen.

E. CASWALL.

# Parochial Missions.

PETRA SPIRITALIS. Six 8's. C. H. LLOYD.


1. My hope is built on no-thing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' Name
On Christ, the so-lid rock, I stand; All other ground is shift-ing sand. A-men.

2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is shifting sand.

3 His word, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is shifting sand. Amen.

E. MOTE.

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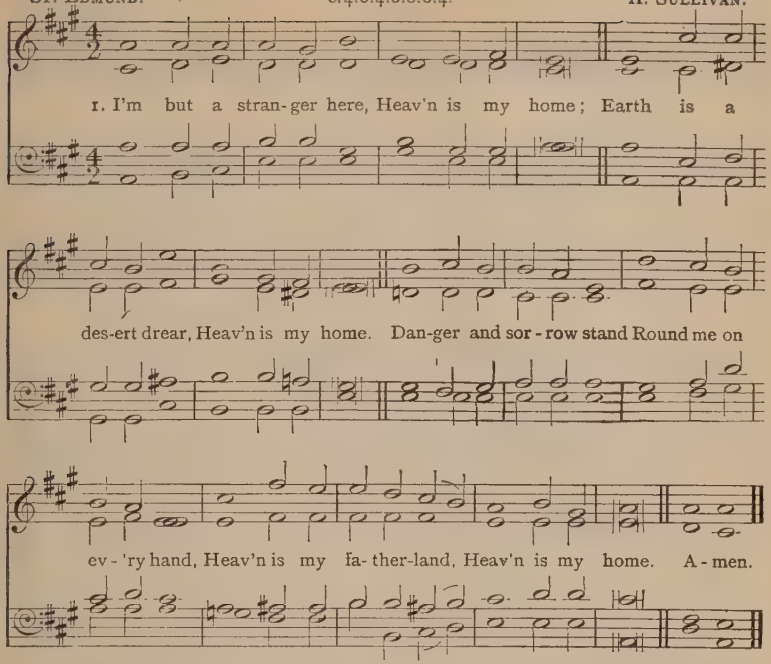
# Parochial Missions.

ST. EDMUND. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. A. SULLIVAN.


1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on
ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home. A-men.

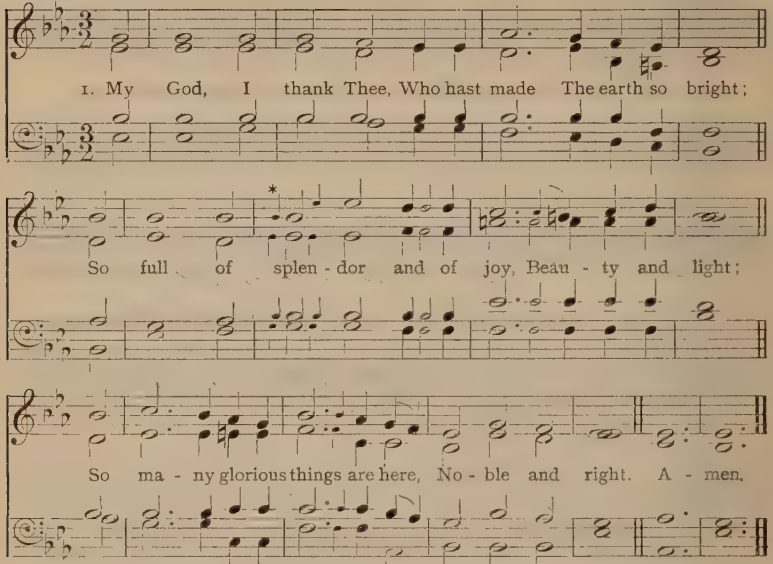
2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

T. R. TAYLOR.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

CARROW 8.4.8.4.8.4. A. SULLIVAN.


1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So ma - ny glorious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2.

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round.
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4.

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6.

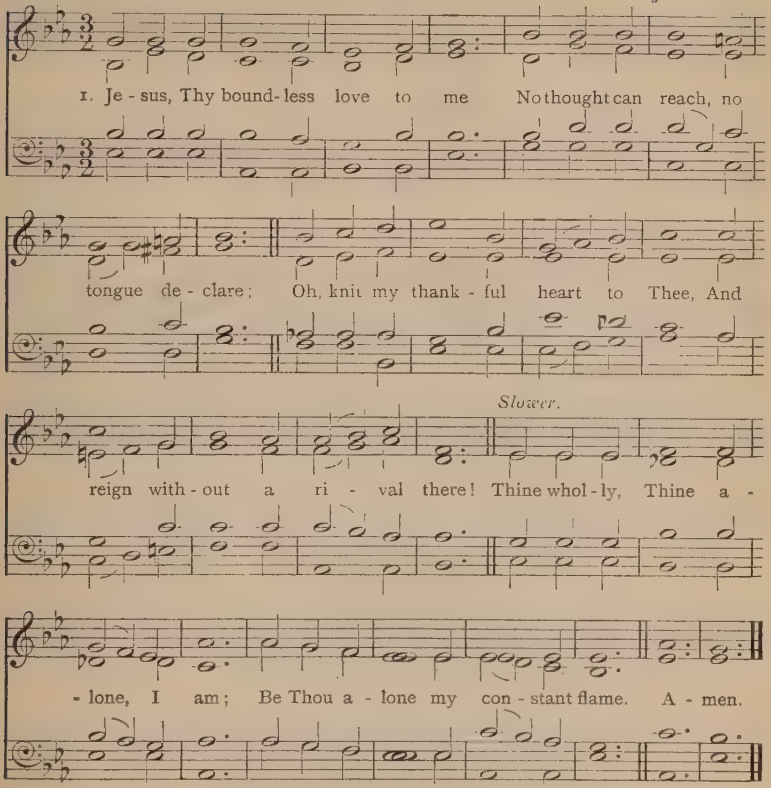
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

* Small notes for irregular verses.

# 625 For the Sick and Afflicted.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. Six 8's. J. BARNBY.


1. Je - sus, Thy bound - less love to me No thought can reach, no
tongue de - clare; Oh, knit my thank - ful heart to Thee, And
Slower.
reign with - out a ri - val there! Thine whol - ly, Thine a -
- lone, I am; Be Thou a - lone my con - stant flame. A - men.

2.

Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

3.

Oh love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

4.

Still let Thy love point out my way!
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

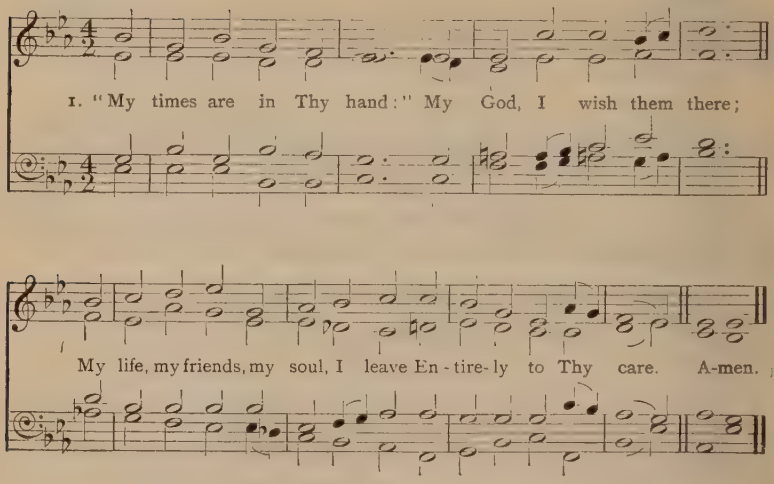
5.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.
Amen.

*Tr.* J. WESLEY.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

GRAY. S.M. HORATIO PARKER.




2.

"My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright
As best may seem to Thee.

3.

"My times are in Thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

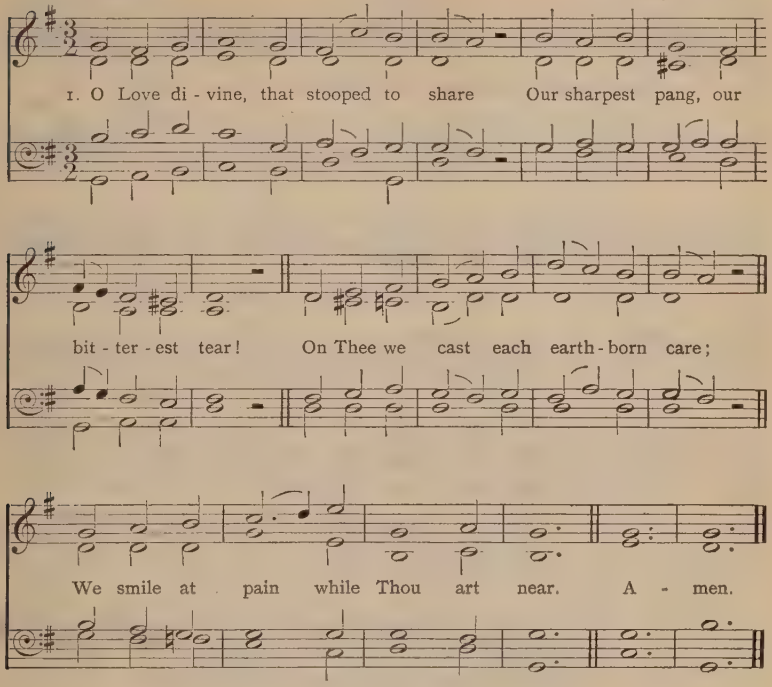
4.

"My times are in Thy hand,'
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide. Amen.

W. F. LLOYD.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

OTTERBOURNE. L.M. Arranged by J. TURLE.


1. O Love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our
bit - ter - est tear! On Thee we cast each earth - born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - men.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

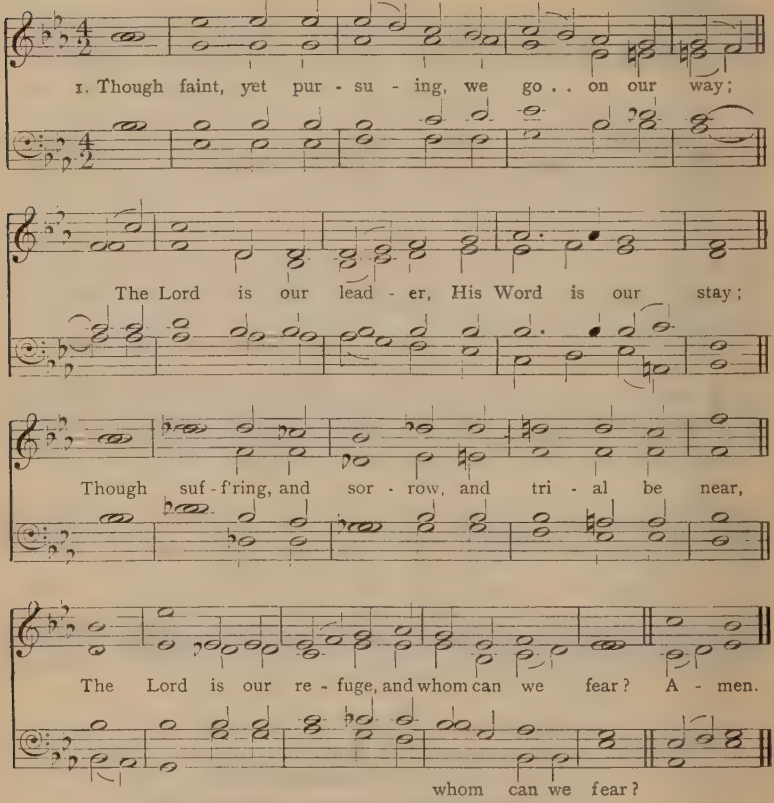
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near. Amen.

O. W. HOLMES.

# 628 For the Sick and Afflicted.

FOUNDATION. FOUR 11's. HORATIO PARKER.


1. Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go . . on our way;
The Lord is our lead - er, His Word is our stay;
Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,
The Lord is our re - fuge, and whom can we fear? A - men.
whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God!

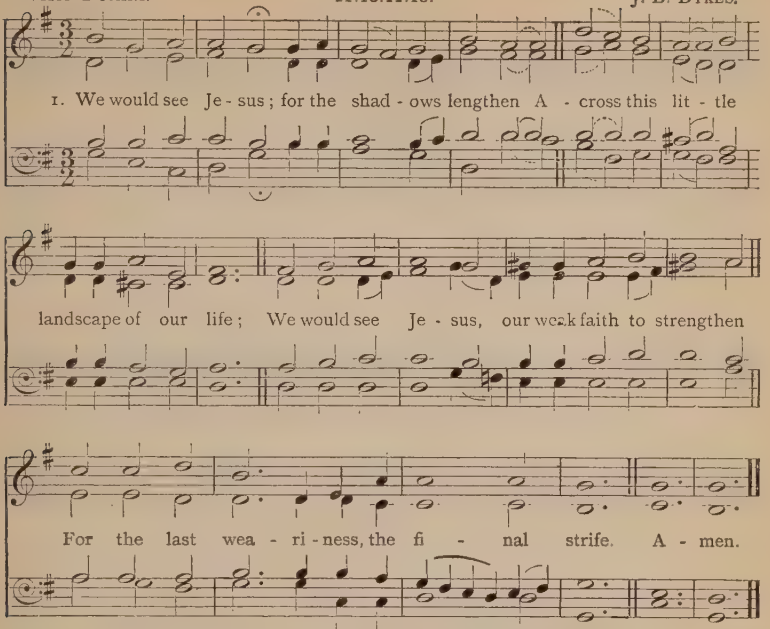
3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home! Amen.

J. N. DARBY.

# 629 For the Sick and Afflicted.

VISIO DOMINI. 11.10.11.10. J. B. DYKES.


1. We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle
landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A - men.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

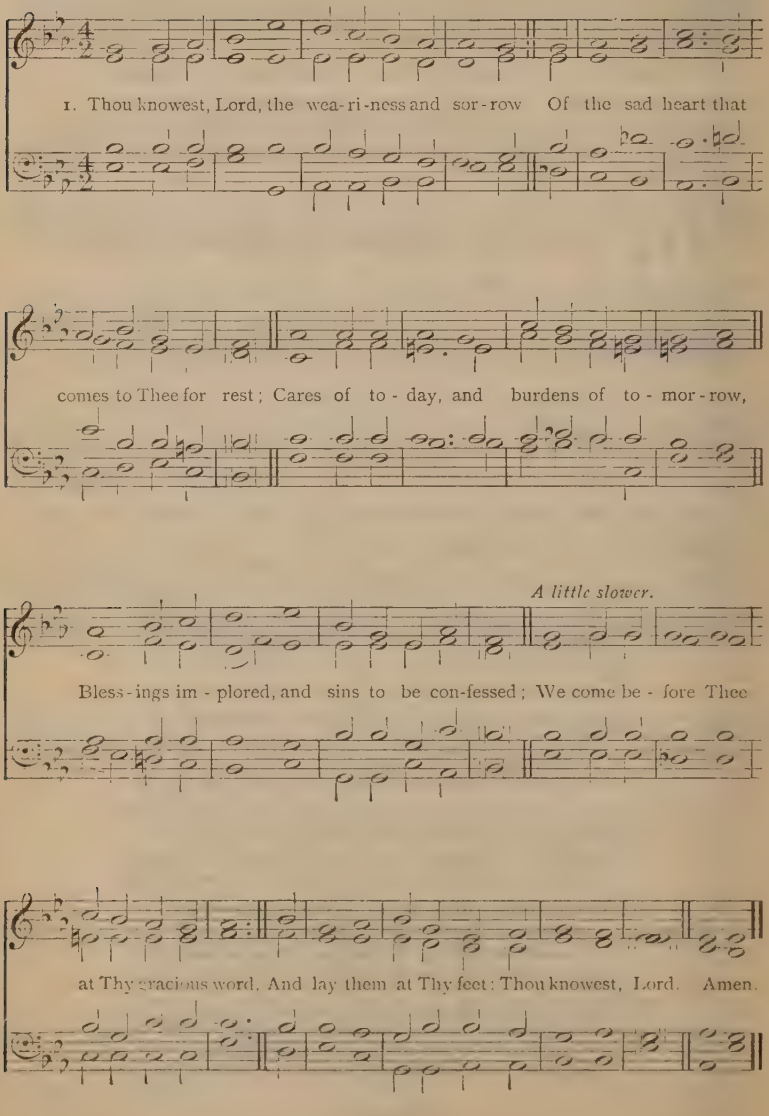
5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night. Amen.

ANNA B. WARNER.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

EDINBURGH. 11.10.11.10.10. J. BARNBY.


1. Thou knowest, Lord, the wea-ri-ness and sor-row Of the sad heart that
comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-mor-row,
A little slower.
Bless-ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fessed; We come be-fore Thee
at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord. Amen.

2.

Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3.

Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4.

Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

5.

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

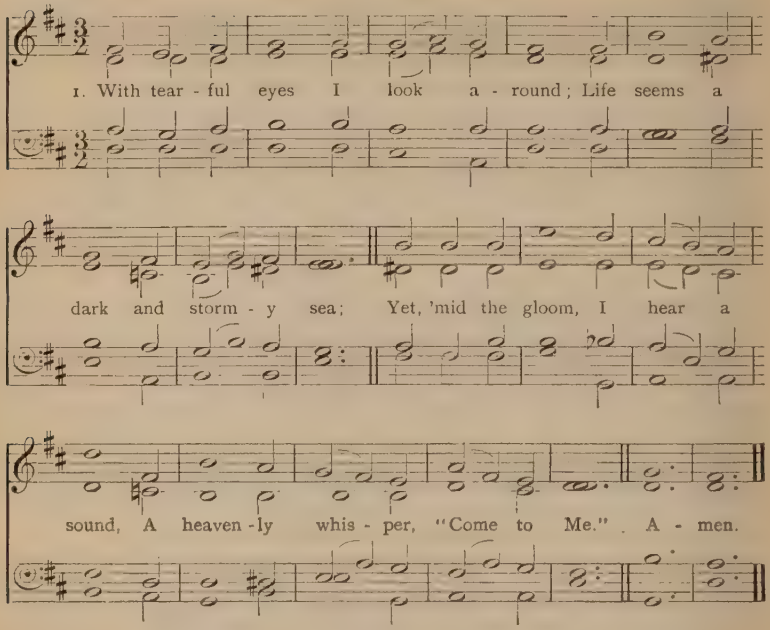
6.

Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known. Amen.

J. BORTHWICK.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

WHISPERINGS. L.M. J. BARNBY.


1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a
dark and storm - y sea; Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a
sound, A heaven - ly whis - per, "Come to Me." A - men.

2.

It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3.

"Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to Me."

4.

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!" Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

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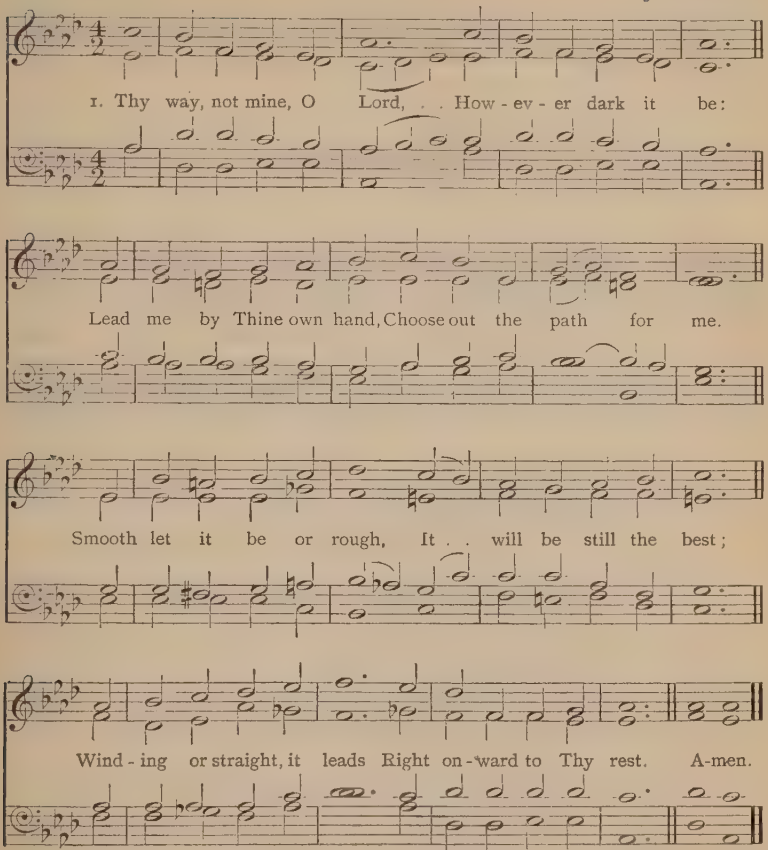
# For the Sick and Afflicted.

BLESSED HOME. Eight 6's. J. STAINER.


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, . . How - ev - er dark it be:
Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough, It . . will be still the best;
Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. A-men.

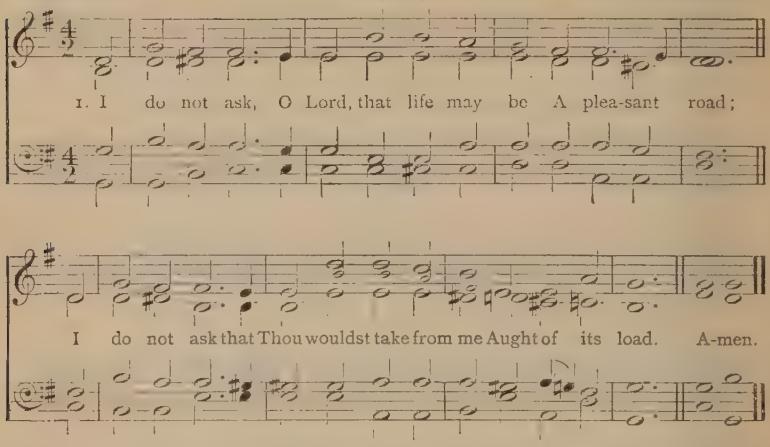
2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

H. BONAR.

## 633 For the Sick and Afflicted.

PER PACEM. 10.4.10.4. G. C. MARTIN.




2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet,
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

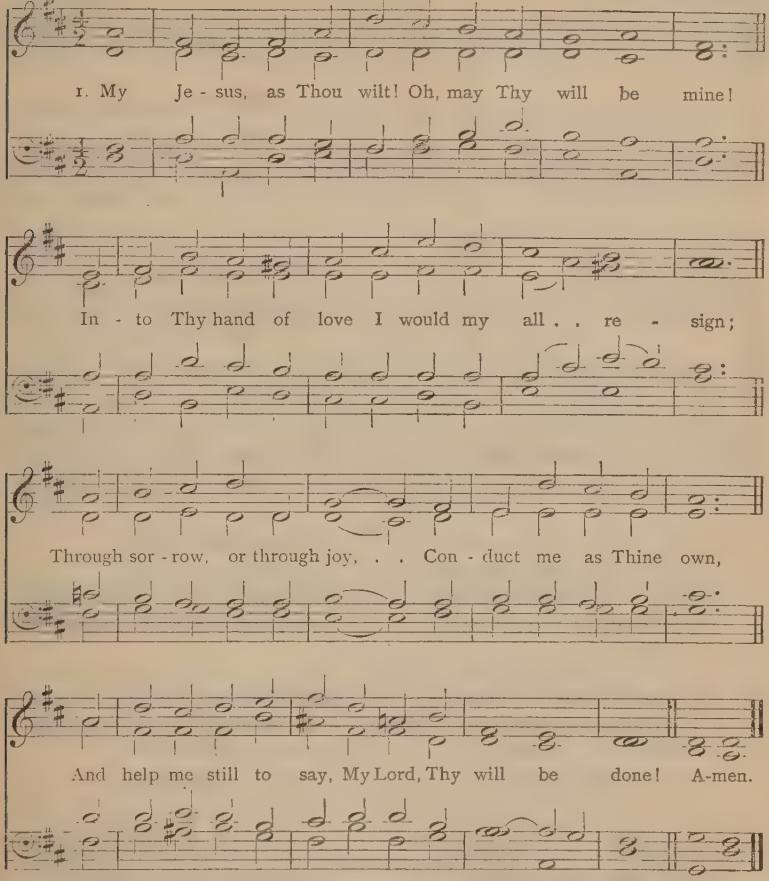
5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

# 634 For the Sick and Afflicted.

HARLAND — Eight 6's. — J. STAINER.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all . . re - sign;
Through sor - row, or through joy, . . Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

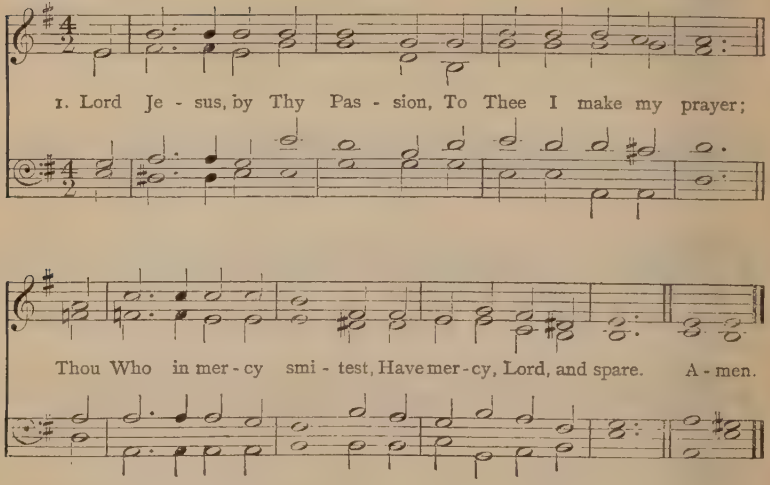
2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth has wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done! Amen.

*Tr.* J. BORTHWICK.

635

ST. MARGARET. 7.6.7.6. W. STATHAM.




2.

Oh, wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side!
Oh, clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified!

3.

Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Sion
I may appear at length!

4.

Oh, hearken to my knocking,
And open wide the door,
That I may enter freely
And never leave Thee more!

5.

Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessèd place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face;

6.

Where gladsome alleluias
Unceasingly resound;
Where martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk robed in white and crowned!

7.

Oh, make my spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng!
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song!

8.

Oh, give that last, best blessing,
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go!

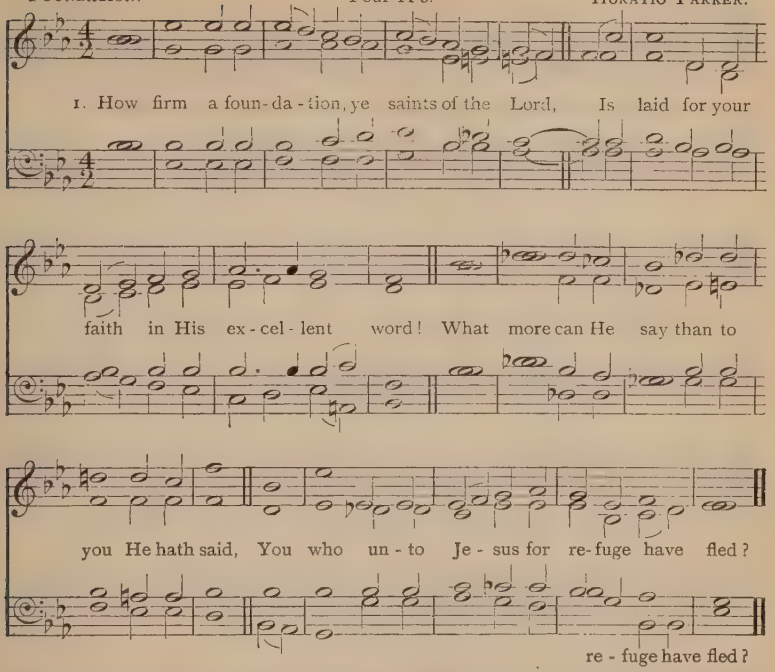
9.

Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love! Amen.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

FOUNDATION. Four 11's. HORATIO PARKER.

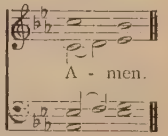

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for re-fuge have fled?
re-fuge have fled?

2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

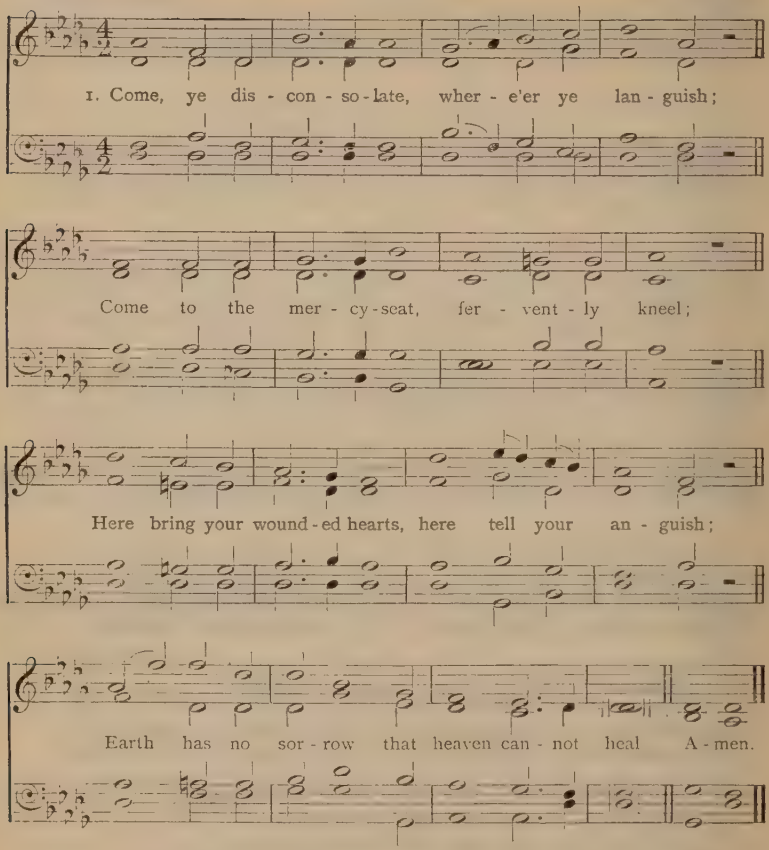
5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.




KEENE.

# For the Sick and Afflicted.

CONSOLATOR. 11.10.11.10. S. WEBBE.

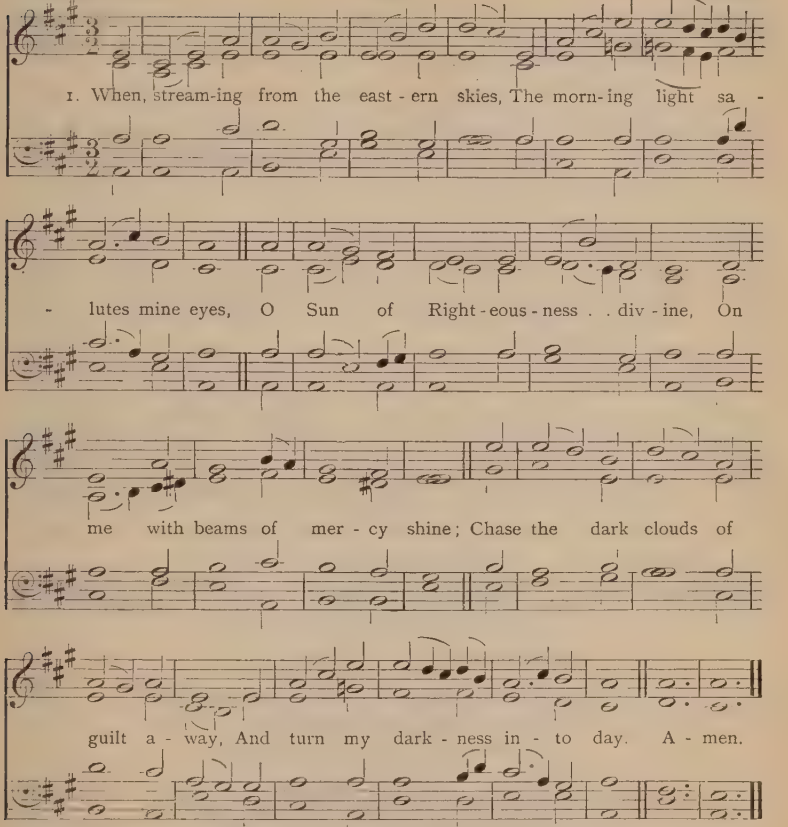

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal A - men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove. Amen.

T. MOORE.

BROWNELL. Six 8's. J. HAYDN.


1. When, stream-ing from the east - ern skies, The morn-ing light sa -
- lutes mine eyes, O Sun of Right - eous - ness . . div - ine, On
me with beams of mer - cy shine; Chase the dark clouds of
guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day. A - men.

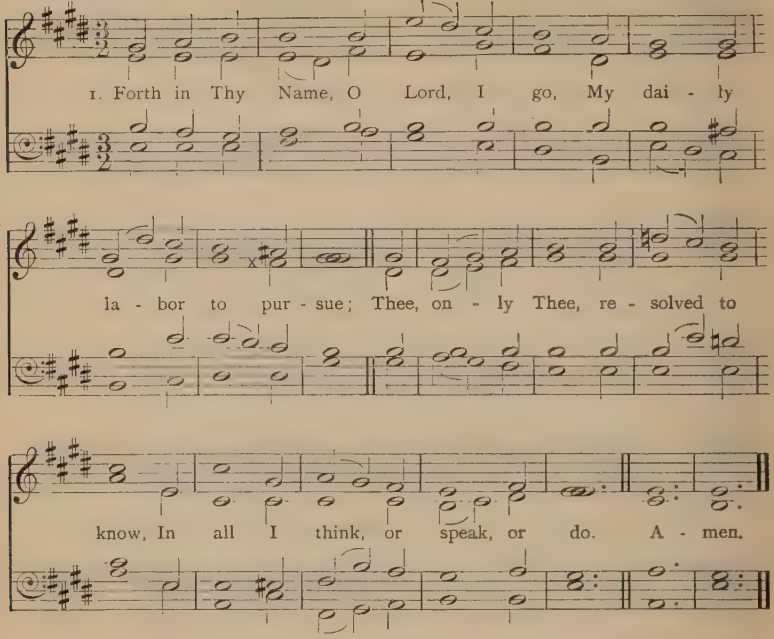
2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise. Amen.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

PIXHAM. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.




2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

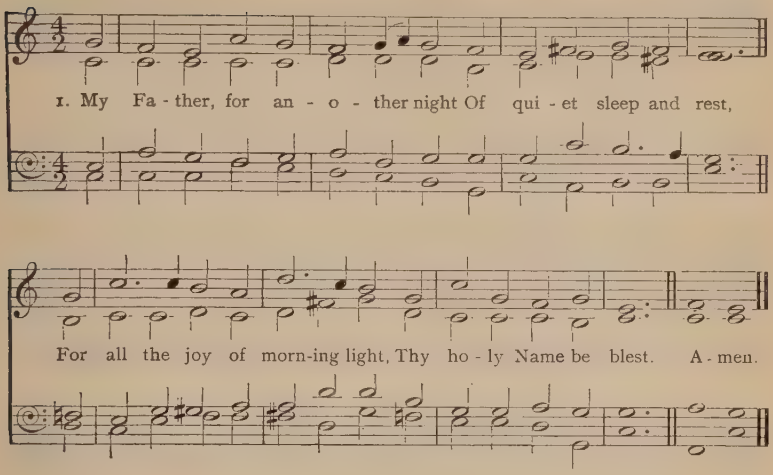
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

THANKSGIVING. C.M. J. BARNBY.




2.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew To Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

3.

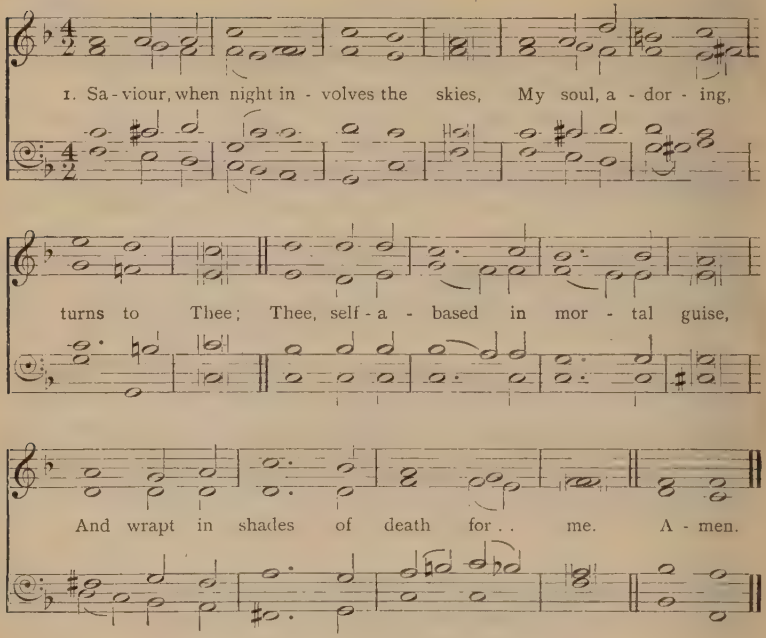
Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

4.

My Father, for His sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

SWEDEN. L.M. H. HILES.


1. Sa - viour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing,
turns to Thee; Thee, self - a - based in mor - tal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for . . me. A - men.

2.

On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

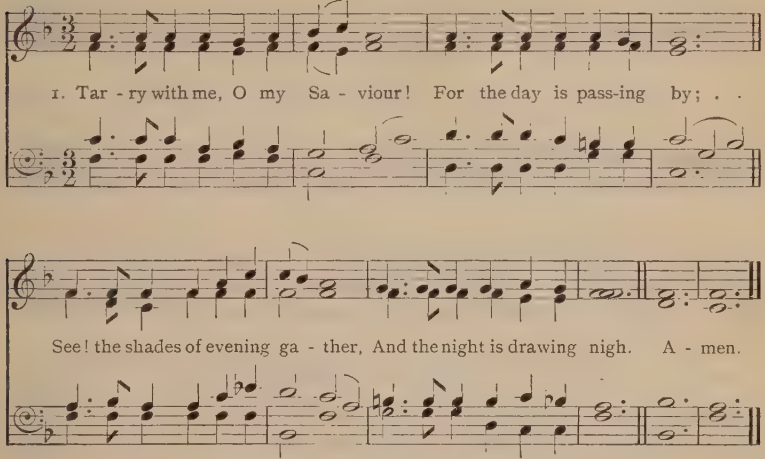
4.

O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live. Amen.

T. GISBORNE.

642

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.




2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

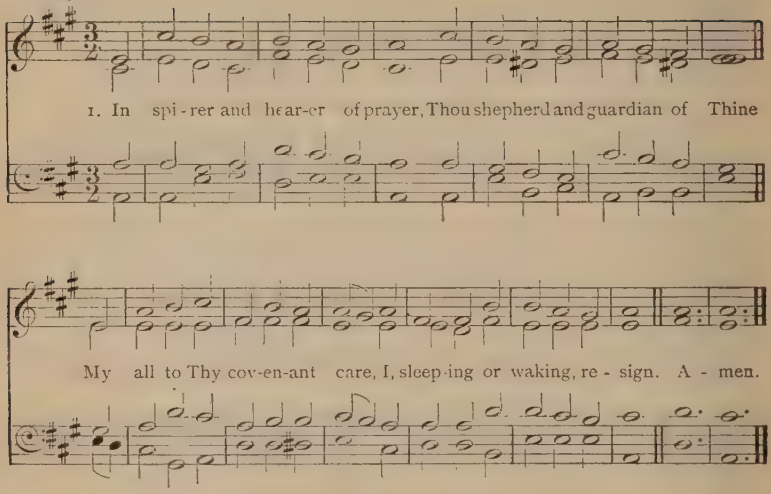
5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Til the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest. Amen.

MRS. C. L. SMITH.

643

DEVOTION. Four 8's.


1. In spi - rer and hear-er of prayer, Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine
My all to Thy cov-en-ant care, I, sleep-ing or waking, re - sign. A - men.

2.

If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3.

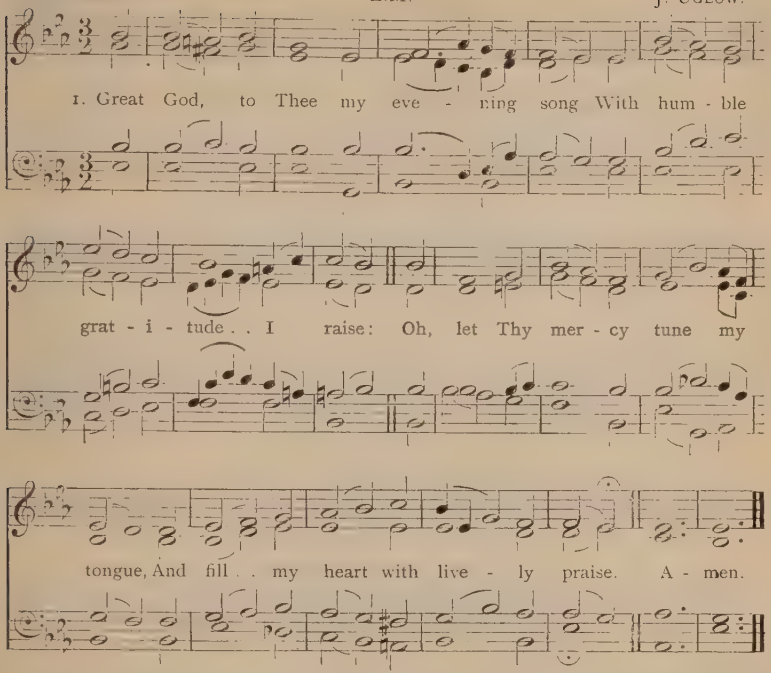
A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4.

His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

ST. VINCENT. L.M. J. UGLOW.


1. Great God, to Thee my eve - ning song With hum - ble
grat - i - tude . . I raise: Oh, let Thy mer - cy tune my
tongue, And fill . . my heart with live - ly praise. A - men.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

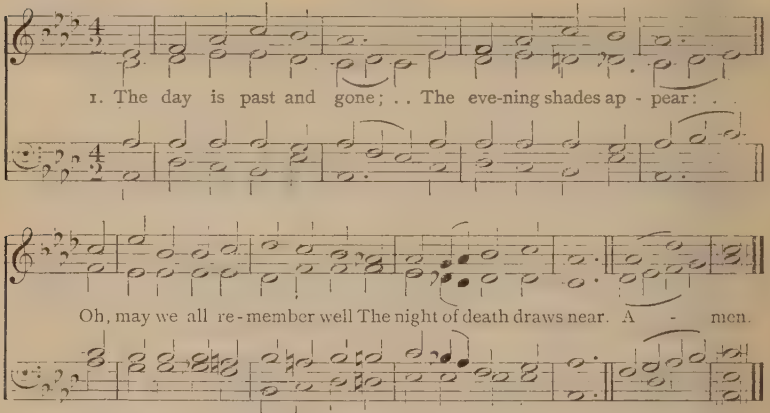
4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord! His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name. Amen.

A. STEELE.

## 645

GARDEN CITY S.M. HORATIO PARKER.



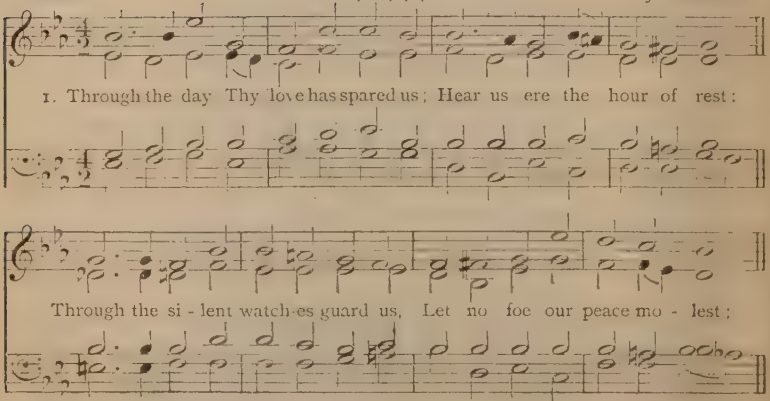

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. Amen.

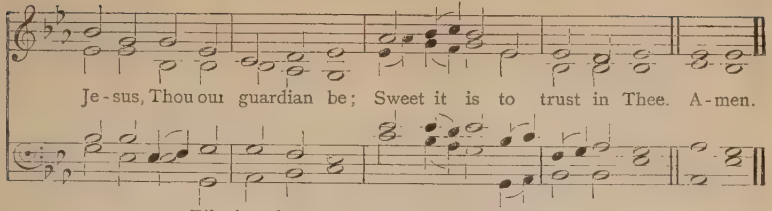
J. LELAND.

## 646

REPOSE. 8.7 8.7.7.7 J. STAINER.


1. Through the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest:
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;

Tune Copyright, 1897, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

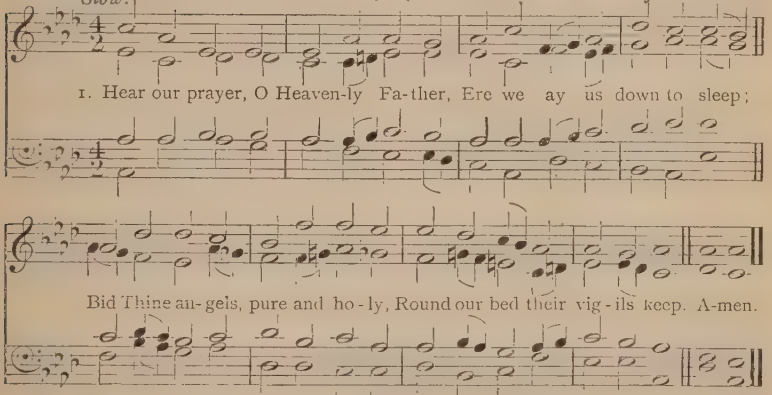



2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

T. KELLY.

## 647

CRUCIFIXION. *Slow.* 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER.


1. Hear our prayer, O Heaven-ly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;
Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. A-men.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

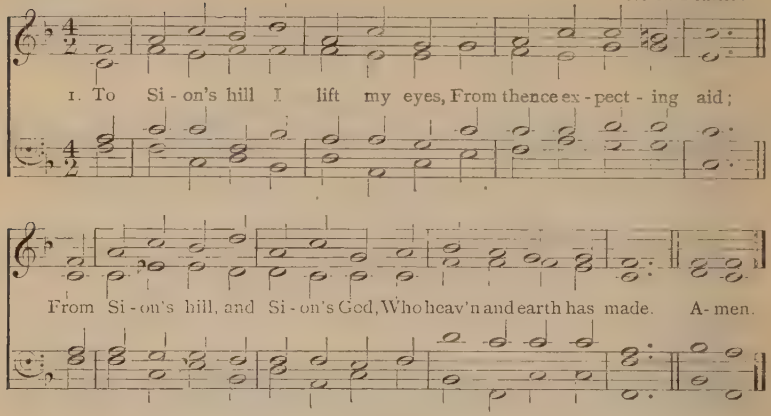
4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home. Amen.

H. PARR.

## 648

YORK TUNE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*




2.

He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep,
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favored Israel keep.

3.

Sheltered beneath th'Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

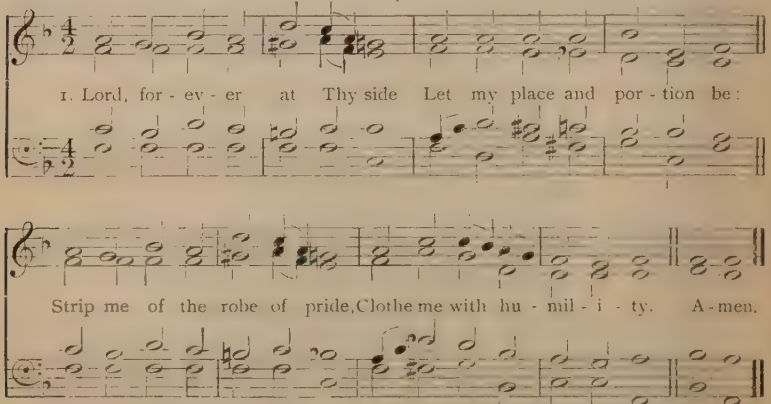
4.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 649

SEYMOUR. Four 7's. C. M. F. E. VON WEBER.



2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

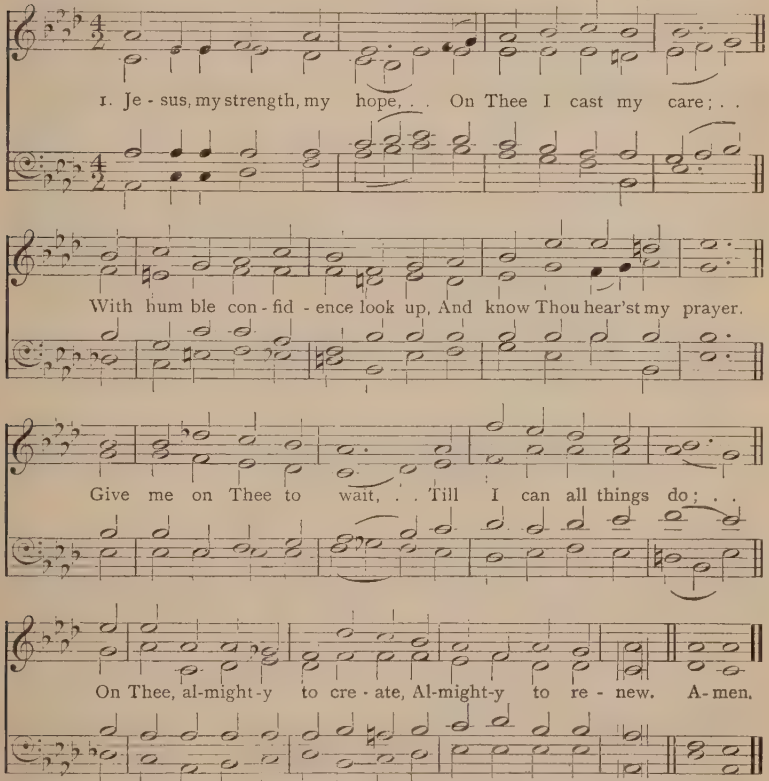
3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 650

OBLATIONS. S.M. D. J. STAINER.


1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, . . On Thee I cast my care; . .
With hum ble con - fid - ence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait, . . Till I can all things do; . .
On Thee, al-might-y to cre - ate, Al-might-y to re - new. A-men.

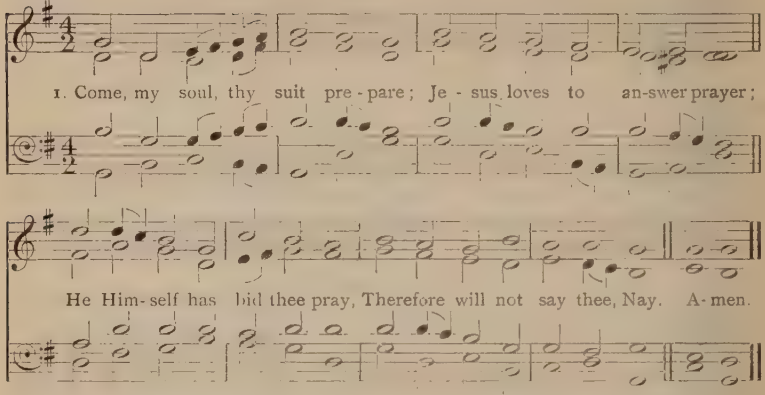
2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 651

BRASTED. Four 7's. P. WEIMAR.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an-swer prayer;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee, Nay. A-men.

Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with Thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

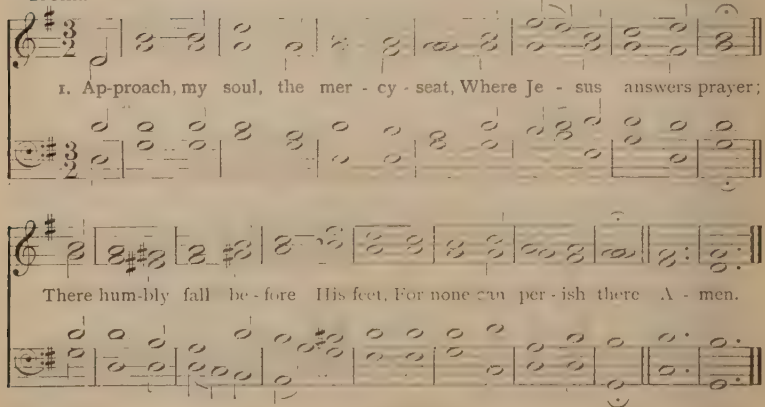
5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

J. NEWTON.

## 652

SPOHR. C.M. L. SPOHR.


1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer;
There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there A - men.

2.
Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3.
Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

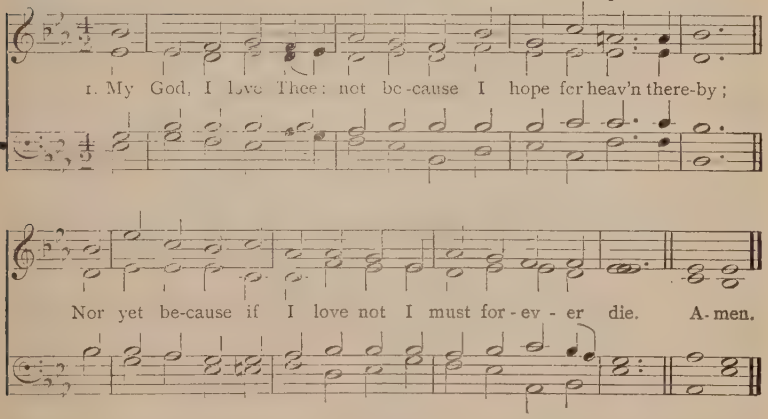
4.
Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5.
O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.
Amen.

J. NEWTON.

## 653

ST. BERNARD. C.M. J. RICHARDSON.




2.
But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

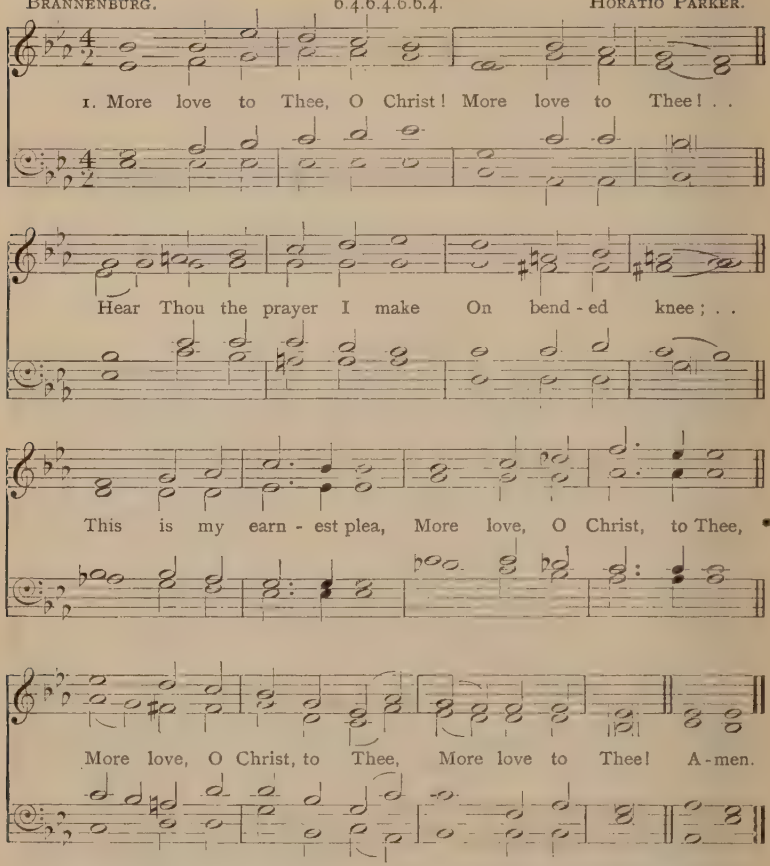
3.
Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

4.
Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5.
E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

BRANNENBURG. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. HORATIO PARKER.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! . .
Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee; . .
This is my earn - est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

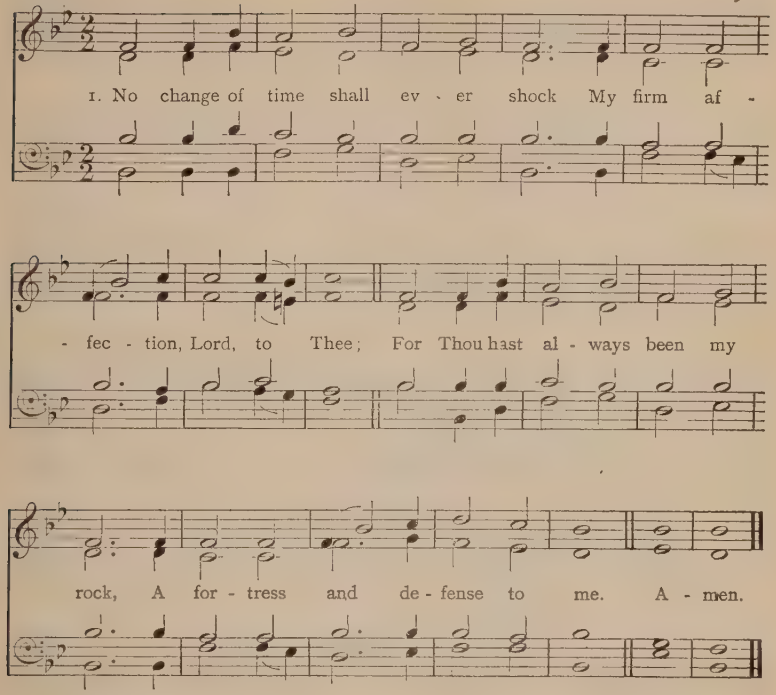
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest:
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain:
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee! Amen.

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS.

WARD. L.M. *Scotch Melody.*


1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af -
- fec - tion, Lord, to Thee; For Thou hast al - ways been my
rock, A for - tress and de - fense to me. A - men.

2.

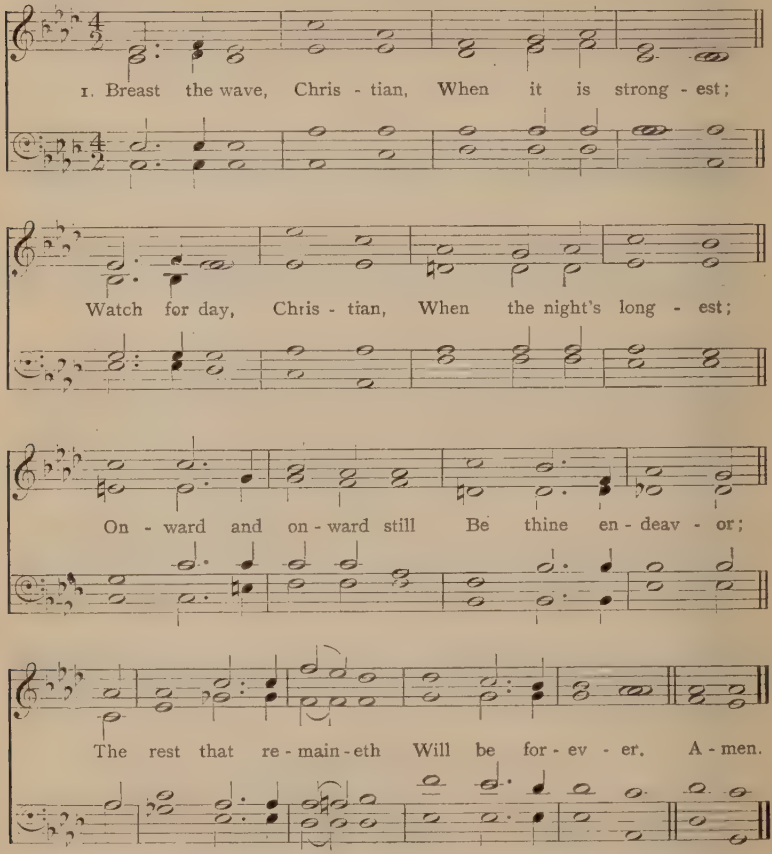
Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3.

To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

FORTITUDE. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. W. C. FILBY.


1. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;
Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;
On - ward and on - ward still Be thine en - deav - or;
The rest that re - main - eth Will be for - ev - er. A - men.

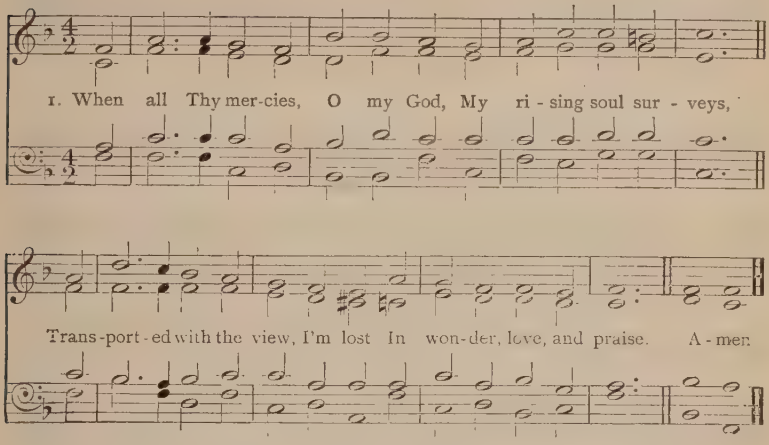
2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He Who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He Who hath loved so well,
Loveth forever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him forever. Amen.

J. STAMMERS.

657

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter*




2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

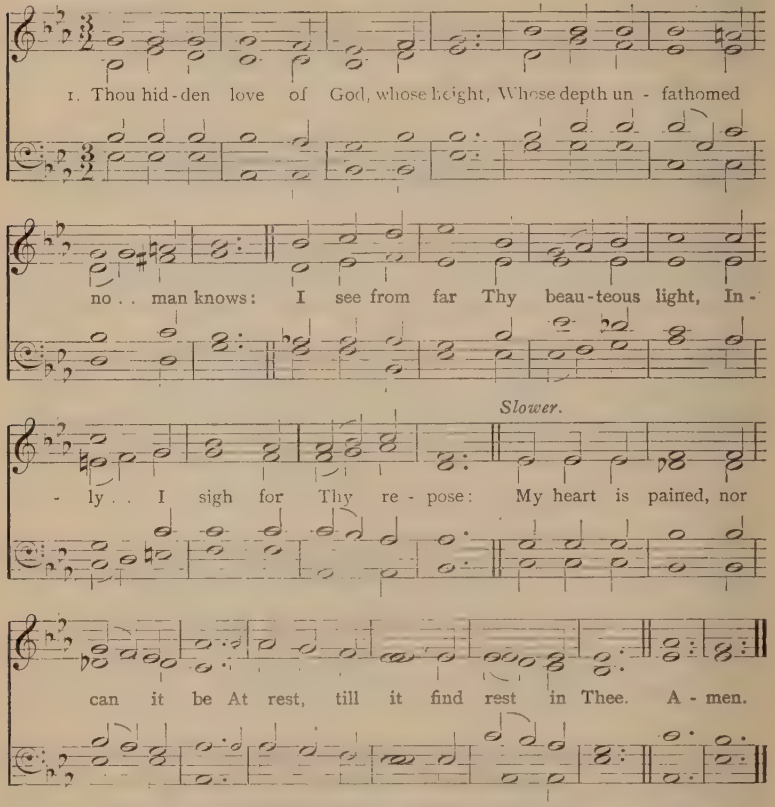
4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise! Amen.

J. ADDISON.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. Six 8's. J. BARNBY.


1. Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fathomed
no . . man knows: I see from far Thy beau-teous light, In -
Slower.
- ly . . I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pained, nor
can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee. A - men.

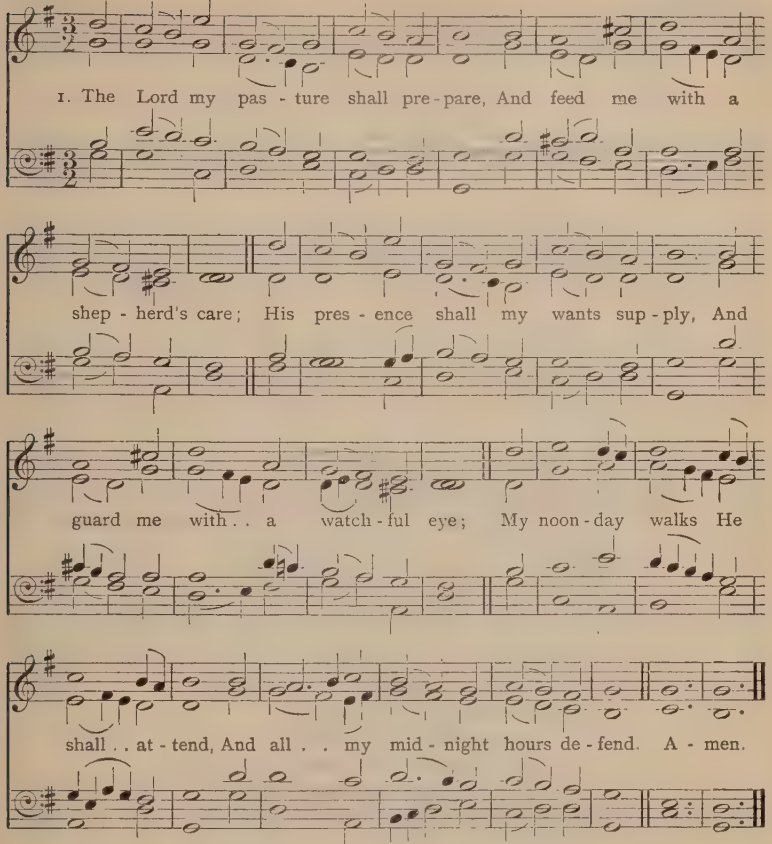
2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favorite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all;
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice! Amen.

*Tr.* J. WESLEY.

CAREY. Six 8's. H. CAREY.

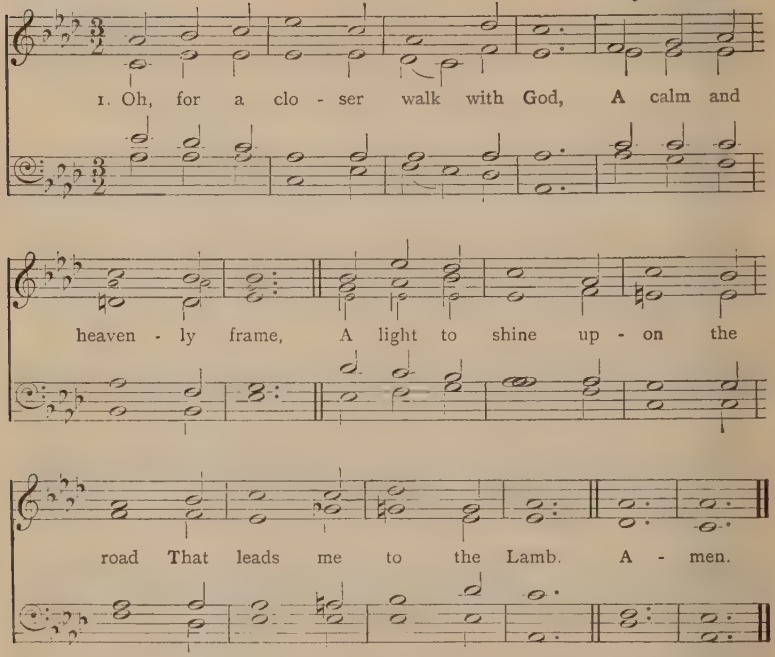

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a
shep - herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And
guard me with . . a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He
shall . . at - tend, And all . . my mid - night hours de - fend. A - men.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall feel no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade. Amen.

J. ADDISON.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES.




2.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3.

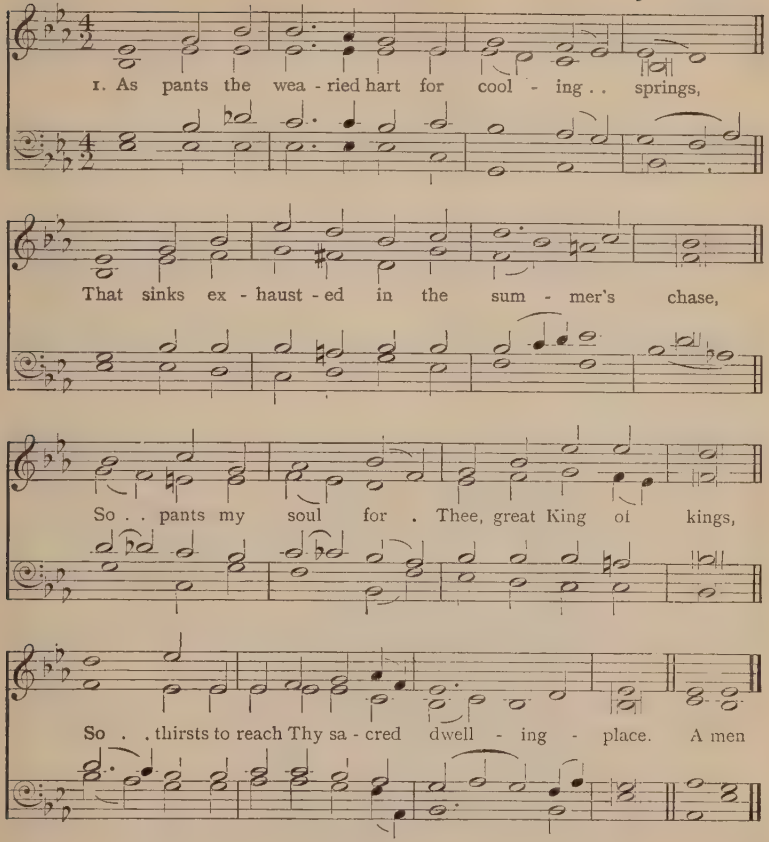
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

W. COWPER.

PAX DEI. Four 10's. J. B. DYKES.


1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing . . springs,
That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,
So . . pants my soul for . Thee, great King of kings,
So . . thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A men

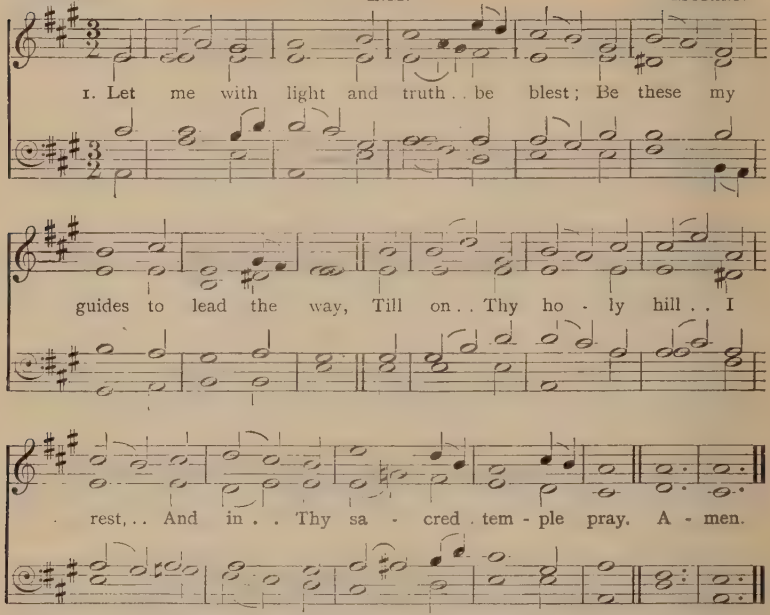
2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love. Amen.

*Tr.* G. GREGORY.

## 662

CANA. L.M. MOZART.


1. Let me with light and truth . . be blest; Be these my
guides to lead the way, Till on . . Thy ho - ly hill . . I
rest, . . And in . . Thy sa - cred tem - ple pray. A - men.

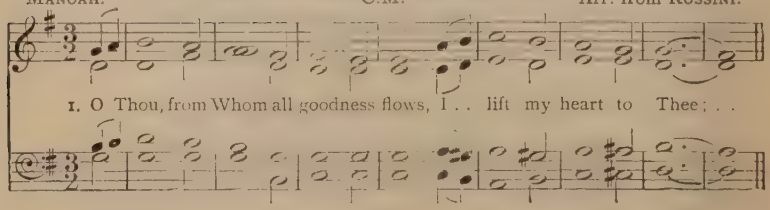
2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, Who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

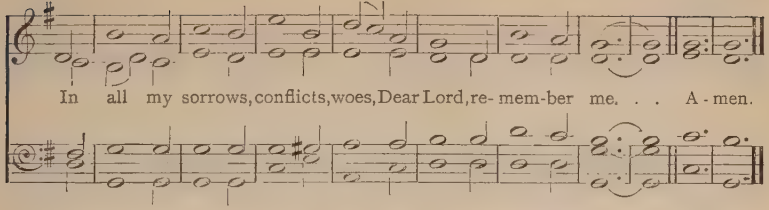
3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

## 663

MANOAH. C.M. Arr. from ROSSINI.






2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

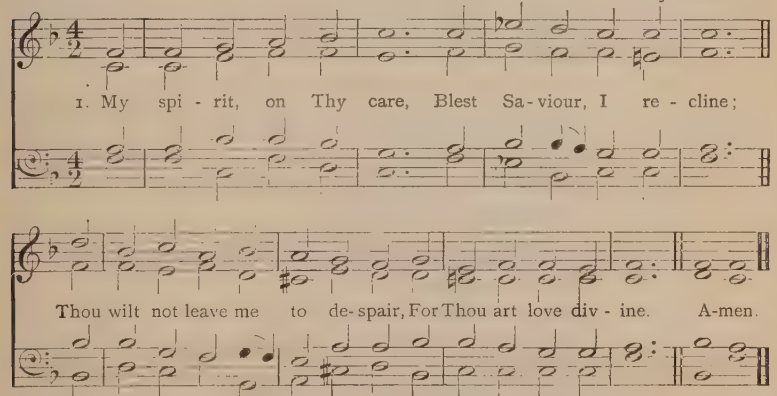
4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me! Amen

T. HAWEIS.

## 664

EMMAUS. S.M. J. BARNBY.




2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

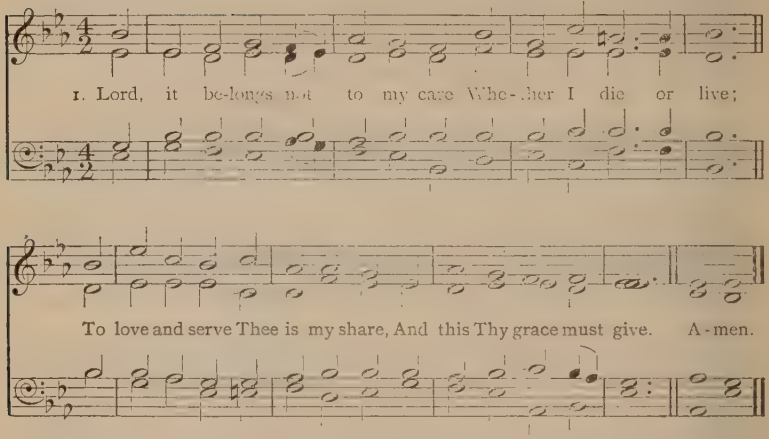
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

665

ST. BERNARD. C.M. J. RICHARDSON.




2 If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

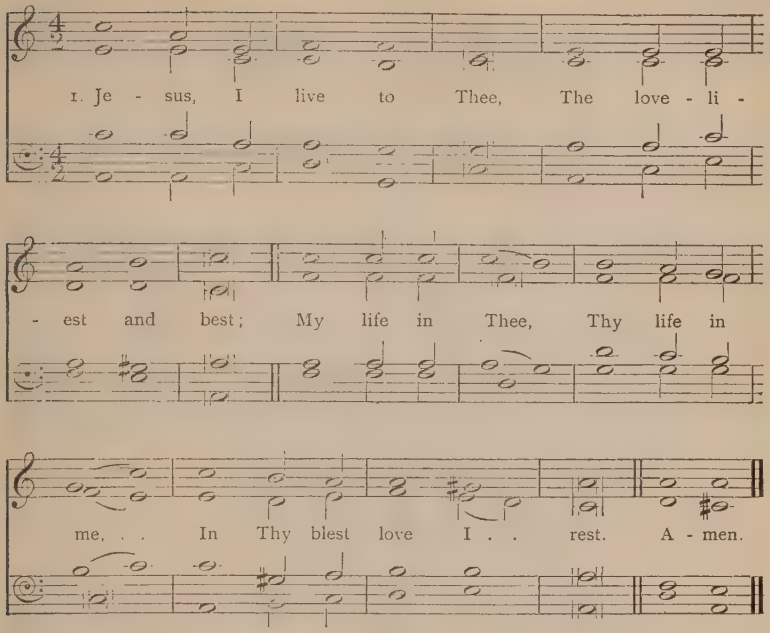
4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him. Amen.

R. BAXTER.

LYTE. S.M. J. B. WILKES.




2.

Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3.

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

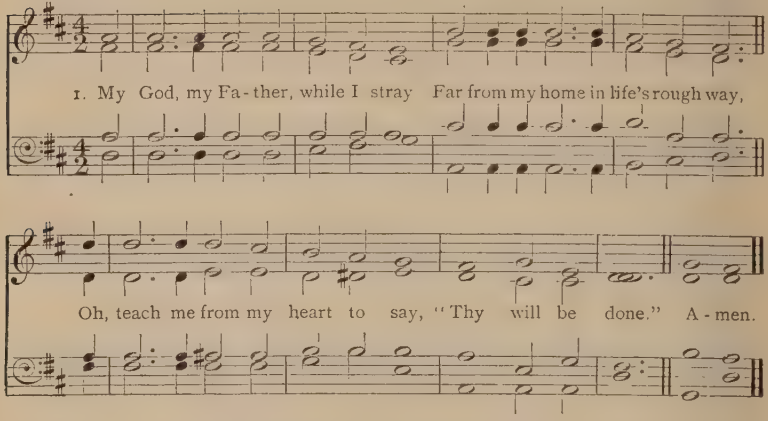
4.

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine. Amen.

H. HARBAUGH.

667

HANFORD 8.8.8.4. A. SULLIVAN.




2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

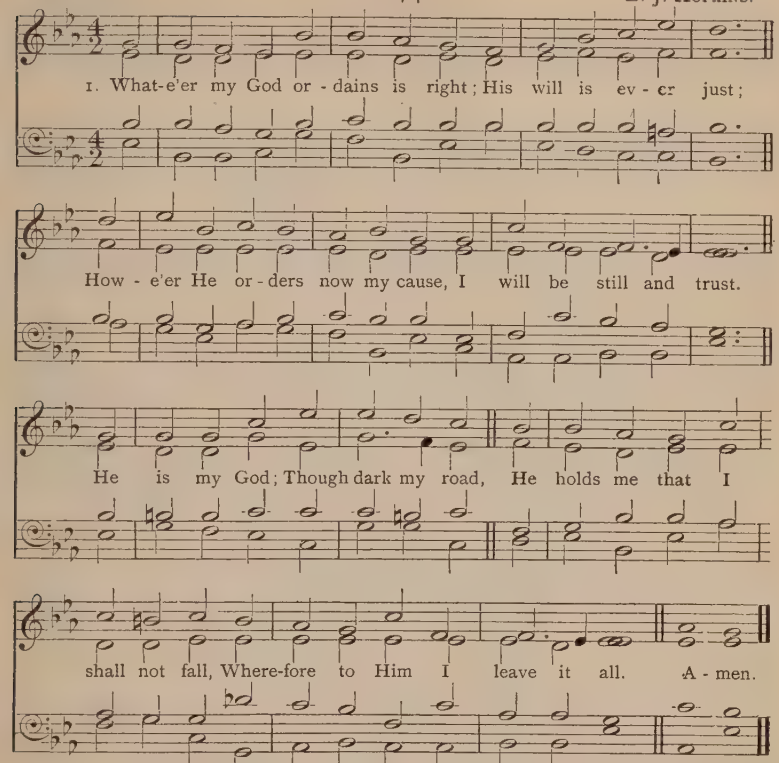
5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done." Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

ARMSTRONG. 8.6.8.6.4.4.8.8. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. What-e'er my God or - dains is right; His will is ev - er just;
How - e'er He or - ders now my cause, I will be still and trust.
He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I
shall not fall, Where-fore to Him I leave it all. A - men.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

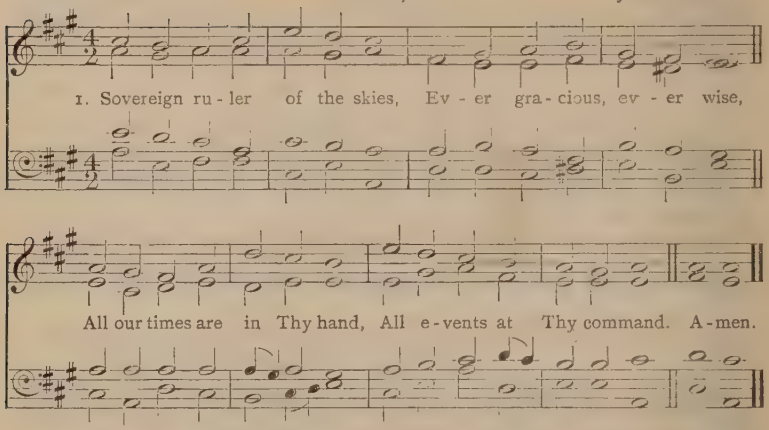
4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand, [earth
Though sorrow, need, or death make
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all. Amen.

S. RODIGAST. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

## 669

VIENNA. Four 7's. J. H. KNECHT.




2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb:
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

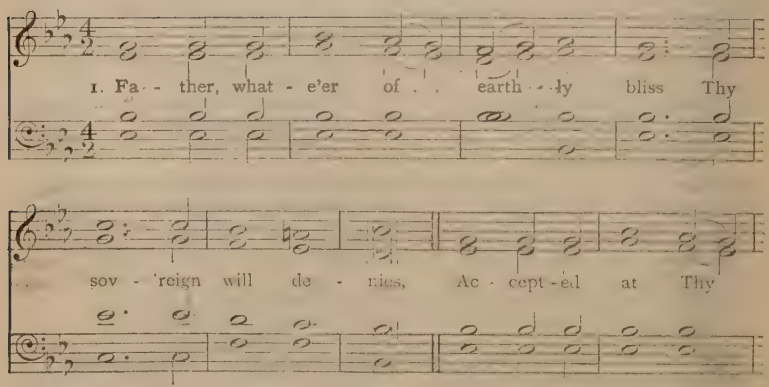
3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

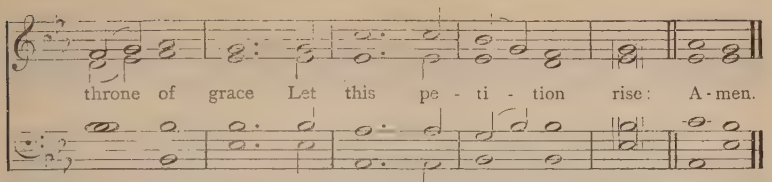
4 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own! Amen.

J. RYLAND.

## 670

NAOMI. C.M. J. G. NÄGELI.





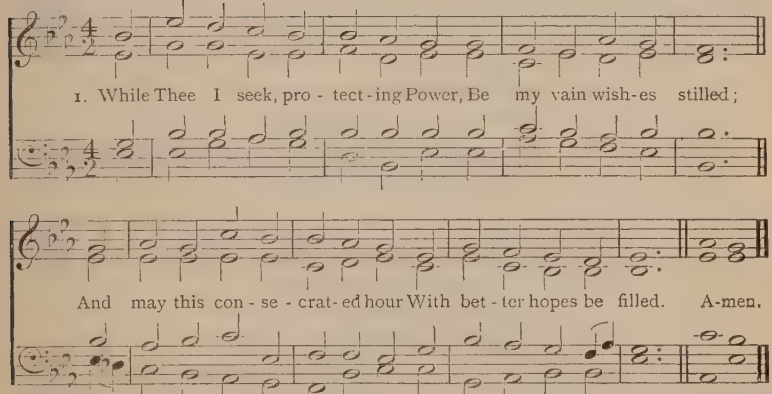

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

A. STEELE.

## 671

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.


1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

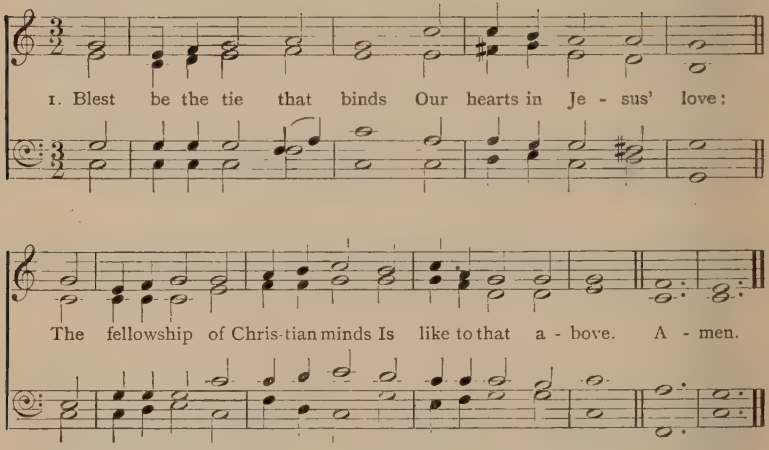
4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee. Amen.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

BOYLSTON. S.M. L. MASON.




2.

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4.

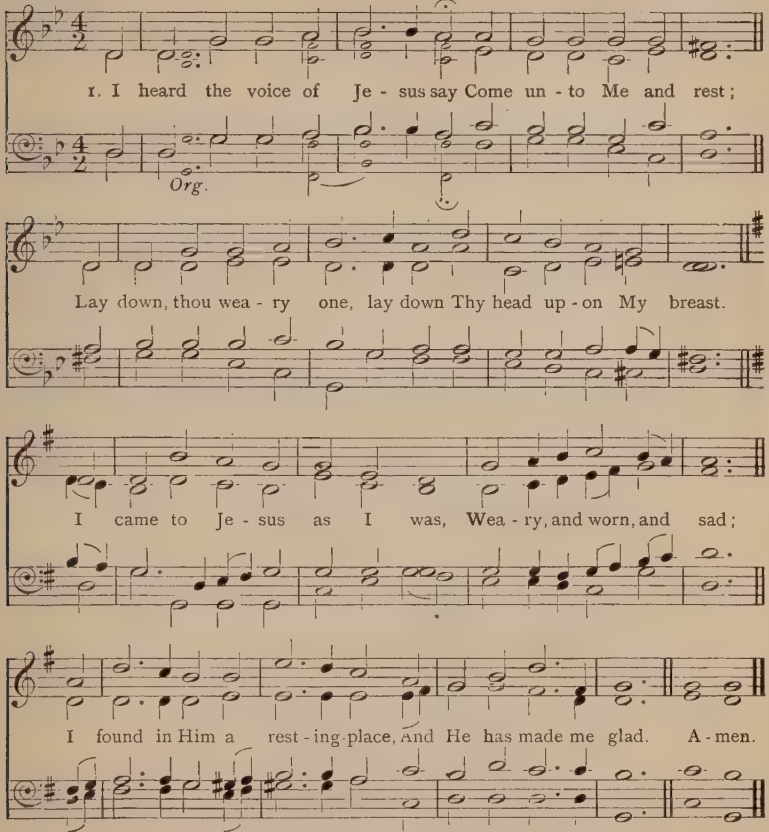
When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. Amen.

J. FAWCETT.

VOX DILECTI. C.M.D. J. B. DYKES.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;
Org.
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

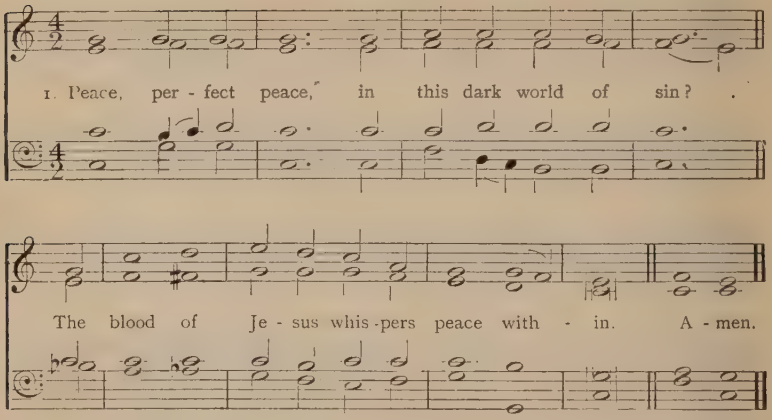
3.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Amen.

H. BONAR.

PAX TECUM. 10.10. G. T. CALDBECK.




2.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6.

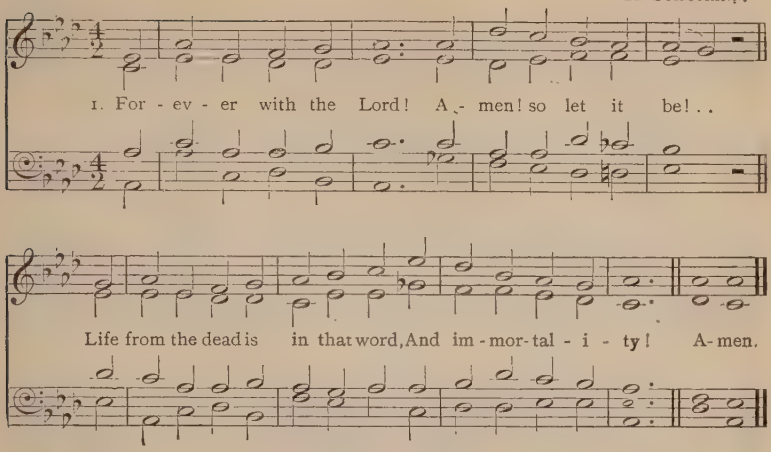
Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

SCHUMANN. S.M. R. SCHUMANN.




2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear!

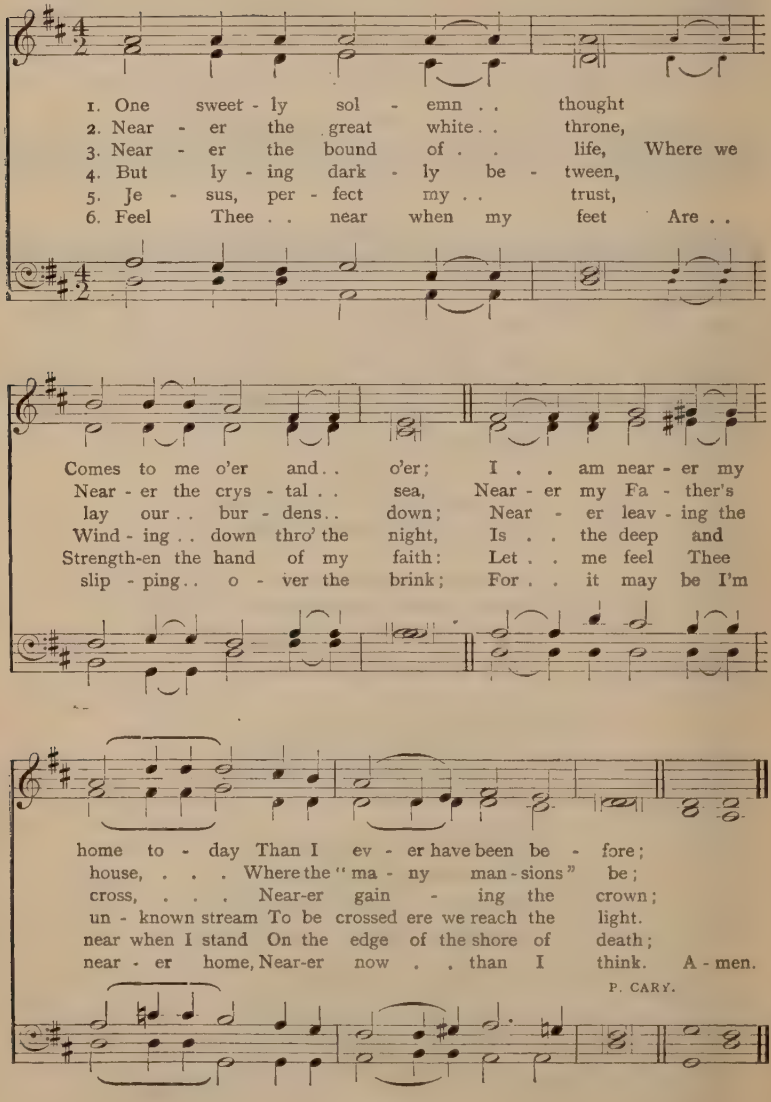
4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then, I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain. Amen.

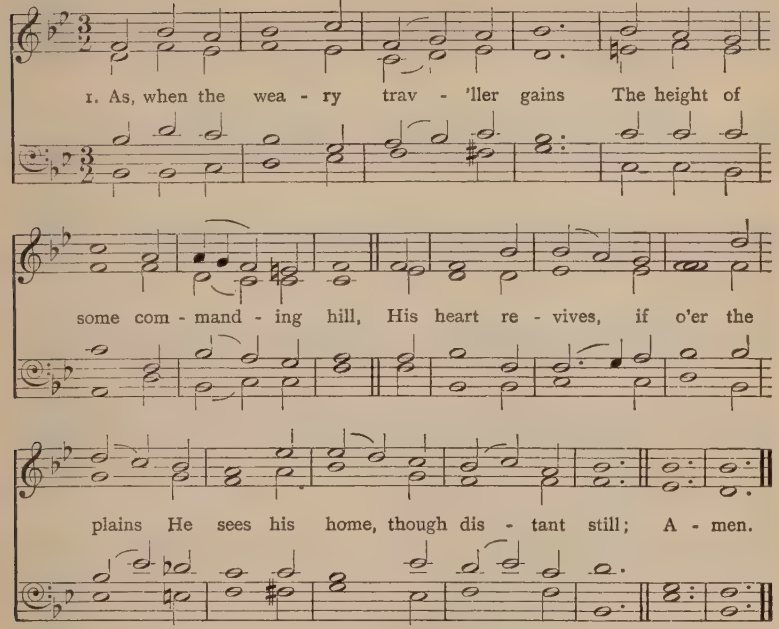
J. MONTGOMERY.

AMBROSE. P.M. R. S. AMBROSE.


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn . . thought
2. Near - er the great white . . throne,
3. Near - er the bound of . . life, Where we
4. But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween,
5. Je - sus, per - fect my . . trust,
6. Feel Thee . . near when my feet Are . .
Comes to me o'er and . . o'er; I . . am near - er my
Near - er the crys - tal . . sea, Near - er my Fa - ther's
lay our . . bur - dens . . down; Near - er leav - ing the
Wind - ing . . down thro' the night, Is . . the deep and
Strength-en the hand of my faith: Let . . me feel Thee
slip - ping . . o - ver the brink; For . . it may be I'm
home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore;
house, . . . Where the "ma - ny man - sions" be;
cross, . . . Near-er gain - ing the crown;
un - known stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death;
near - er home, Near-er now . . than I think. A - men.

P. CARY.

GERMANY. L.M. From BEETHOVEN.


1. As, when the wea - ry trav - 'ller gains The height of
some com - mand - ing hill, His heart re - vives, if o'er the
plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still; A - men.

2.

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting heart renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3.

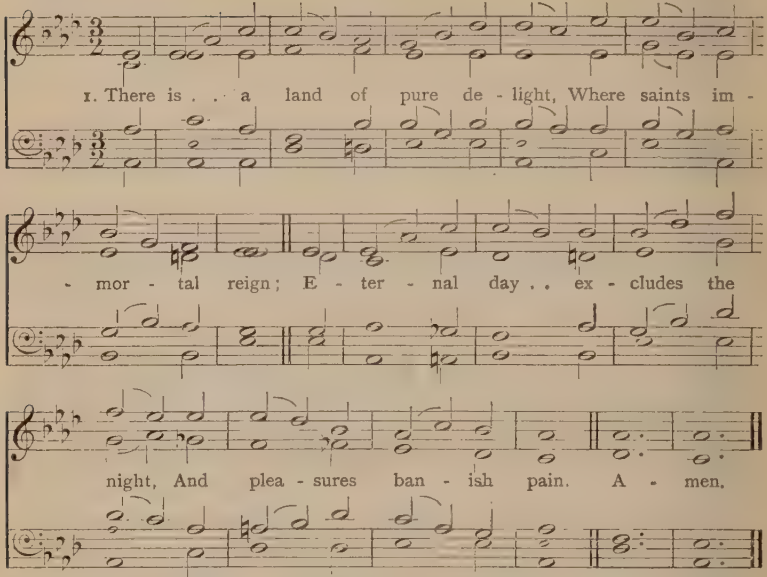
The thought of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4.

Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

CHESTNUT RIDGE. C.M. W. H. WALTER.


1. There is . . a land of pure de - light, Where saints im -
- mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day . . ex - cludes the
night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain. A - men.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

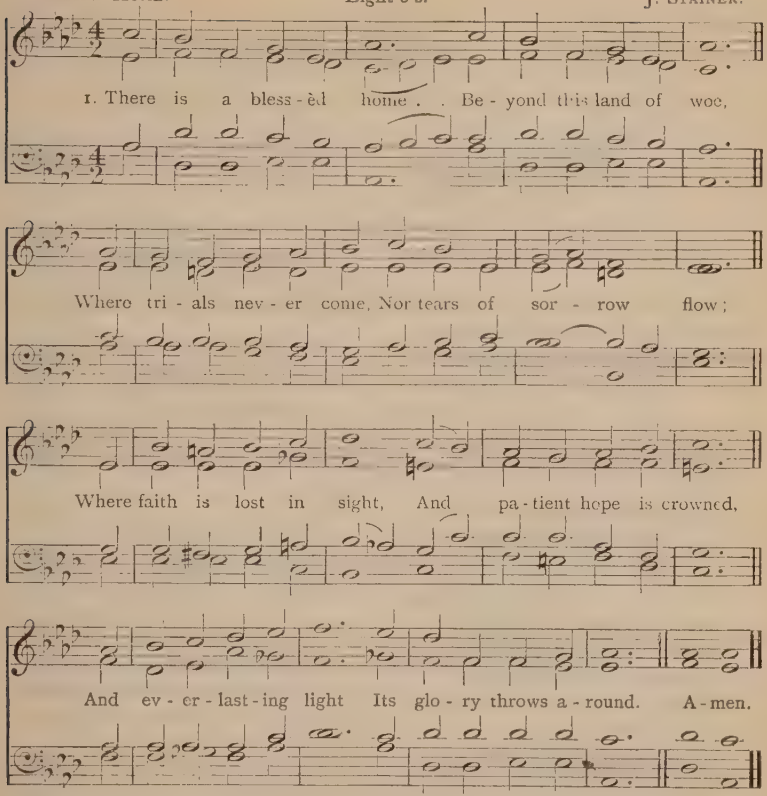
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BLESSED HOME. Eight 6's. J. STAINER.


1. There is a bless-èd home . . Be-yond this land of woe,
Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crowned,
And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-men.

2 There is a land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

# DOXOLOGIES.

NOTE.—After the Long, Common, and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

L.M.

PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Amen.

L.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
Amen.

L.M. D.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be given,
The everlasting Three in One,
Adored by all in earth and heaven;
As was in circling ages past,
Is now, and shall forever be,
While saints their crowns of glory cast
Before Thy throne, blest Trinity.
Amen.

C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

C.M. D.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join:
Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

S.M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

S.M. D.

PRAISE, as in ages past,
Praise, as in glory now,
Praise, while eternity shall last,
To Thee, O God, we vow;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Be glory evermore. Amen.

1 Four 10's.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

2 Four 8's.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.
Amen.

# Doxologies.

**3** Six 8's.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

**4** Six 8's.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.
Amen.

**5** L.M. D.

Eternal Father! throned above,
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, Who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to Thee. Amen.

**6** Four 7's.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One.
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.

**7** Six 7's.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

**8** Eight 7's.

Holy Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might,
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

**9** Four 6's.

To Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

**10** Six 6's.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise and glory be;
As was in ages past,
And shall forever last,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

**11** Eight 6's.

To Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy Throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

**12** 8 7.8.7.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

**13** 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run. Amen.

**14** 8.7.8.7. D.

Let the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Alleluias everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

**15** 7.6.7.6.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore. Amen.

**16** 7.6.7.6. D.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

**17** 6.5.6.5.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

**18** 9.8.9.8

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
The everlasting Three in One,
Be glory due Thy boundless merit,
While never ending ages run. Amen.

**19** 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

**20** 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Praise the Father throned in heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessèd Three in One.
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

**21** 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confest,
Be highest glory given,
As hath been from the ages past,
And shall be while the ages last,
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

**22** 7.6.7.6.8.8.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
God ever Three in One,
Let glory due Thy merit,
By angel choirs begun,
As in the countless ages past,
Be sung while endless ages last.
Amen.

**23** 8.5.8.5.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God forever One,
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
While the ages run. Amen.

**24** 8.8.8.4.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God forever Three in One,
Be praise from men and angel host,
While ages run. Amen.

**25** 8.8.8.6.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,
While everlasting ages run,
All glory be to Thee. Amen.

**26** 7.7.7.5.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One; from every coast,
Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,
Thy true Godhead praise. Amen.

**27** 6.6.6.6.8.8.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy Name we sing, while faith adores.
Amen.

**28** 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

To Father and to Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore,
And shall be evermore;
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

**29** 4.4.7.7.6.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One
True God, be glory given;
Now, and while the ages run,
Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

**30** Hymn 466. P M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And ever blessèd Spirit,
Eternal Three in One,
Be glory due Thy merit;
As was in ages past,
Is now, and still shall be,
While endless ages last,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

**31** Four 11's.

Come, let us adore Him! come, bow at His feet!
Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies! Amen.

THE MORNING AND EVENING

# Canticles

AND

# Occasional Anthems

POINTED FOR CHANTING BY THE COMMISSION ACTING UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

---

IN putting forth this Pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the preface to the "Cathedral Psalter":

1. The words from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.

2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

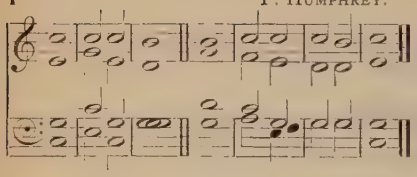
3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

4. An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to as in good *reading*.

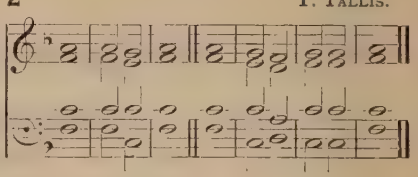
5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

## Venite, exultemus Domino.

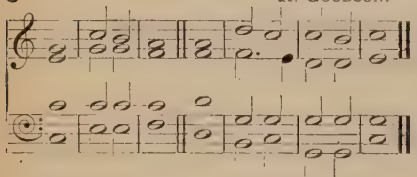
1 P. Humphrey.



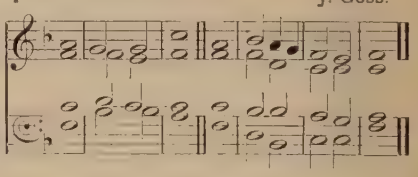
2 T. Tallis.



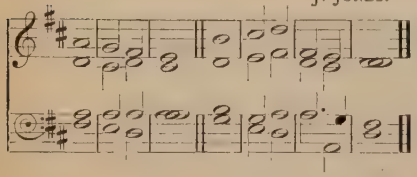
3 R. Goodson.



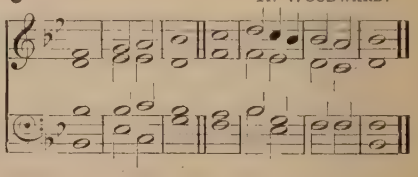
4 J. Goss.



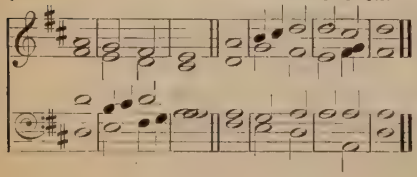
5 J. Jones.



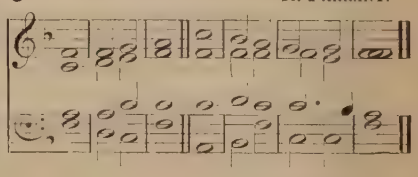
6 R. Woodward.



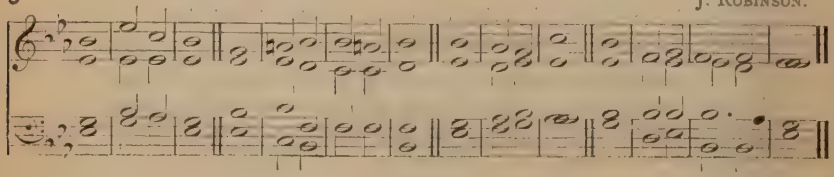
7 W. Crotch.



8 R. Farrant.

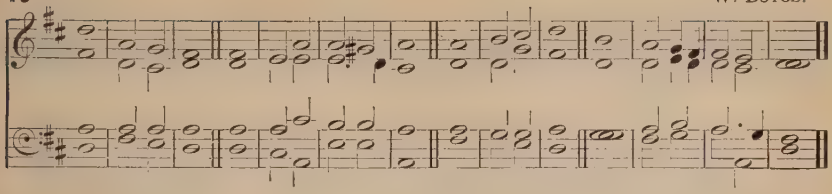


9 J. Robinson.

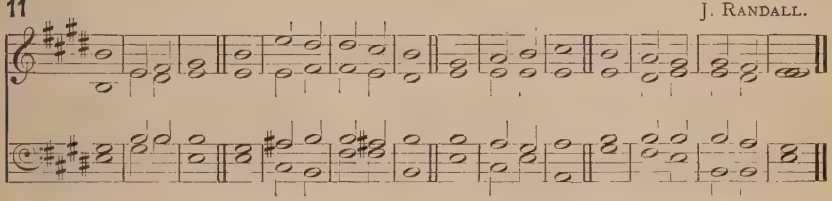


# Venite, exultemus Domino.

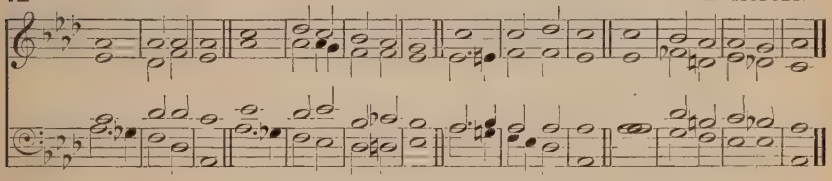
10 W. Boyce.



11 J. Randall.



12 E. Hodges.



O COME, let us sing | unto · the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks · = | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great · = | God: and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his · = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hands pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

6 O come, let us worship and | fall · = | down: and kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture * and the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness: let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Te Deum laudamus.

J. Barnby.

13 Organ. *Maestoso.* *Voices alone.* *Voices with Org.*

*Full Org. ff*

1. We praise thee O God: {we acknow-ledge} thee to be the Lord.

*Ped.*

2. All the earth doth wor-ship thee: the Fa-ther ev - er - lasting.

3. To thee all Angels cry a - loud: the Heavens, and all the Powers there - in;

4. To thee Cherubim and Se - ra - phim: con - - tin-ual - ly do cry,

*rit.*

*Slower. Voices in Unison.* *pp*

5. Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sab - a - oth;

6. Heaven and earth are full of the Ma-jes - ty: of thy . . glo - ry.

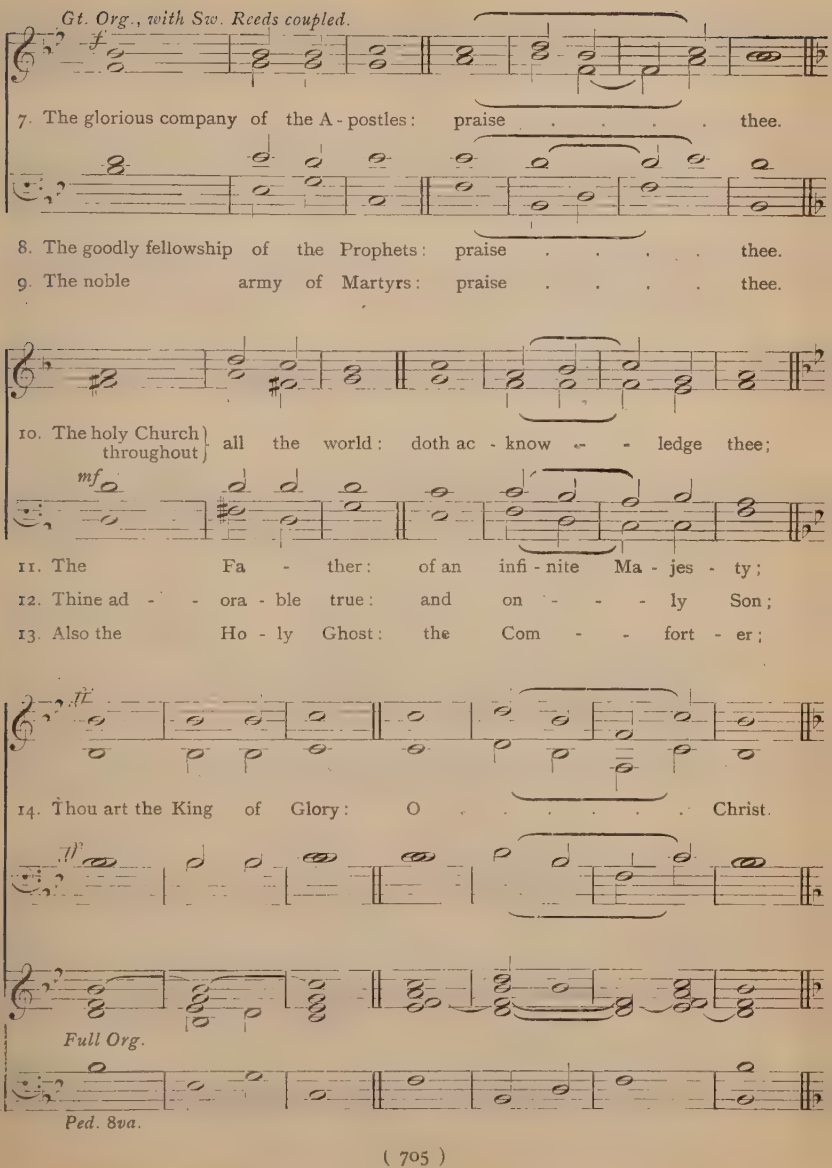
*pp*

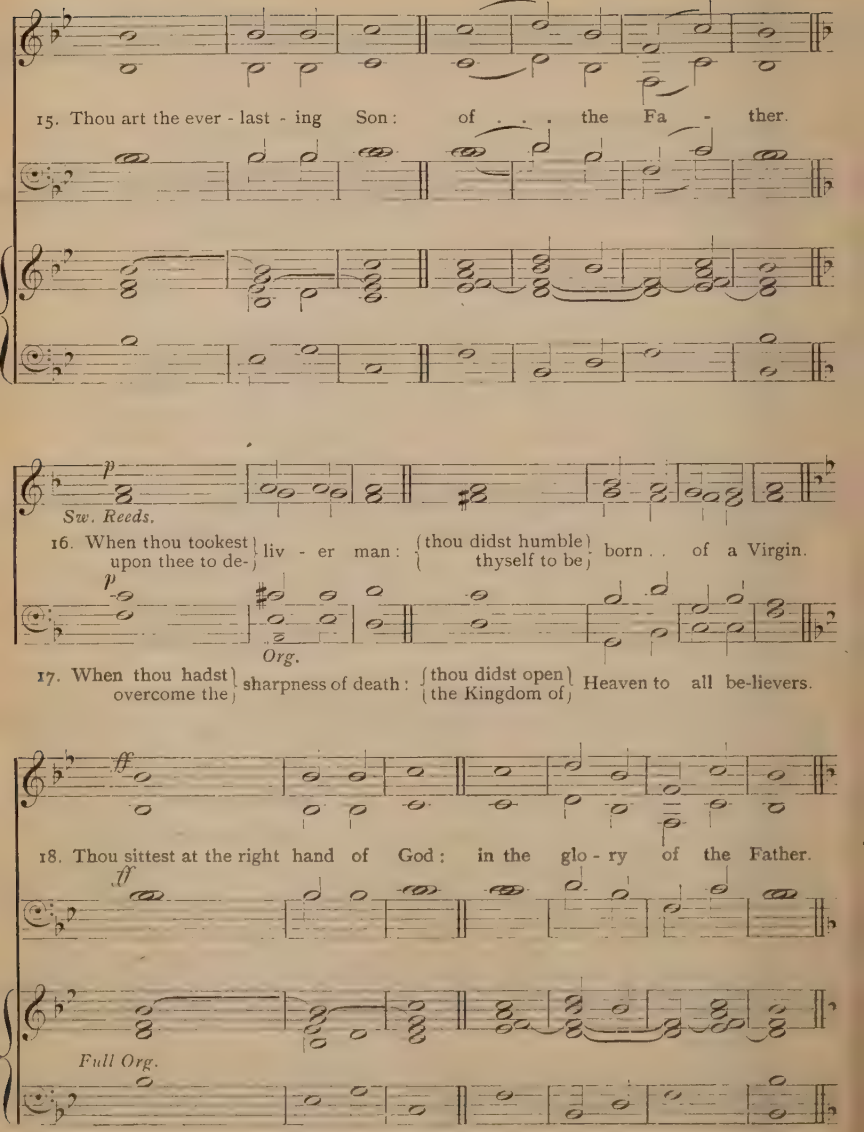
Organ.

*Sw. Org.*

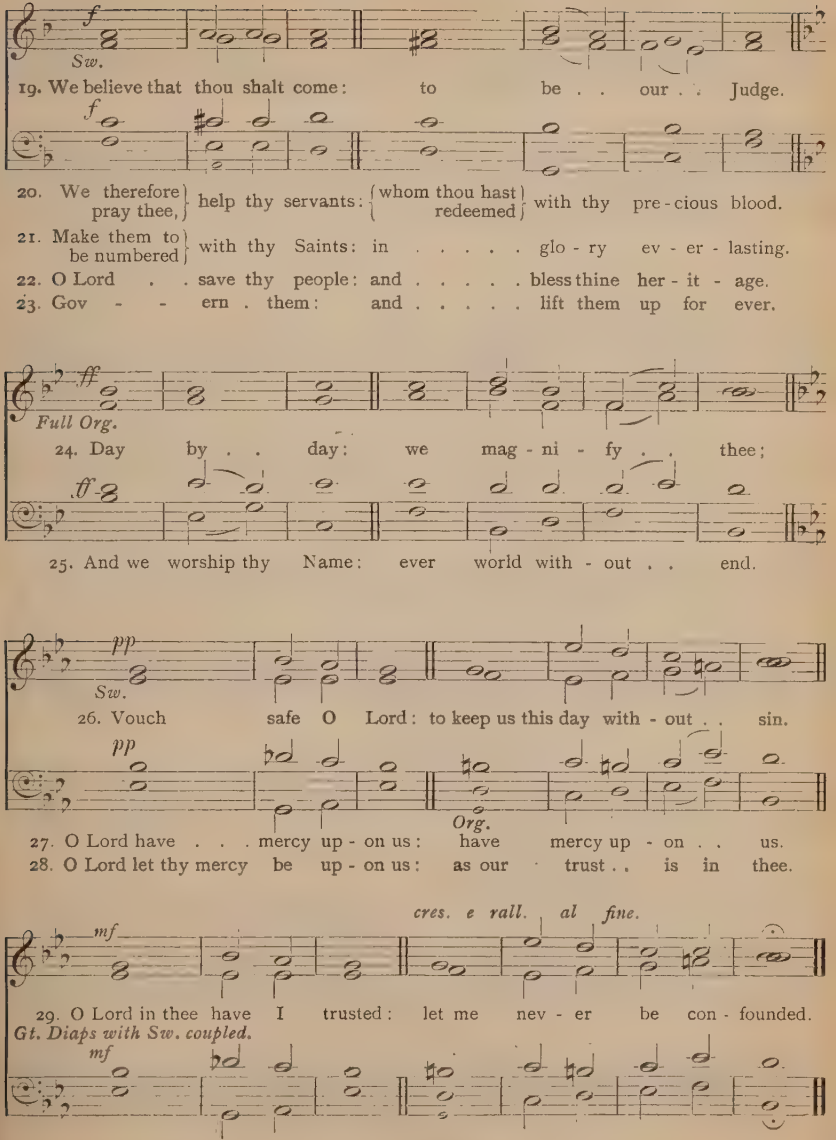
*Ped 8va.*

# Te Deum laudamus.


Gt. Org., with Sw. Reeds coupled.
f
7. The glorious company of the A - postles: praise . . . . . thee.
8. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise . . . . . thee.
9. The noble army of Martyrs: praise . . . . . thee.
10. The holy Church throughout all the world: doth ac - know - - ledge thee;
mf
11. The Fa - ther: of an infi - nite Ma - jes - ty;
12. Thine ad - - ora - ble true: and on - - - - ly Son;
13. Also the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - - fort - er;
14. Thou art the King of Glory: O . . . . . Christ.
Full Org.
Ped. 8va.

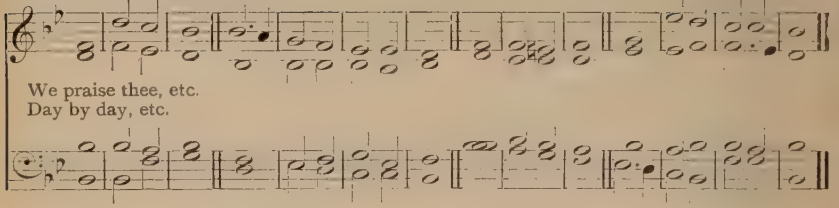

15. Thou art the ever - last - ing Son: of . . . the Fa - ther.
p
Sw. Reeds.
16. When thou tookest upon thee to de-liv - er man: thou didst humble thyself to be born . . of a Virgin.
p
Org.
17. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all be-lievers.
ff
18. Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry of the Father.
ff
Full Org.

# Te Deum laudamus.

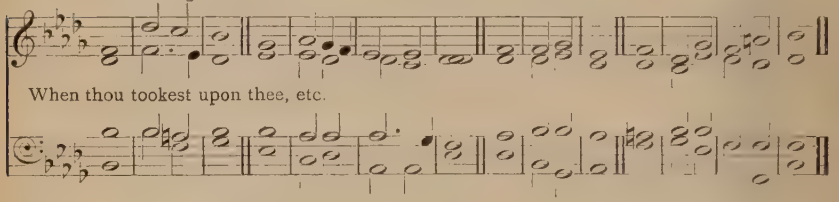

f
Sw.
19. We believe that thou shalt come: to be . . our . . Judge.
f
20. We therefore pray thee, } help thy servants: { whom thou hast redeemed } with thy pre-cious blood.
21. Make them to be numbered } with thy Saints: in . . . . . glo-ry ev-er-lasting.
22. O Lord . . save thy people: and . . . . . bless thine her-it-age.
23. Gov - - ern . them: and . . . . . lift them up for ever.
ff
Full Org.
24. Day by . . day: we mag-ni-fy . . thee;
ff
25. And we worship thy Name: ever world with-out . . end.
pp
Sw.
26. Vouch safe O Lord: to keep us this day with-out . . sin.
pp
Org.
27. O Lord have . . . mercy up-on us: have mercy up-on . . us.
28. O Lord let thy mercy be up-on us: as our trust . . is in thee.
cres. e rall. al fine.
mf
29. O Lord in thee have I trusted: let me nev-er be con-founded.
Gt. Diaps with Sw. coupled.
mf

# Te Deum laudamus.

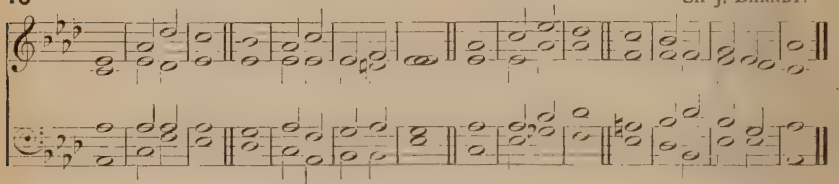
**14** *Verses* 1—15 *and* 24—29. H. Lawes.




**15** *Verses* 16—23. R. Cooke.




**16** Sir J. Barnby.



*Copyright, 1894, by Novello, Ewer and Co.*

WE prâise | thee O | God : we acknówledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the eârth doth | worship | thee : thé | Father | ever | lasting.

3 To thee all Ángels | cry a | loud : the Hêavens, and | all the | Powers there | in ;

4 To thee Chêrubim and | Sera | phim : cón | tinual | ly do | cry,

5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of | Saba | oth ;

6 Heaven and earth are fûll of the | Majes | ty : óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.

7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles : prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets : prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.

# Te Deum laudamus.

9 The nôble | army · of | Martyrs : prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.

10 The holy Chûrch throughout | all the | world : dôth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee ;

11 Thé | Fa · = | ther : ôf an | in · finite | Majes | ty ;

12 Thîne ad | ora · ble | true : ând | on · = | = · ly | Son ;

13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.

14 Thôu art the | King of | Glory : Ô | = · = | = · = | Christ.

15 Thou art the êver | lasting | Son : ôf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.

16 When thou tookest upon thêe to de | liver | man : thou didst humble thysêlf to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcôme the | sharpness · of | death : thou didst open the Kîngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the rîght | hand of | God : în the | glory | ot the | Father.

19 We belîeve that | thou shalt | come : tô | be · = | our · = | Judge.

20 We therefore prây thee | help thy | servants : whom thou hast redêemed | with thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be nûmbered | with thy | Saints : în | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lôrd, | save thy | people : ând | bless thine | herit | age.

23 Gôv | = · ern | them : ând | lift them | up for | ever.

24 Dây | by · = | day : wé | magni | fy · = | thee ;

25 Ând we | worship · thy | Name : êver | world with | out · = | end.

26 Vôuch | safe O | Lord : to kêep us this | day with | out · = | sin.

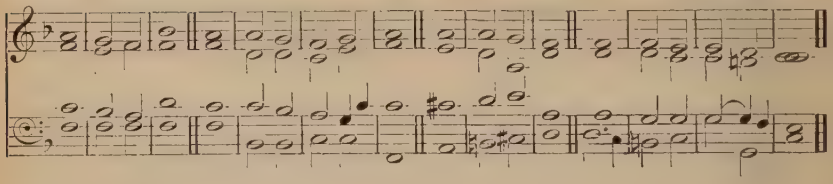
27 O Lôrd, have | mercy · up | on us : hâve | mercy · up | on · = | us.

28 O Lord, let thy mêrcy | be up | on us : âs our | trust · = | is in | thee.

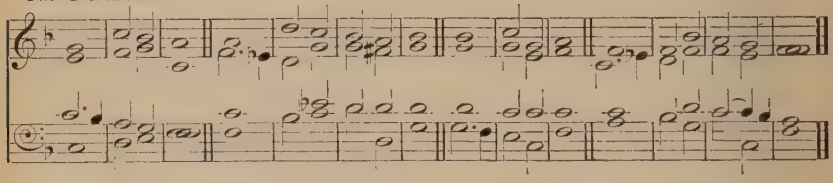
29 O Lord, in thêe | have I | trusted : lêt me | never | be con | founded.

# Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

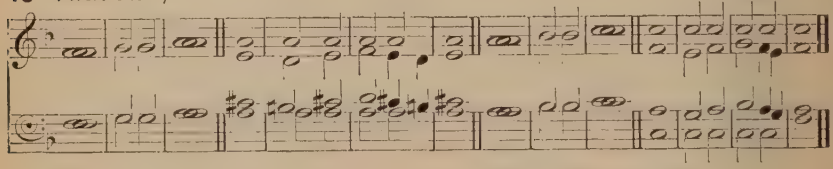
**17** H. S. Oakeley.



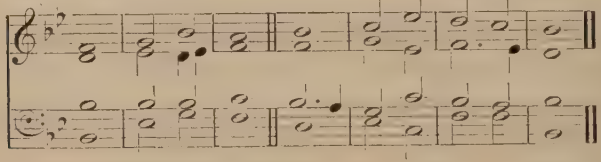
*The Gloria here.*



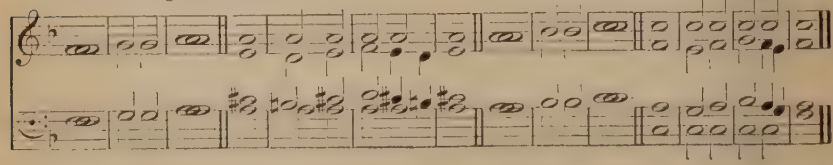
**18** *Verses* 1 *to* 17. A. Bennett.



**19** *Verses* 18 *to* 25. G. J. Elvey.



*Verses* 26 *to* 31 *and Gloria.* A. Bennett.



# Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

*Full. Harmony.**

O ALL ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

3 O ye Hêavens | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Men. Unison.*

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Boys. Unison.*

7 O ye Stars of hêaven | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Dêw | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Men.*

9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Hêat | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Boys.*

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Men.*

13 O ye Frost and Cóld | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Boys.*

15 O ye Nights and Dâys | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Full. Unison. Fourth part of Chant.*

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Full. Harmony.*

18 O let the Eárth | bless the | Lord : yea, let it prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

19 O ye Mountains and Hílls | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the eárth | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

21 O ye Wélls | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Men.*

22 O ye Seas and Flóods | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the wáters | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Boys.*

24 O all ye Fowls of the aír | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cáttle | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Men.*

26 O ye Children of Mên | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

27 O let Ísrael | bless the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Boys.*

28 O ye Priests of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*Full. Harmony.*

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Ríghteous | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of hêart | bless · ye the | Lord : prâise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

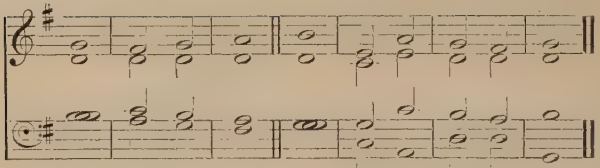
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld | without | end · — | A · · | men.

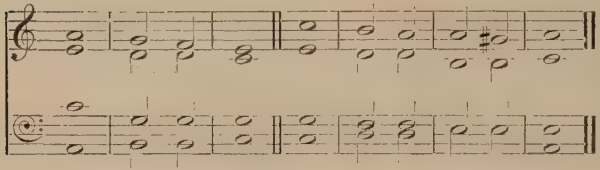
* The Directions in italics relate to the use of Oakeley's Quadruple Chant.

# Benedictus.

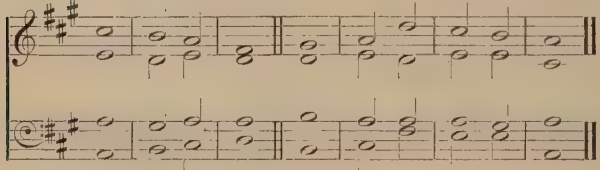
20 H. Aldrich.



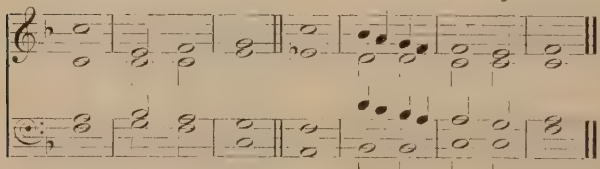
21 W. Croft.



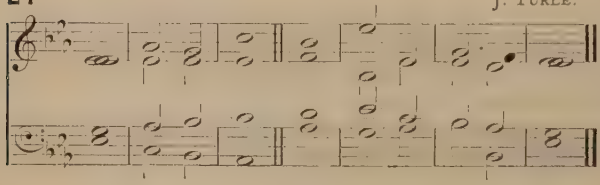
22 W. H. Monk.



23 J. Kent.

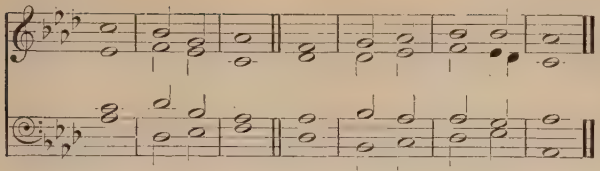


24 J. Turle.

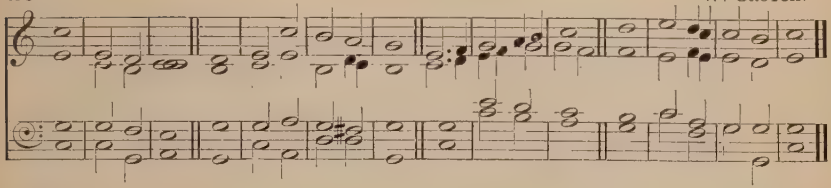


# Benedictus.

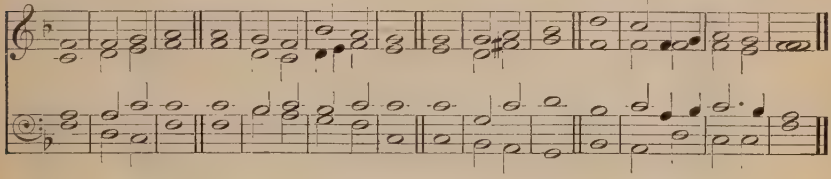
25 T. Turton.



26 W. Crotch.



27 R. Langdon.



St. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel : for he hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people;

2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us : in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets : which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies : and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore | fathers : ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham : thát | he would | give · = | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies : might sérve | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him : áll the | days · = | of our | life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest : for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his | people : fór the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God : whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | visited | us;

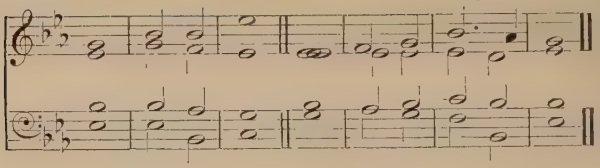
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ín the | shadow · of | death : and to guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

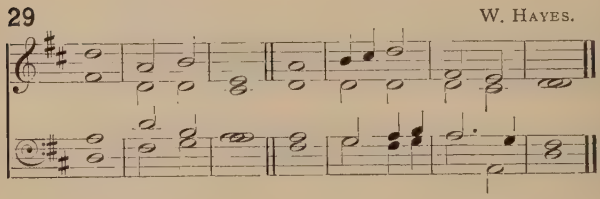
As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Jubilate Deo.

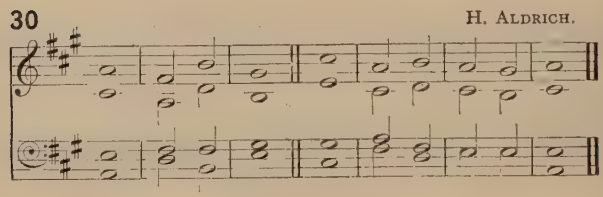
28 E. J. Hopkins.



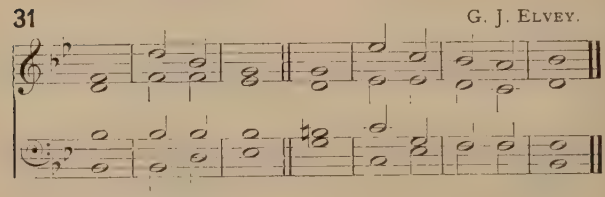
29 W. Hayes.



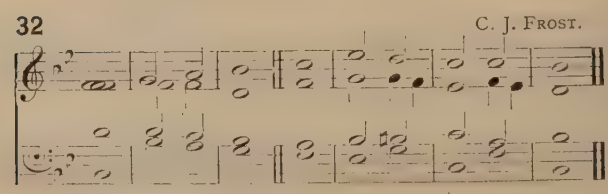
30 H. Aldrich.



31 G. J. Elvey.

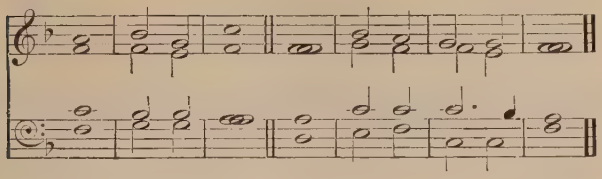


32 C. J. Frost.

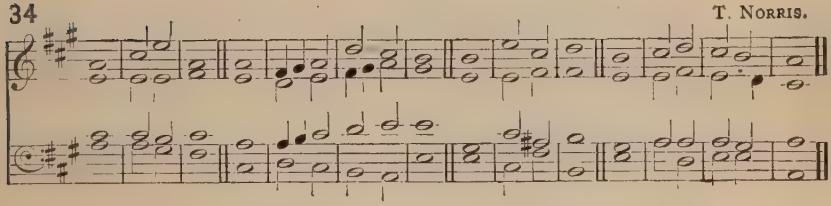


# Jubilate Deo.

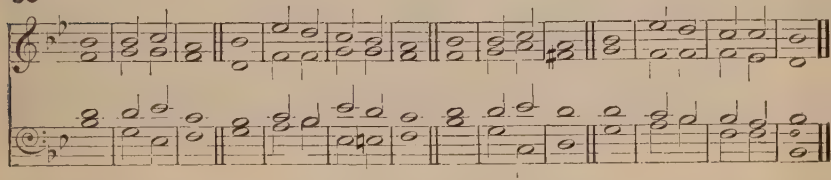
33 W. Russell.



34 T. Norris.



35 W. H. Walter.



Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the Lôrd | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness * and come befóre his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God * it is he that hath made us ând not | we our | selves : we are his people, ând the | sheep of | his . = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and ínto his | courts with | praise : be thankful unto hím, and | speak good | of his | Name.

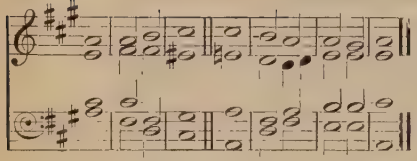
4 For the Lord is gracious * his mêrcy is | ever | lasting : and his truth endureth from gêner | ation . to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Fâther | and . to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

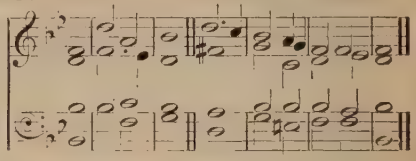
As it was in the beginning * is nôw, and | ever | shall be : wôrld without | end . . | A . . | men.

## Magnificat.

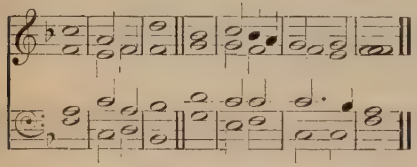
36 V. Novello.



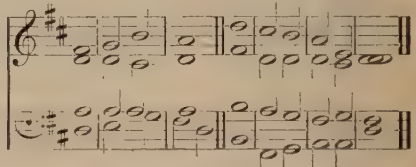
37 F. A. G. Ouseley.



38 B. Cooke.

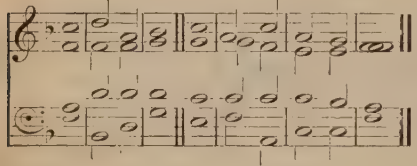


39 Berthold Tours.

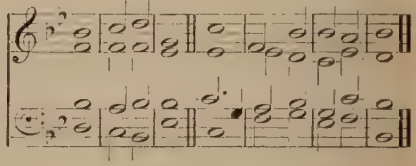


*Copyright*, 1894, *by Novello, Ewer and Co.*

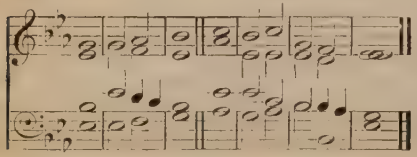
40 E. G. Monk.



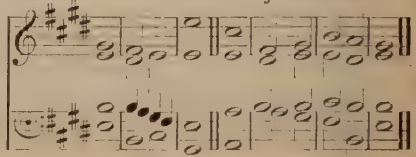
41 H. Hiles.



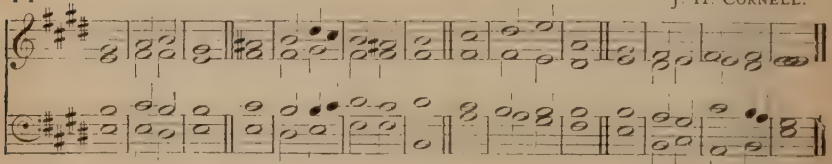
42 Isaac Barrow.



43 J. Battishill.

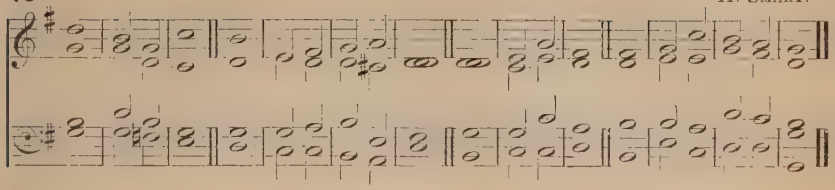


44 J. H. Cornell.

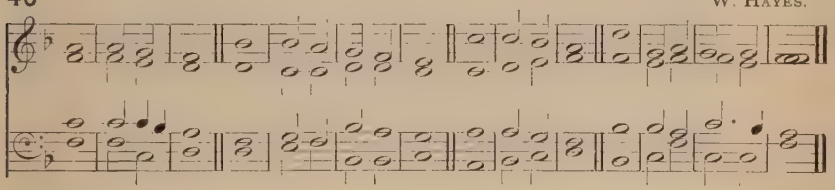


# Magnificat.

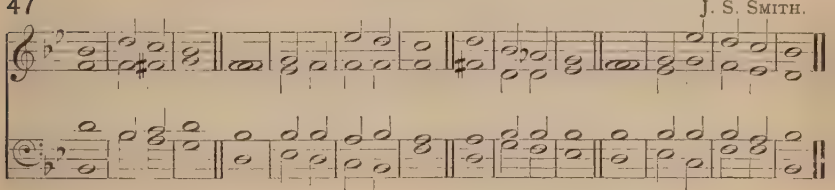
45 H. Smart.



46 W. Hayes.



47 J. S. Smith.



St. Luke i. 46.

MY soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord : and my spirit hâth re | joiced . in | God my | Saviour.

2 Fŏr he | hath re | garded : the lŏwli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fŏr be | hold from | henceforth : âll gener | ations . shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is mĭghty hath | magni . fied | me : ând | holy | is his | Name.

5 And his mĕrcy is on | them that | fear him : thrŏugh | out all | gener | ations.

6 He hath showed strĕngth | with his | arm : he hath scattered the proud in the imâgin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mĭghty | from their | seat : and hâth ex | alted . the | humble . and | meek.

8 He hath filled the hŭngry with | good . = | things : and the rĭch he hath | sent . = | empty . a | way.

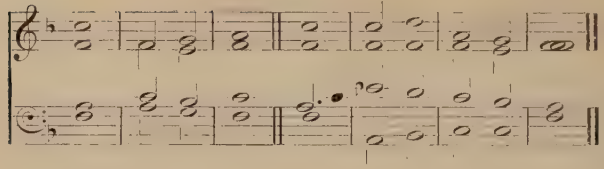
9 He remembering his mercy hath hŏlpen his | servant | Israel : as he promised to our forefathers * A'braham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the Fâther | and . to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

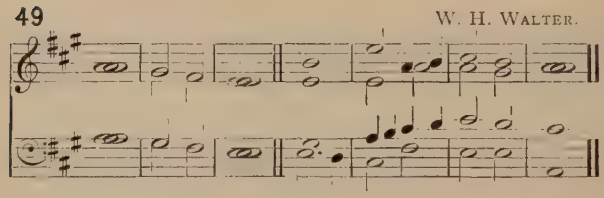
As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be : wŏrld without | end . = | A . = | men.

# Cantate Domino.

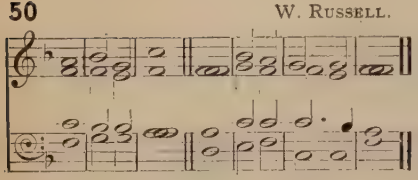
48 W. Felton.



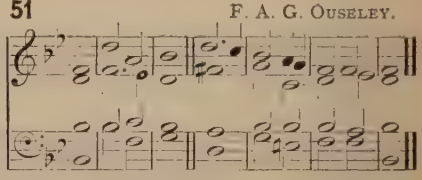
49 W. H. Walter.



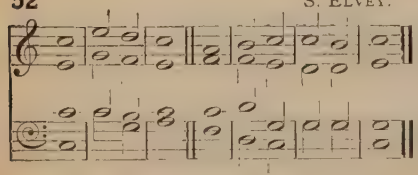
50 W. Russell.



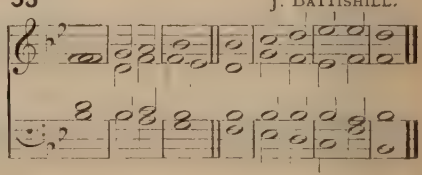
51 F. A. G. Ouseley.



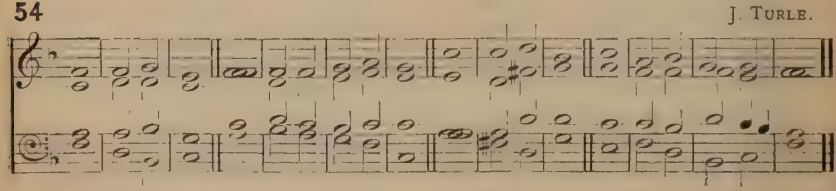
52 S. Elvey.



53 J. Battishill.

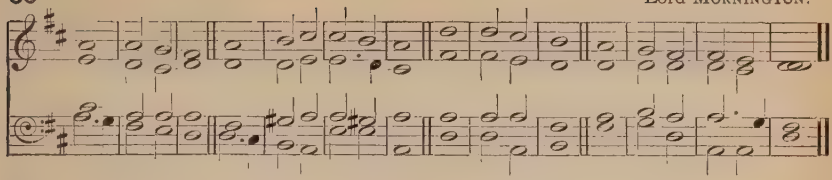


54 J. Turle.

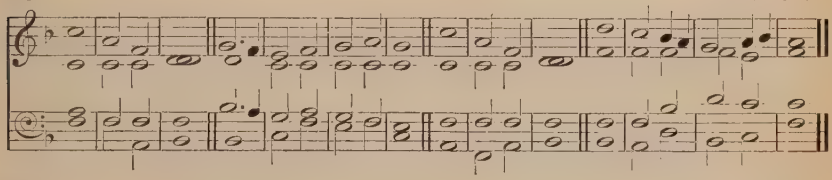


# Cantate Domino.

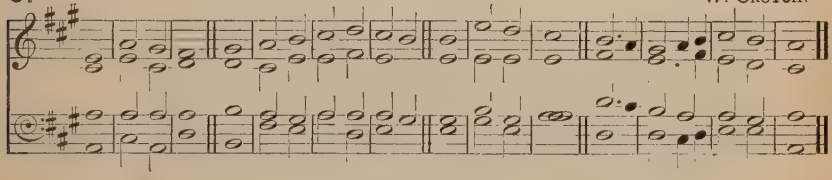
55 Lord Mornington.



56 I. Barrow.



57 W. Crotch.



Psalm xcviii.

O SING unto the Lôrd a | new · = | song : for hê hath | done · = | marvellous | things.

2 With his own right hand * and with his | holy | arm : hâth he | gotten · him | self the | victory.

3 The Lord declâred | his sal | vation : his righteousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight · = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tôward the | house of | Israel : and all the ends of the world have sêen the sal | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lôrd | all ye | lands : sing, re | joice and | give · = | thanks.

6 Praise the Lôrd up | on the | harp : sing to the hârp with a | psalm of | thanks · = | giving.

7 With trûmpets | also · and | shawms : O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise * and âll that | therein | is : the round wôrld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful togêther be | fore the | Lord : fôr he | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

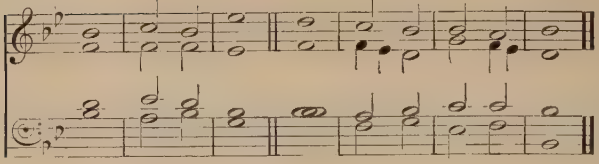
10 With righteousness shâll he | judge the | world : ând the | people | with · = | equity.

Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

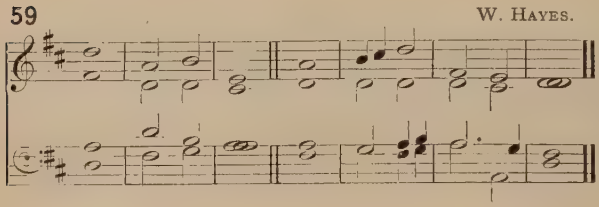
As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wôrld without | end. = | A · = | men.

# Bonum est confiteri.

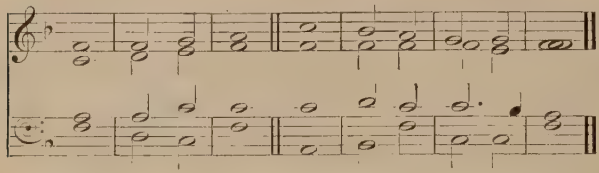
58 T. Turton.



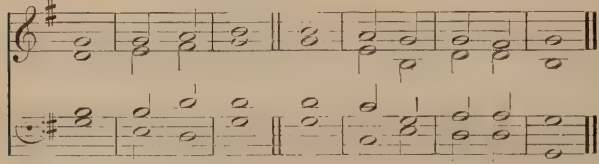
59 W. Hayes.



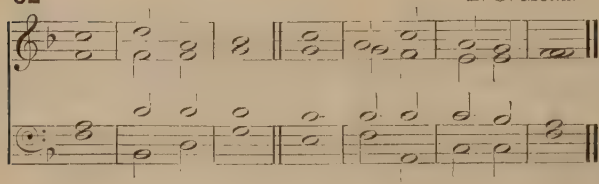
60 R. Farrant.



61 A. Goldwin.



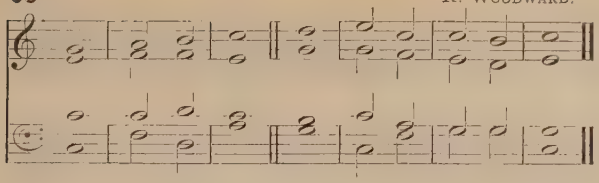
62 E. G. Monk.



# Bonum est confiteri.

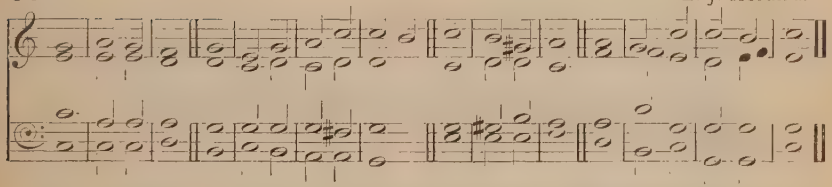
63

R. Woodward.



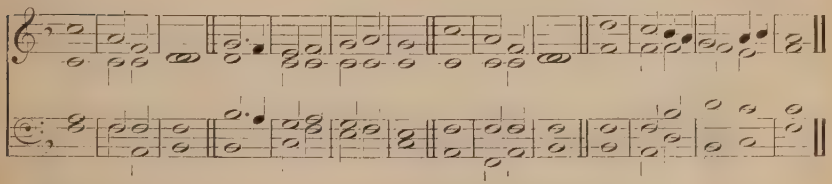
64

E. J. Hopkins.



65

I Barrow.



Psalm xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thânks | unto · the | Lord : and to sing praises ûnto thy | Name · = | O Most | Highest ;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness êarly | in the | morning : and of thy trûth | in the | night · = | season ;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * ând up | on the | lute : upon a loud instrument | and up | on the harp.

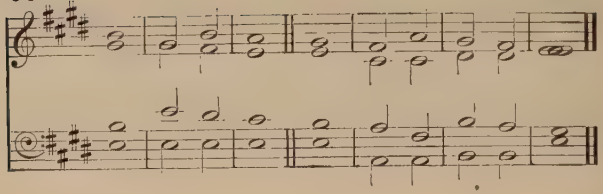
4 For thou Lord hast made me glâd | through thy | works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ôper | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

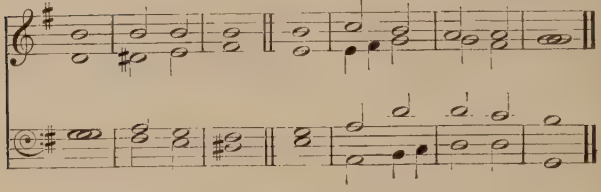
As it was in the beginning * is nôw, and | ever | shall be : wôrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Nunc dimittis.

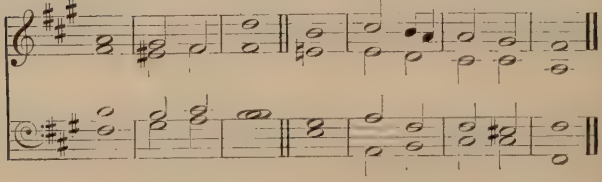
66 J. Barnby.



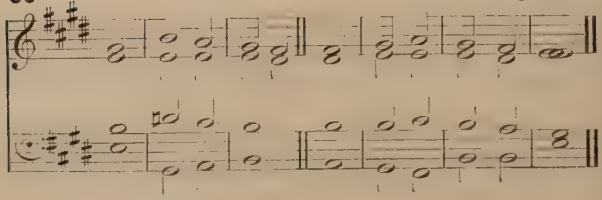
67 E. Hodges.



68 R. Langdon.



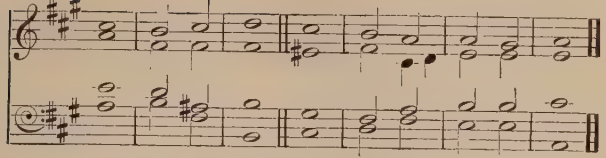
69 Gregorian.



# Nunc dimittis.

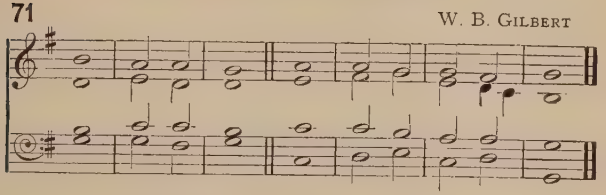
70

H. Aldrich.



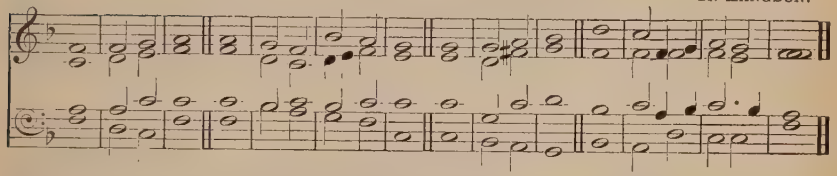
71

W. B. Gilbert



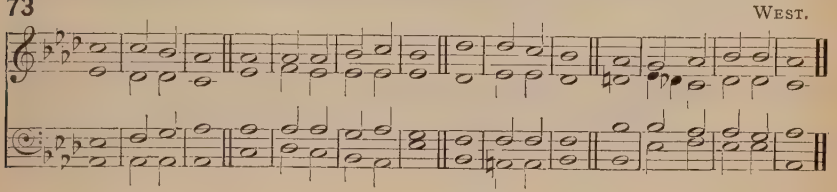
72

R. Langdon.



73

West.



St. Luke ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant | de | part in | peace : ác | cording | to thy | word.

2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen : thý | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre | pared : befóre the | face of | all · = | people ;

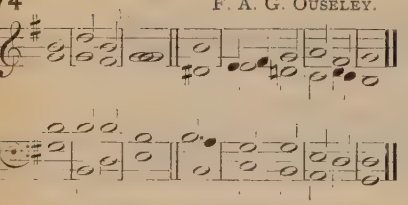
4 To be a líght to | lighten · the | Gentiles : and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

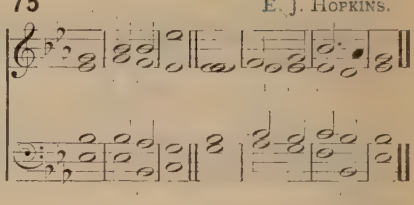
As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Deus misereatur.

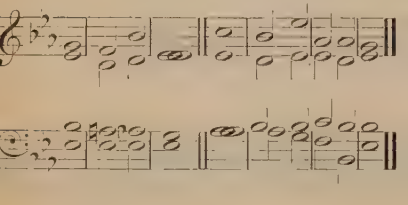
74 F. A. G. Ouseley.



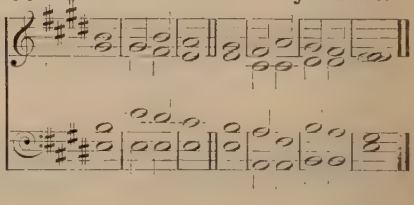
75 E. J. Hopkins.



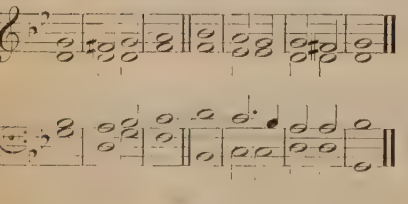
76 W. H. Havergal.



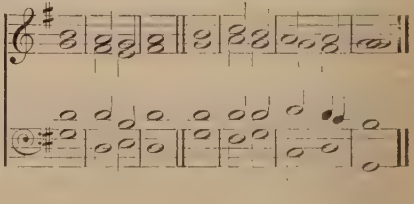
77 J. Barnby.



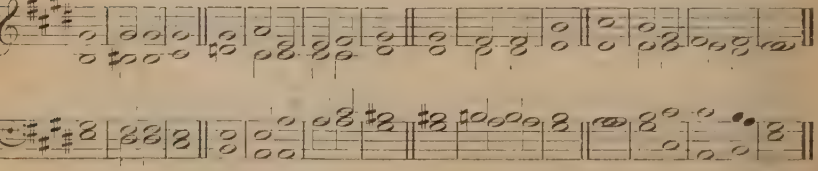
78 W. Hine.



79 C. W. Corfe.



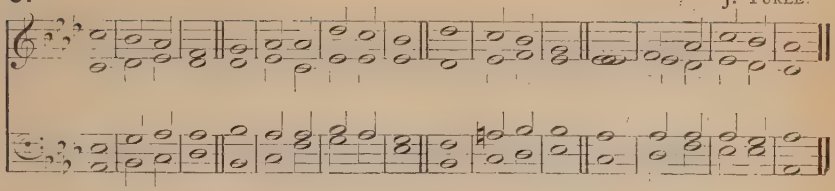
80 T. Attwood.



# Deus misereatur.

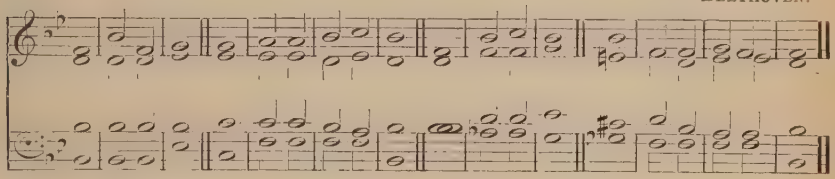
81

J. Turle.



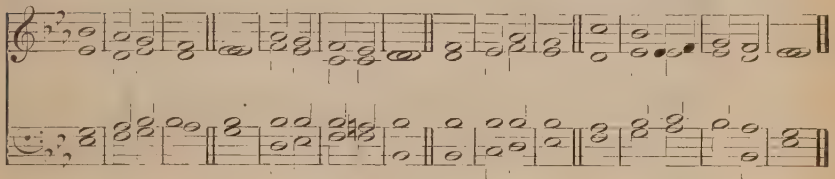
82

Beethoven.



83

W. Higgins.



Psalm lxvii.

GOD be merciful ûnto | us and | bless us : and show us the light of his countenance * ând be | merci · ful | unto | us ;

2 That thy wây may be | known up · on | earth : thy sâving | health a | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people prâise | thee O | God : yêa let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejôice | and be | glad : for thou shalt judge the folk right-eously * and gôvern the | nations · up | on · = | earth.

5 Let the people prâise | thee O | God : yêa let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the eârth bring | forth her | increase : and God, even our own Gôd, shall | give · = | us his | blessing.

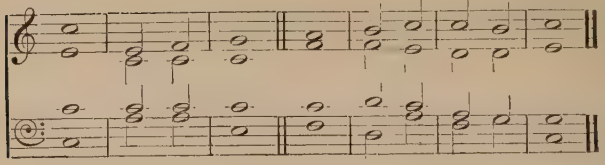
7 Gôd shall | bless · = | us : and all the ênds of the | world shall | fear · = | him.

Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

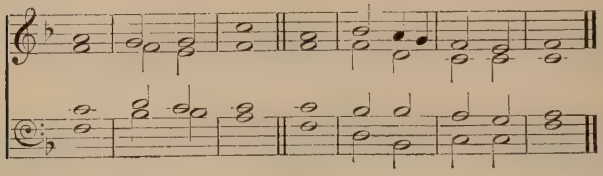
As it was in the beginning * is nôw, and | ever | shall be : wôrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Benedic, anima mea.

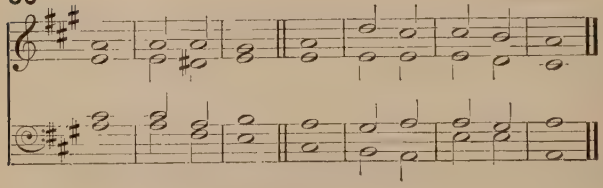
84 E. G. Monk.



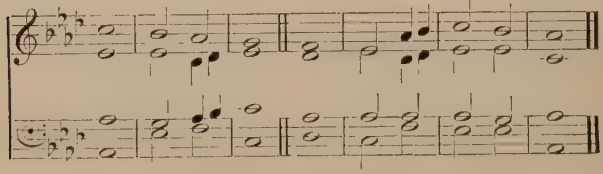
85 J. Goss.



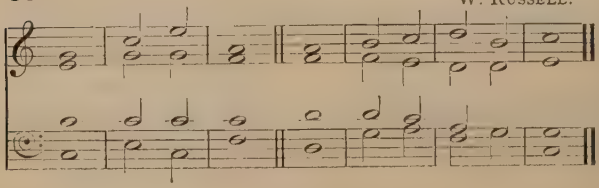
86 M. Camidge.



87 R. Bacon.

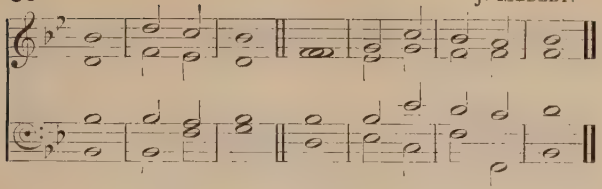


88 W. Russell.

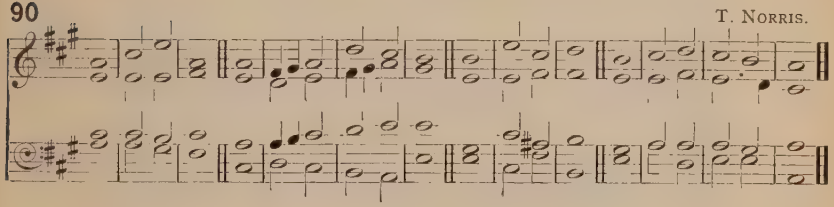


# Benedic, anima mea.

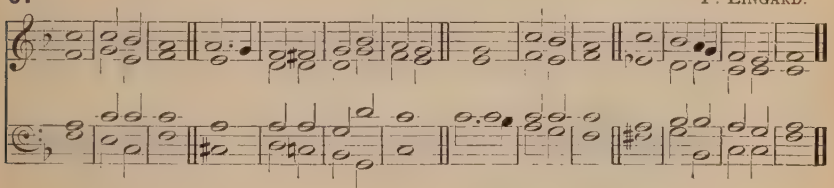
89 J. Medley.



90 T. Norris.



91 F. Lingard.



Psalm ciii.

PRAISE the Lôrd | O my | soul : and all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the Lôrd | O my | soul : ând for | get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgíveth | all thy | sin : and hêaleth | all · = | thine in | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy lífe | from de | struction : and crowneth thêe with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.

5 O praise the Lord ye angels of his * yé that ex | cel in | strength : ye that fulfil his commandment * and hearken únto the | voice · = | of his | word.

6 O praise the Lôrd, all | ye his | hosts : ye sérvants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

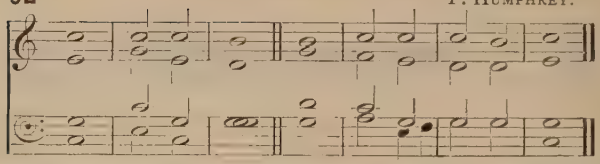
7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his * in all plâces of | his do | minion : praise thôu the | Lord · = | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

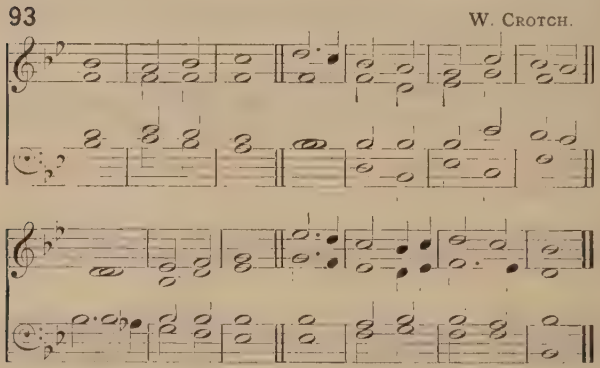
As it was in the beginning * is nôw, and | ever | shall be : wôrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

## Easter Day.

92 P. HUMPHREY.



93 W. CROTCH.



(*Instead of the Psalm,* "O come, let us sing," *etc.*)

CHRIST our Passover is sâcri | ficed · for | us: thêrefore | let us | keep the | feast,

2 Not with old leaven * neither with the lêaven of | malice · and | wickedness: but with the unleavened brêad of sin | ceri | ty and | truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the dêad | dieth no | more: death hath no môre do | minion | over | him.

4 For in that he died * he dîed unto | sin · = | once: but in that he lîveth, he | liveth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dêad indeed | unto | sin: but alive unto Gôd through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

CHRIST is rîsen | from · the | dead: and become the fîrst | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For sînce by | man came | death: by man came also the rêsur | rection | of the | dead.

8 For as in A'dam | all · = | die: even so in Chrîst shall | all be | made a | live. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

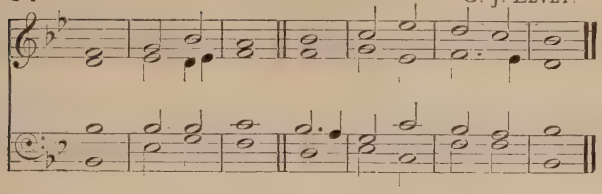
Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son: ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nôw, and | ever | shall be: wôrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Thanksgiving Day.

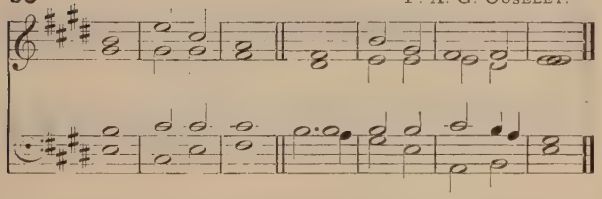
94

G. J. Elvey.



95

F. A. G. Ouseley.



(*Instead of the Psalm*, "O come, let us sing," *etc.*)

O PRAISE the Lord * for it is a good thing to sing práises | unto · our | God: yea, a joyful and pleasant thíng it | is to | be = | thankful.

2 The Lord doth búild | up Je | rusalem: and gather togéther the | out · = | casts of | Israel.

3 He healeth thóse that are | broken · in | heart: and gíveth | medicine · to | heal their | sickness.

4 O sing unto the Lórd with | thanks · = | giving: sing praises upón the | harp · = | unto · our | God:

5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds * and prepareth ráin | for the | earth: and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains * and hérb | for the | use of | men;

6 Who giveth fódder | unto · the | cattle: and feedeth the yóung | ravens · that | call up | on him.

7 Praise the Lórd, | O Je | rusalem: práise | = · thy | God O | Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the bârs | of thy | gates: ând hath | blessed · thy | children · with | in thee.

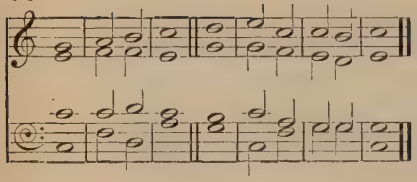
9 He maketh péace | in thy | borders: and fílleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

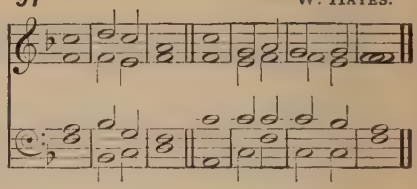
As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Consecration of a Church.

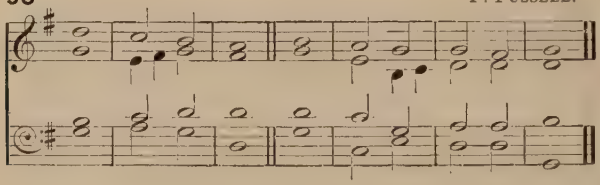
96 R. Woodward.



97 W. Hayes.



98 P. Fussell.



Psalm xxiv.

THE earth is the Lord's * and áll that | therein | is : the compass of the wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For he hath fóunded it up | on the | seas : and prepáred | it up | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the híll | of the | Lord : or who shall rise úp | in his | holy | place?

4 Even he that hath clean hánds and a | pure · = | heart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity * nor swórn | to de | ceive his | neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord : and righteousness frŏm the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generátion of | them that | seek him : even of thém that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors : and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

8 Whó is this | King of | glory : it is the Lord strong and mighty * éven the | Lord · = | mighty · in | battle.

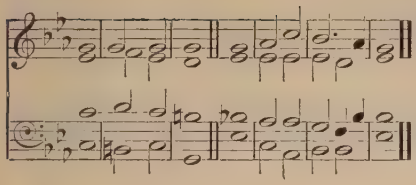
9 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors : and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Whó is this | King of | glory : Even the Lord of hósts | he · is the | King of | glory.

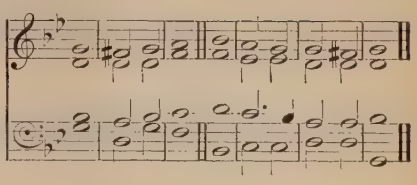
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

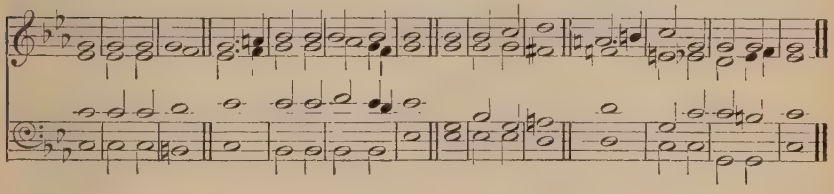
99 W. Felton.



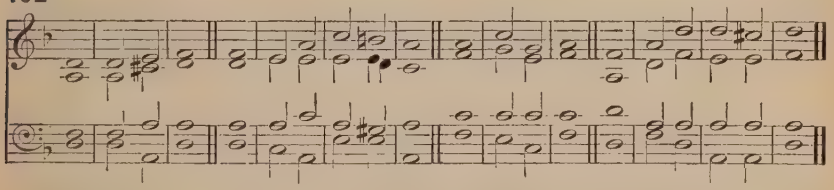
100 W. Hine.



101 J. Goss—Beethoven.



102 T. Morley.



LORD, let me know mine end * and the nûmber | of my | days: that I may be certifféd how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it wére a | span · = | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee * and verily every man líving is | alto | gether | vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow * and disquíeteth him | self in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now Lórd, what | is my | hope: trûly my | hope is | even in | thee.

5 Deliver me from áll | mine of | fences: and make me nôt a re | buke · = | unto · the | foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin * thou makest his beauty to consume away * like as it were a móth | fretting · a | garment: évery man | therefore | is but | vanity.

7 Hear my prayer O Lord * and with thine éars con | sider · my | calling: hóld not thy | peace · = | at my | tears;

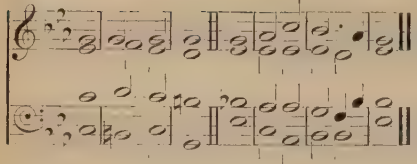
8 For I am a stranger with thée | and a | sojourner: ás | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little * that I máy re | cover · my | strength: before I go hénce | and be | no more | seen. ·

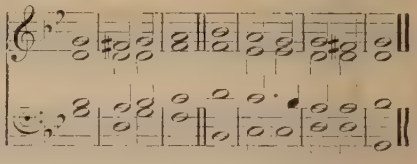
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

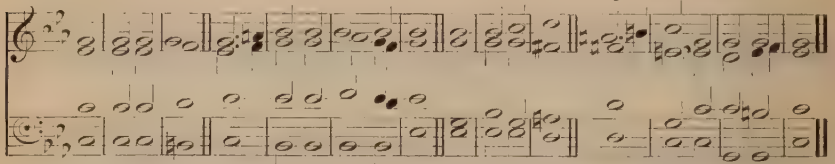
103 W. Felton.



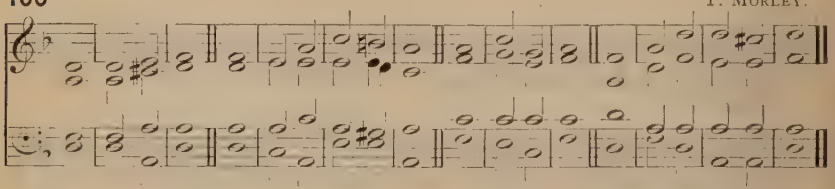
104 W. Hine.



105 J. Goss—Beethoven.



106 T. Morley.



LORD, thou hast | been our | refuge : from one gener | ation | to an | other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth * or ever the earth and the | world were | made : thou art God from everlasting and | world with | out . = | end.

3 Thou turnest man | to de | struction : again thou sayest, Come a | gain ye | children . of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are | but as | yesterday : seeing that is past as a | watch . = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them * they are even | as a | sleep : and fade away | sudden . ly | like the | grass.

6 In the morning it is green and | groweth up : but in the evening it is cut down | dried | up and | withered.

7 For we consume away in | thy dis | pleasure : and are afraid at thy | wrathful | indig | nation.

8 Thou hast set our mis | deeds be | fore thee : and our secret sins in the | light = | of thy | countenance.

9 For when thou art angry, all our | days are | gone : we bring our years to an end * as it were a | tale . = | that is | told.

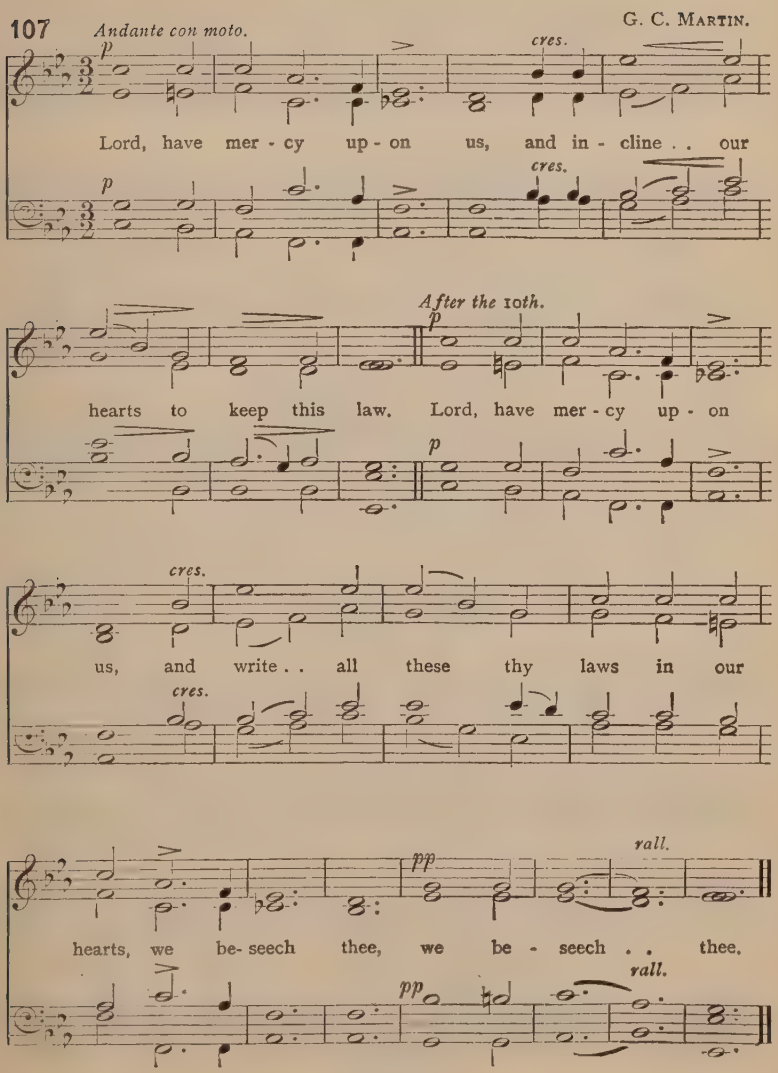
10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten * and though men be so strong that they come to | fourscore | years : yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow * so soon passeth it a | way and | we are | gone.

11 O teach us to | number . our | days : that we may apply our | hearts . = | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father | and . to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

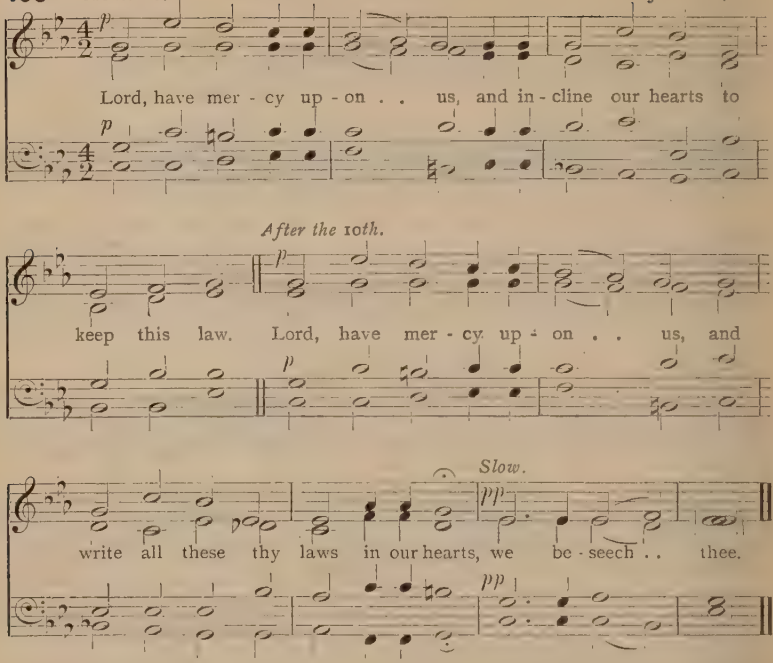
As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be : world without | end . = | A . = | men.

# Kyrie Eleison.


107
Andante con moto.
G. C. Martin.
p
cres.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline . . our
After the 10th.
hearts to keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on
us, and write . . all these thy laws in our
rall.
pp
hearts, we be- seech thee, we be - seech . . thee.

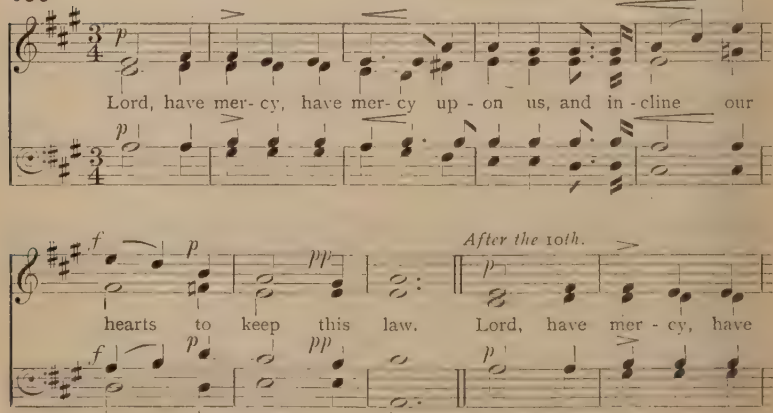
## Kyrie Eleison.

**108** *Moderato.* J. Stainer.

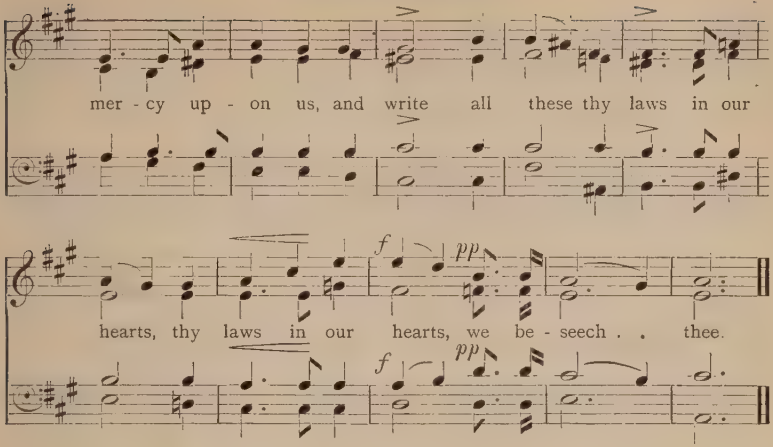

Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, and in - cline our hearts to
After the 10th.
keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, and
Slow.
write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech . . thee.

## Kyrie Eleison.

**109** G. J. Elvey.



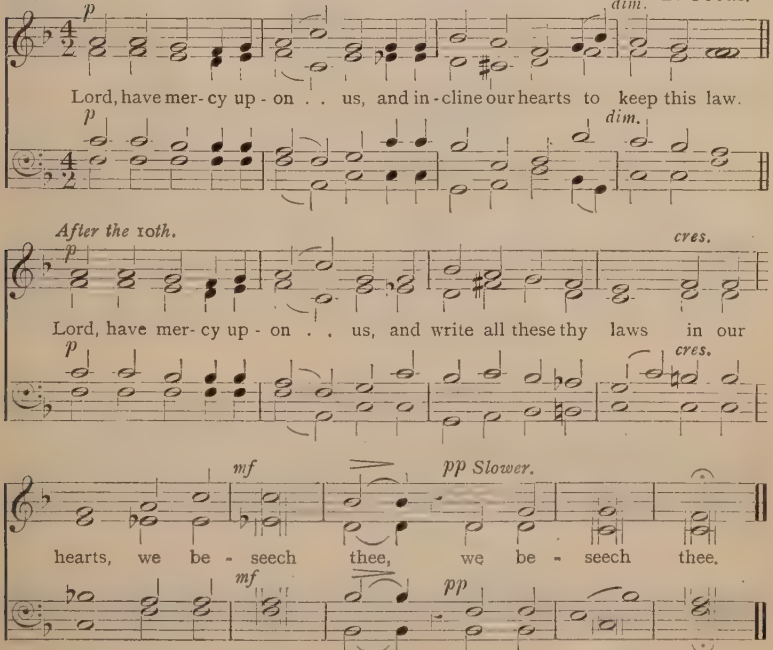
## Kyrie Eleison.




110

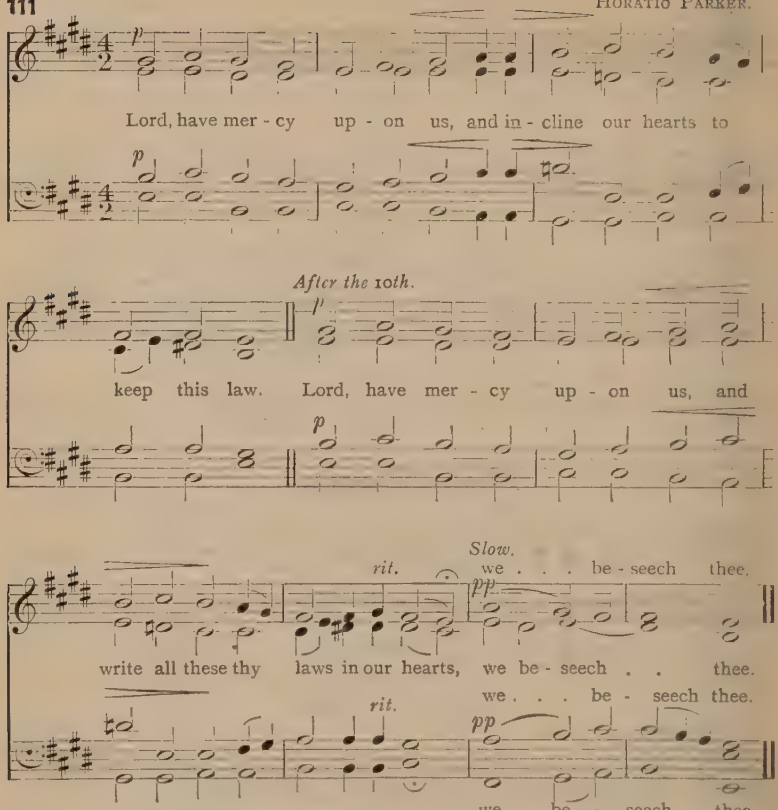
## Kyrie Eleison.

B. TOURS.


p
dim.
Lord, have mer- cy up - on . . us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
cres.
Lord, have mer- cy up - on . . us, and write all these thy laws in our
mf
pp Slower.
hearts, we be - seech thee, we be - seech thee.

## Kyrie Eleison.

111 HORATIO PARKER.


Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to
After the 10th.
keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and
Slow.
rit.
we . . . be - seech thee.
write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech . . thee.
we . . . be - seech thee.
rit.
we be - seech thee.

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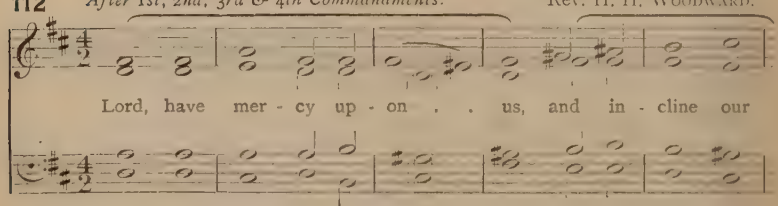
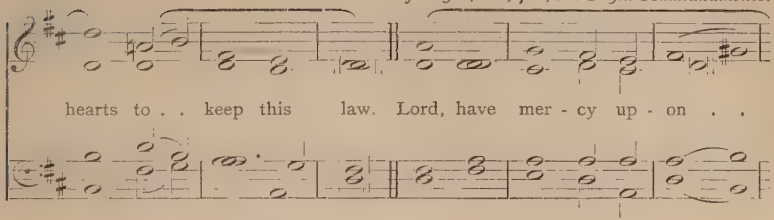
## Kyrie Eleison.

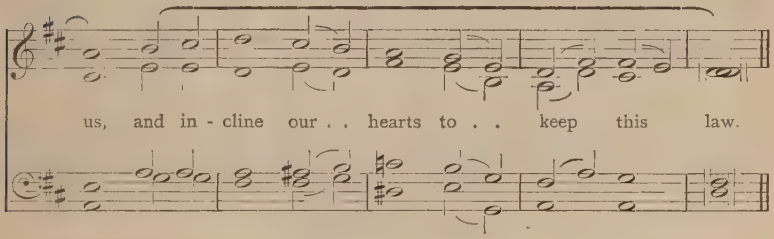
112 *After 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th Commandments.* Rev. H. H. WOODWARD.



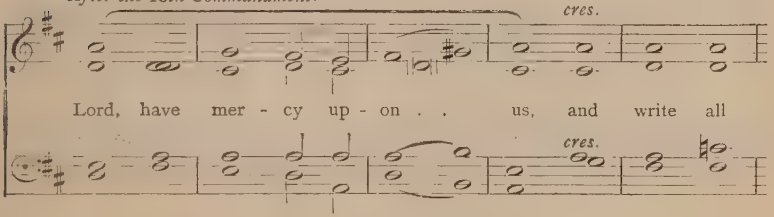
# Kyrie Eleison.

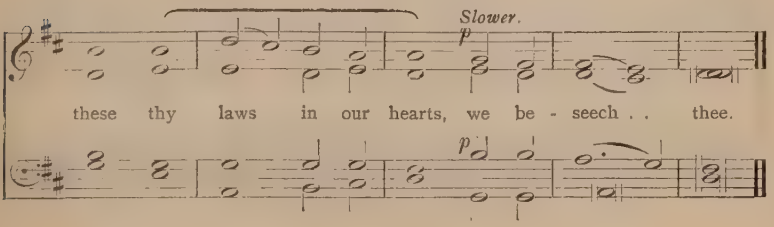
*After 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th & 9th Commandments.*




*After the 10th Commandment.*

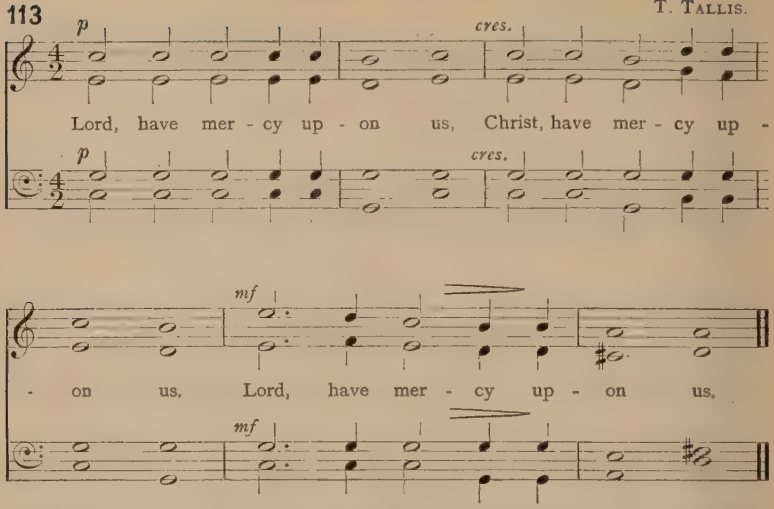


## Shorter Kyrie.

113

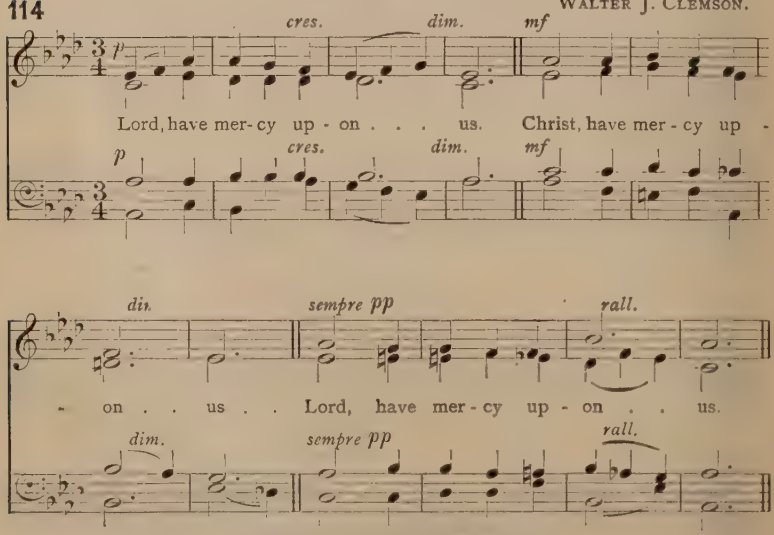
T. Tallis.




## Shorter Kyrie.

114

Walter J. Clemson.

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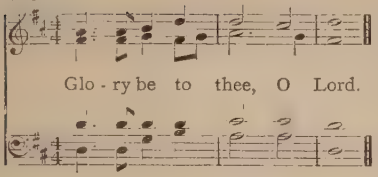
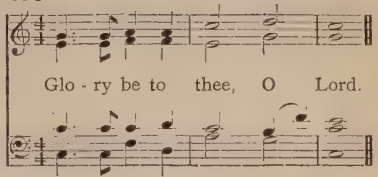
# Gloria tibi.

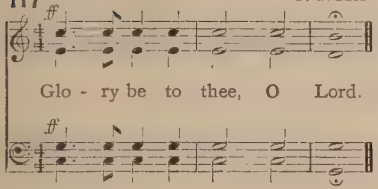
115 H. H. Woodward.



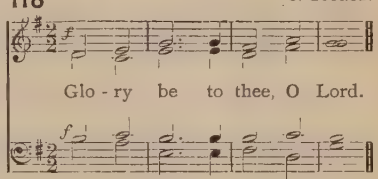

116 B. Tours.



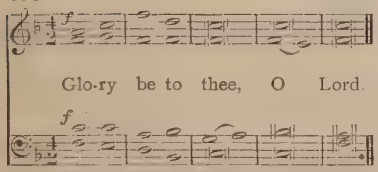

117 T. Tallis.




118 C. Gounod.




119 Bruce Steane.

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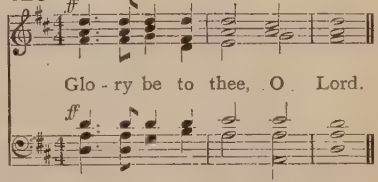
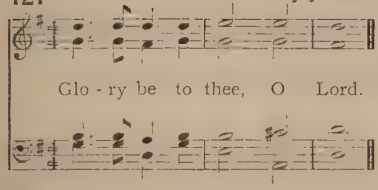
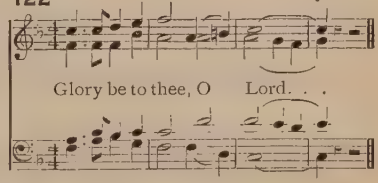
120 G. M. Garrett.




121 J. J. Monk.



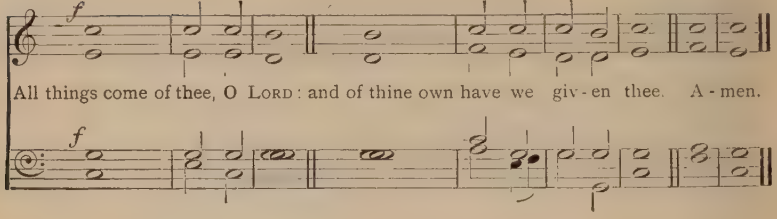

122 H. J. King.



## At the Presentation of the Alms.

123

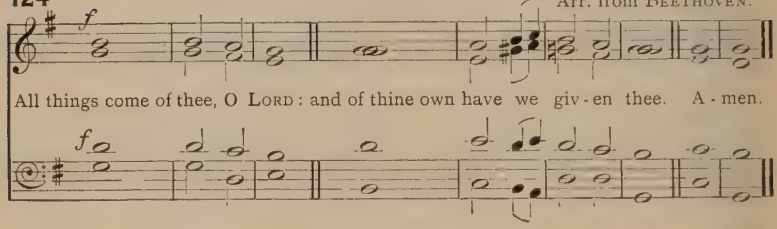
P. Humpreys.




## At the Presentation of the Alms.

124

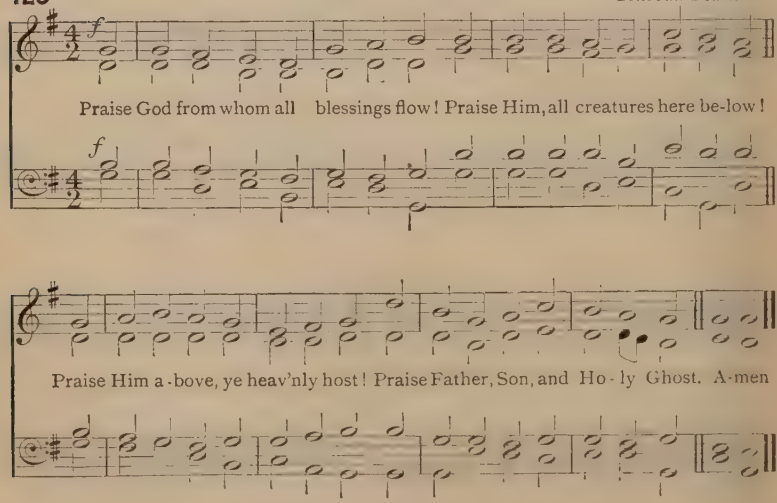
Arr. from Beethoven.




## At the Presentation of the Alms.

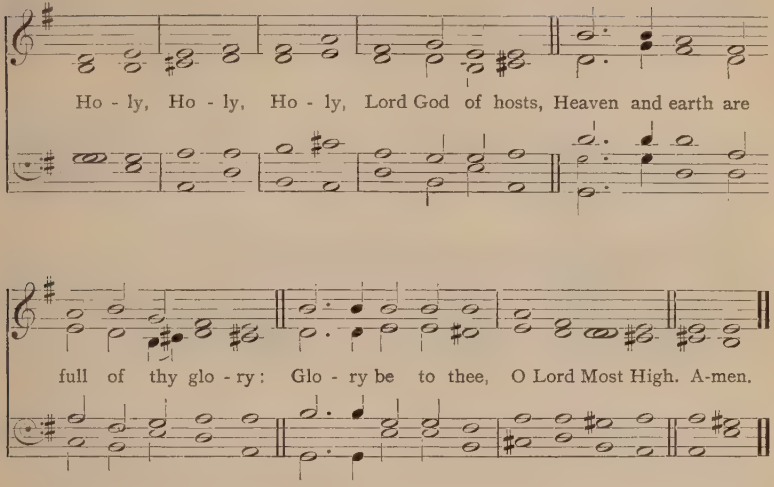
125

*Genevan Psalter.*


Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him, all creatures here be-low!
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A-men

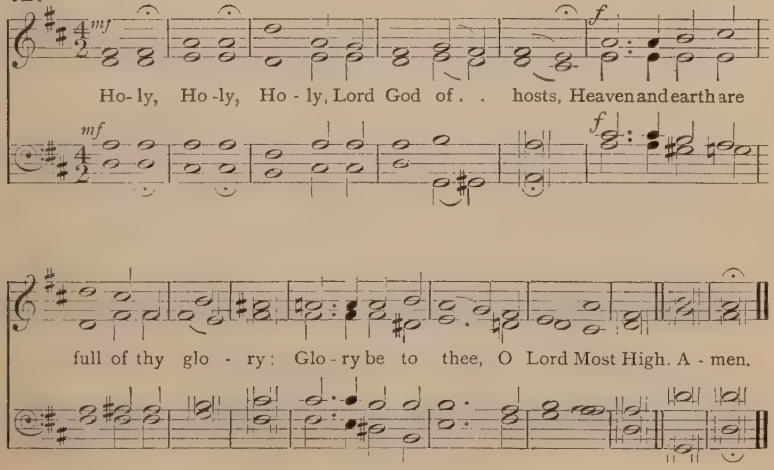
## Sanctus.

126 Plain Song.




## Sanctus.

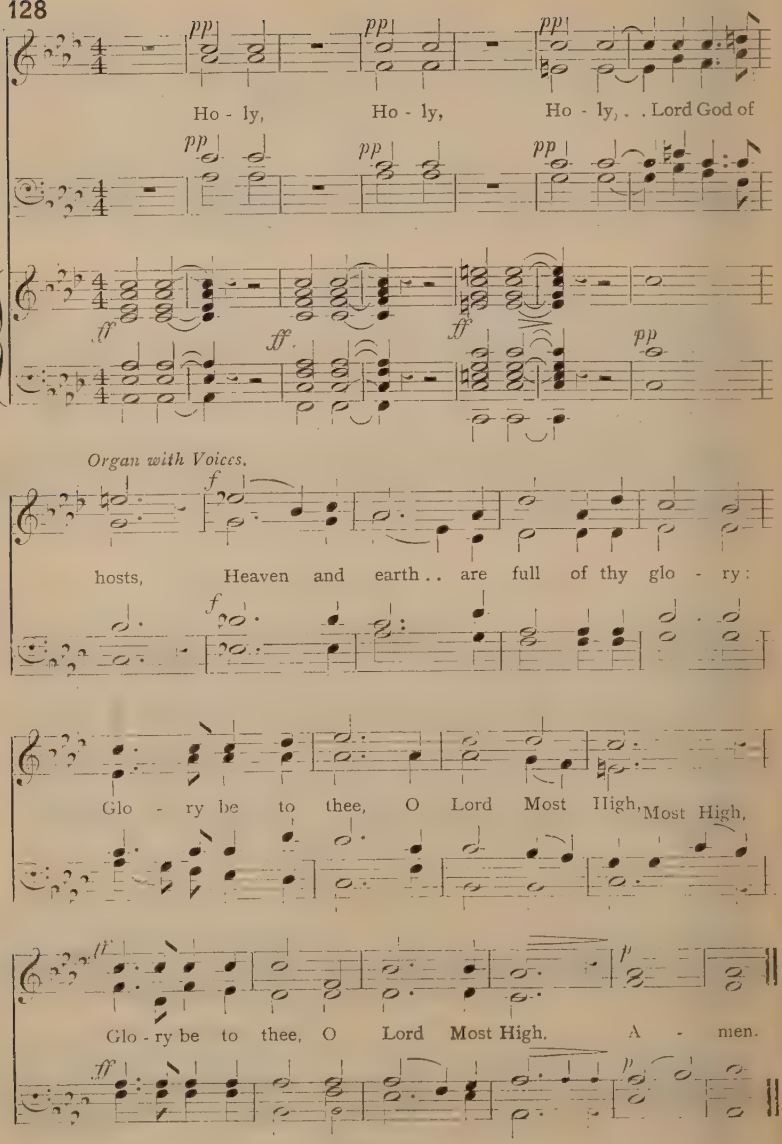
127 A. S. Cooper.



# Sanctus.

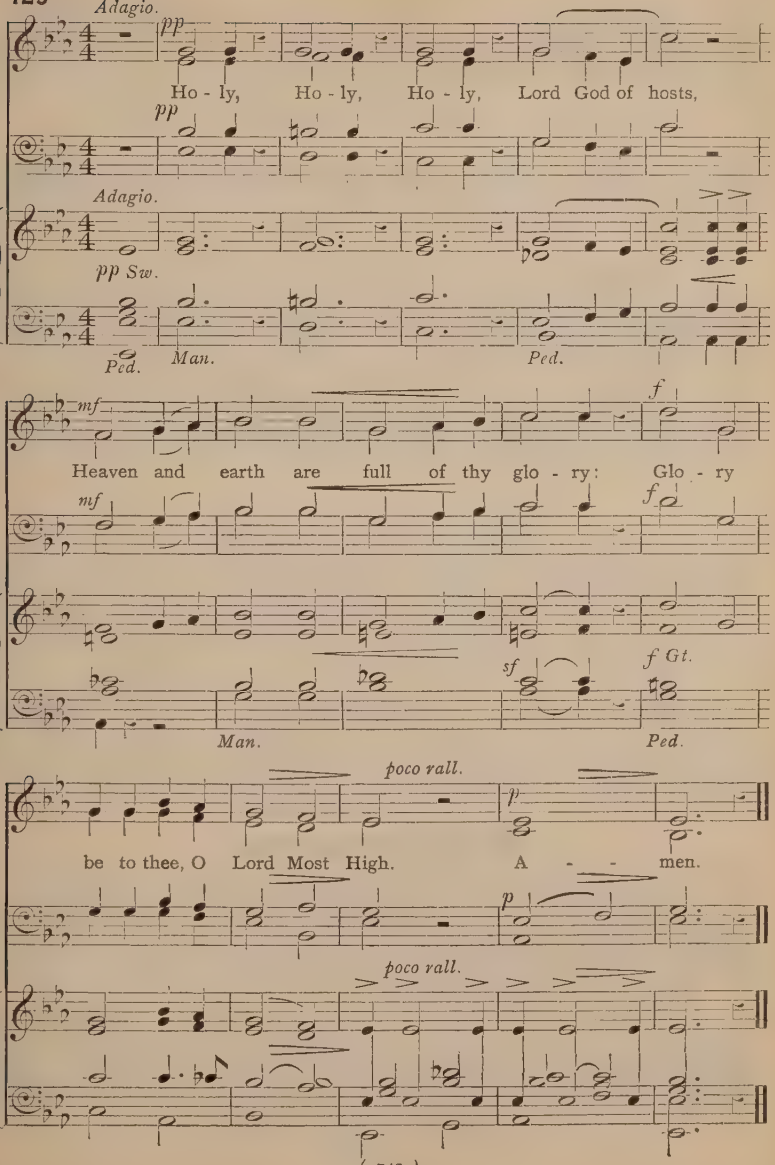
128

B. Tours.


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, . . Lord God of
Organ with Voices.
hosts, Heaven and earth . . are full of thy glo - ry:
Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord Most High, Most High,
Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

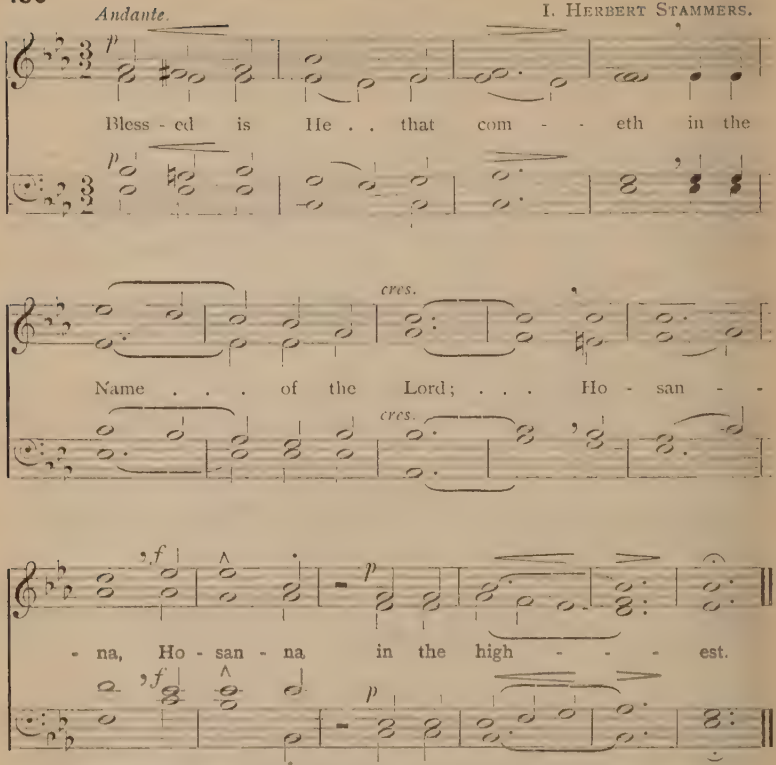
# Sanctus.

W. A. C. Cruickshank.



## 130 Benedictus qui venit.*

I. Herbert Stammers.

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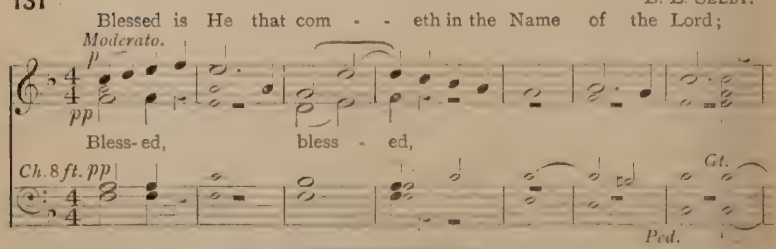
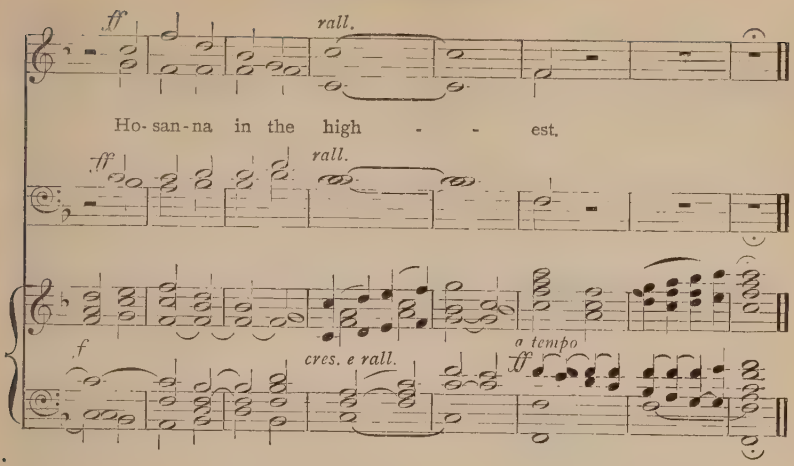
## 131 Benedictus qui venit.

B. L. Selby.




* This may be sung after the prayer of consecration.

## Benedictus qui venit.

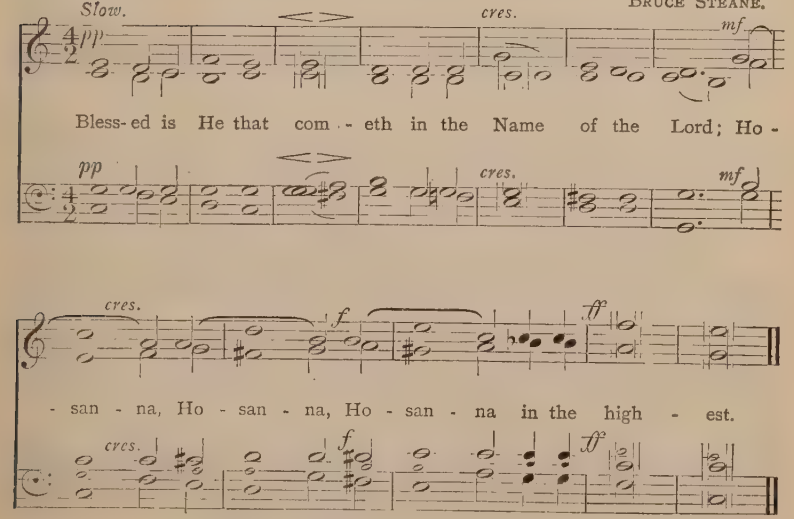



## Benedictus qui venit.

132

Slow.

BRUCE STEANE.

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# Agnus Dei.*

133

*Slow.* J. STAINER.

*pp Sw.*

*p*

O Lamb of God, who ta - kest a - way the sins of the

*p*

*Solo Clarabel, 8 ft. Gt.*

L.H. *Sw.*

*Ped.*

*pp*

world, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us.

*pp*

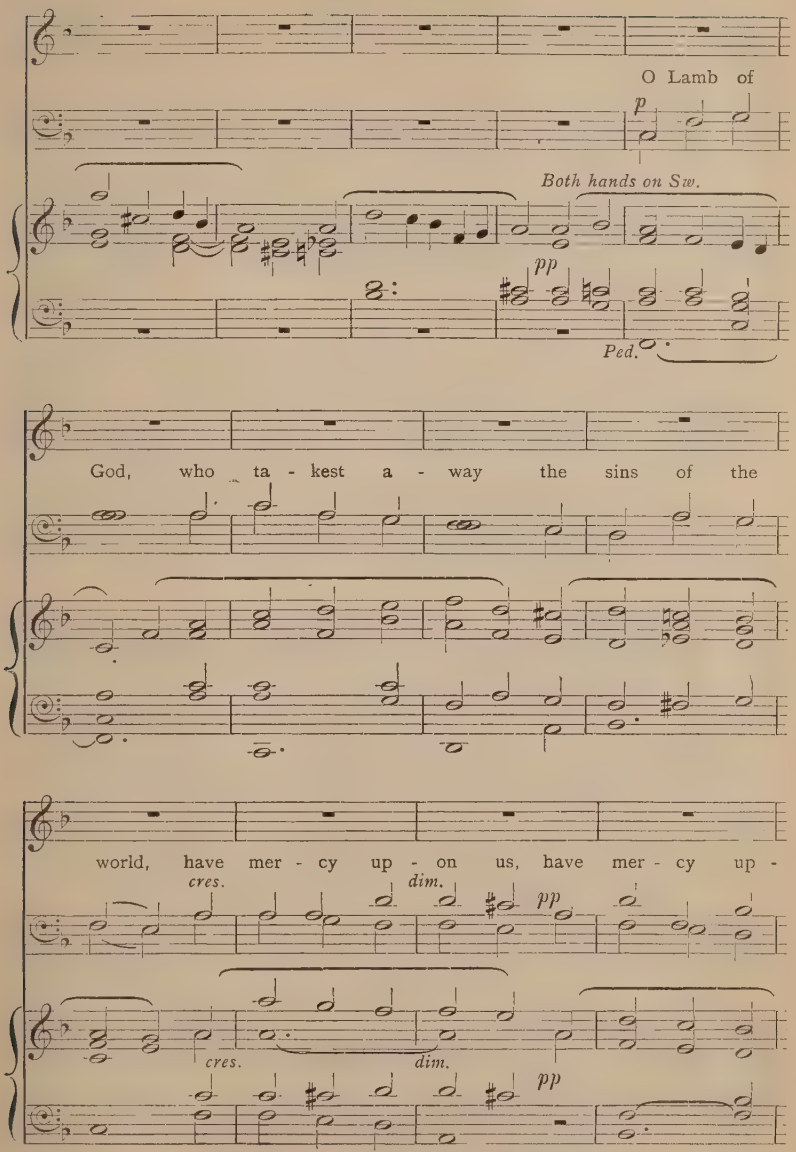
*Solo.*

*Both hands on Sw.*

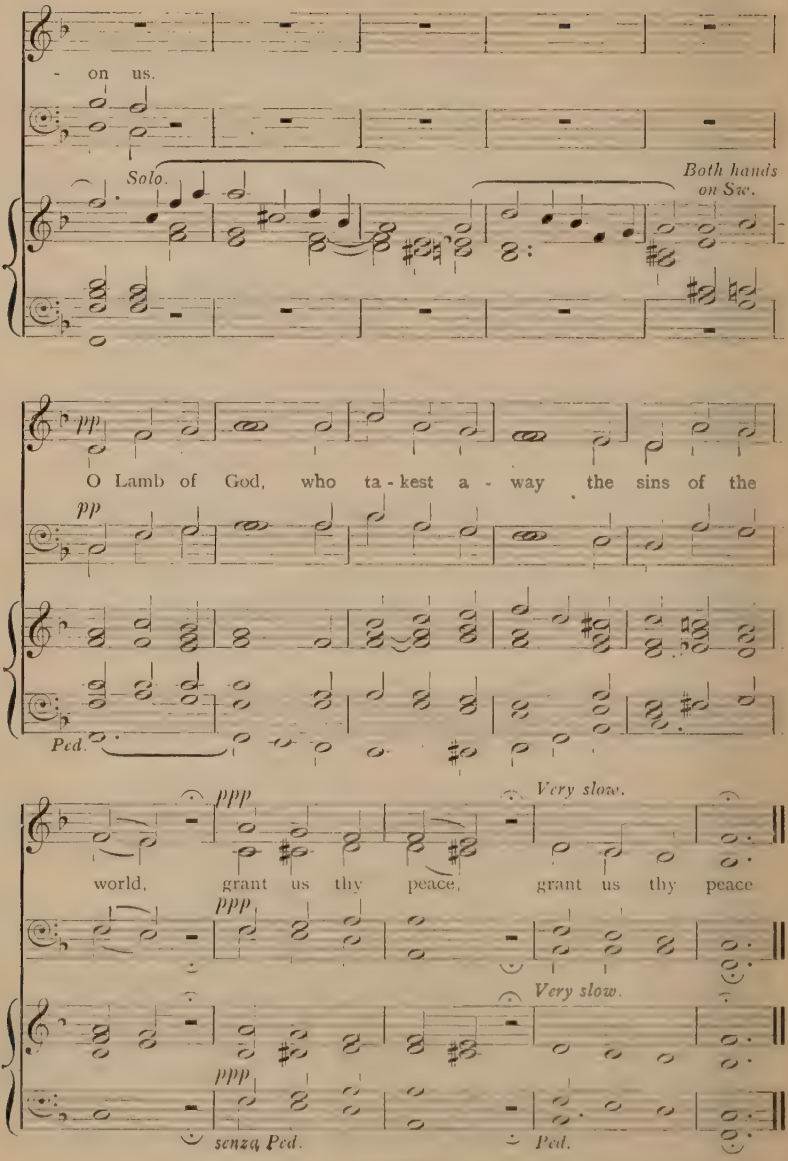
*pp*

* This may be sung after the prayer of consecration.

# Agnus Dei.


O Lamb of
p
Both hands on Sw.
pp
Ped.
God, who ta - kest a - way the sins of the
world, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up -
cres.
dim.
pp
cres.
dim.
pp

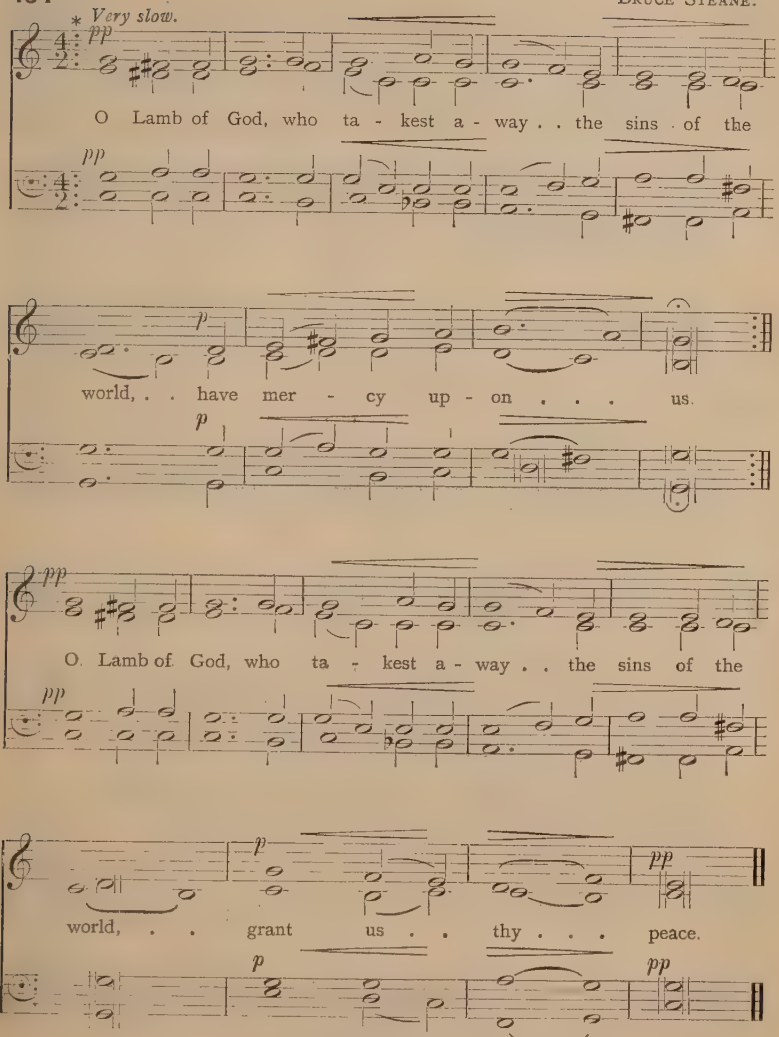
# Agnus Dei.


- on us.
Solo.
Both hands on Sw.
pp
O Lamb of God, who ta - kest a - way the sins of the
pp
Ped.
ppp
Very slow.
world, grant us thy peace, grant us thy peace
ppp
Very slow.
ppp
senza Ped.
Ped.

# Agnus Dei.

134

BRUCE STEANE.


* Very slow.
pp
O Lamb of God, who ta - kest a - way . . the sins of the
world, . . have mer - cy up - on . . . us.
O Lamb of God, who ta - kest a - way . . the sins of the
world, . . grant us . . thy . . . peace.

* A few soft chords to be played between each repeat.

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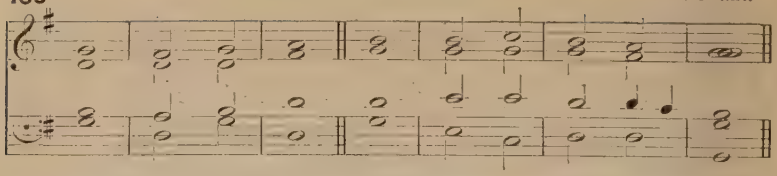
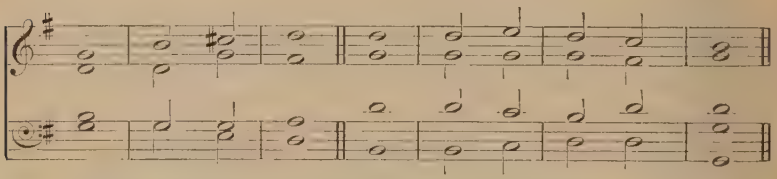
# Gloria in Excelsis.

135 Old Chant.



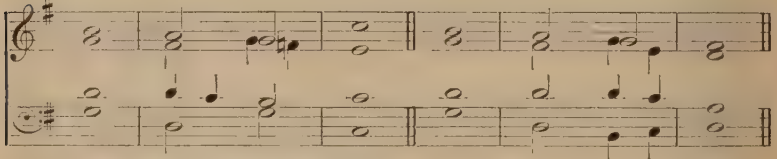
*f* GLÓRY be to | God on | high : and on eárth | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bléss thee, we | worship | thee : we glorify thee, we give thánks to | thee for | thy great | glory.



*f* O Lord Gód, | heavenly | King : Gód the | Father | Al · = | mighty.

*mf* O Lord, the only-begotten Són | Jesus | Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of Gód | Son · = | of the | Father,

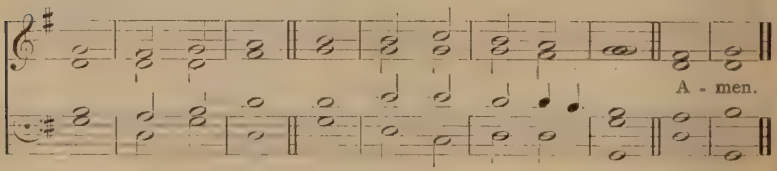


*p* That takest awáy the | sins · of the | world : have mércy up | on = | us.

Thou that takest awáy the | sins · of the | world : have mércy up | on = | us.

Thou that takest awáy the | sins · of the | world : recéive | = our | prayer.

*cr.* Thou that sittest at the right hánd of | God the | Father : (*p*) have mércy up | on = | us.



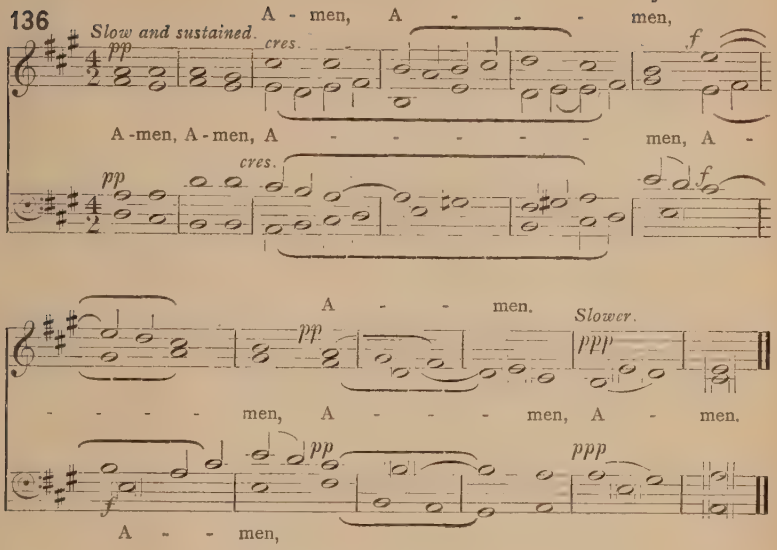

*mf* For thou ónly | art · = | holy : thóu | only | art the | Lord.

*cr.* Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost : (*f*) art most high in the | glory · o | God the | Father. Amen.

# Sevenfold Amen.

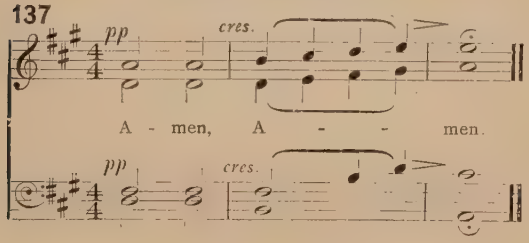
J. STAINER.

136




# Dresden Amen.

137



Lit
5380
P225

Parker, Horatio. ed.

Hymnal

Lit
5380
P225

# THE HYMNAL